

THE
Louis [de Bourbon] Count de
Soissons
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d' Soissons.

A Gallant NOVEL.

Translated out of French.

Licensed, June 21. 1687.
R. L'ESTRANGE.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. B. for R. Dently,
and S. Magnes in Russel-street
in Covent-Garden, 1688.





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De S O I S S O N S:

A Gallant Novel.

NEver was Prince made Re-
commendable by such a
World of fine Qualities, as
the Late Count *de Soissons*; I mean
not him that dy'd last, but him
that was kill'd at the Battle of
Sedan. All was answerable to the
Grandeur of his Birth, and tho'
he was, without Contest, of the
first House of the World, The House
We may nevertheless say of Bourbon
that his heart was Infinitely above
his Birth. His Person had all the
Perfections of Make, His face Ma-
jesty and Sweetness, His Wit,
Niceness and Penetration; His
B Carriage

Carriage was stately towards Princes of his own Rank, but his Civility such towards Others, as that all People made their Court to him, not so much in Consideration of the favours they thence expected, as of the Pleasure there was in loving him. He was Liberal beyond Imagination, and tho' he had a vast Estate, and the finest Charge of the Court; Great Master of the Kings Household yet his never failing Generosity often left him not a Penny in his Coffers.

There are those that will needs have all these fine Qualities to have been tarnish'd by an Over-great Ambition. They ground their Opinion upon his having several times put the Court to the fatal Necessity of reducing him to his Duty by the Dint of Arms; But, alas! They knew not all that pass'd in Private. They were ignorant that it was Love that occasion'd all the false steps he made,

or

(3)

or the Power this Unhappy Passion has over the greatest Hearts. He was more submissive than any Man to the Kings Orders, He was thereunto Oblig'd both in the Quality of Subject and of Relation, since he had the honour to wear the August Name of *Bourbon*: But it being his ill fate to have his Princes Minister for his Rival, it is not to be wondered, if the World has often to Disobedience imputed the things he was prompted to by the fear of a man that had little Less Power than the King himself. The Relation I am going to give, will unfold this Better than all I might be able to say here; wherefore without dwelling longer up his Justification, I imagine it will be sufficient to read this History to be persuaded, that if he was not altogether Exempt from Crime, he was at least more unfortunate than Culpable.

We cannot say that Gallantry did at that time Publicquely obtain in the Court of *France*. The King being a Prince extremely Pious, express'd so much aversion for such sort of Weaknesses, that whoever lay under such failings, us'd his utmost Endeavours not only to conceal them from his Eyes, but also from the Whole Court. Beauties were, nevertheless, as Common there as at this day, there were *Montbasons*, *Hautesforts*, and several other Ladies, whose Merit was Capable of making a thousand Conquests. Nay, and their fetters were but the stronger; the reason is that Men made a Mystery of declaring their Love to them, Not but that they were very willing as well as now adays, to ease themselves of so heavy a Burden, as is a Concern of that Nature; but because they were afraid of becoming Ungratefull to the King, who, as I have newly said,

said, disapprov'd of all that had the name of Love.

But the Power of Kings does not extend so far as to force Peoples inclinations, principally in this matter, wherein most commonly we have no Power upon our selves. The Cardinal *de Richelieu* does sufficiently justify what I here assert; He, who was more than any man oblig'd to study to please the King, and who, besides, had important amusements, that a man would never have said that he had time to make Love, did, nevertheless, find the leisure to cast his Eyes upon the Dutchess of *Elbæuf*, and as she was a Princess of a Most Extraordinary Beauty, he made her quickly sensible, that neither the Purple, nor the Quality of Chief Minister were a secure defence against her Merit.

This Cardinal was under great Obligations to Nature, that had al-

lotted him such infinite Parts, that he pass'd for the Principal Genius of the Age. If he had had as much occasion to pride himself for Advantages of Body, he would have been the first Man of the Universe. But there wanting much of th' One's being answerable to th' Other ; tho' he was pretty well Shap'd, yet there was nothing gracefull in his Deportment ; Besides he was so strangely unprovided of that Majesty, so much to be desired in the Countenance, that if People had not known the station to which the King had call'd him, they would never have said by his Physiognomy he ought to possess so advantageous a Place. However tho' he knew it to be one of the Qualities the most necessary to please Ladies, yet either that he knew not himself, the Case of many Persons, or, in short, that he thought his Wit and Fortune were capable of repairing

repairing that Defect, he resolv'd no longer to languish in expectation of what he was to hope. Wherefore after having several times let her know as well by his looks, as by the most singular favours he had granted her, that he distinguish'd her from all the Persons of her sex, he entreated that he might see her in Private, and us'd as a Pretence an affair her husband had at Court.

Madam d' Elbauf, who had hitherto interpreted as good Breeding all he had done in her Behalf, still thinking him to be animated with the same Sentiments, she highly extoll'd his Carriage, so far as to say in a Numerous Company, that she knew not how this Minister came to have Enemies, since nothing could be added to his Civility. Upon this Ground she granted him the Rendezvous he required, and as he was in Possession of making no Visits, she

went to his own House. As soon as he knew of her coming he went out to meet her ; But with such a ruffled look, that had she minded him in the least, she might easily have guess'd, that he had not his wonted serenity of mind. After he had caus'd a Chair to be reach'd her, and bid all their Attendants withdraw, *Madam de Elbæuf* going about to discourse upon the concern that had brought her thither ; *That's needless Madam,* he made her answer, *and what I am to tell you, is, that hitherto I have ever thought that the Place I stand possess'd of, was the thing in the World the most heavy and Ungratefull. The Important Sollicitudes with which a mind is fretted from Morning to Evening, the repose of the Night, disturb'd by affairs that arise, the fear of an ill success, which the Master most commonly lays at the Ministers Door, tho he has done his best, the Jealousy of the Grandees, the Odium of the*
People

Pe ple. What more shall I say, in short, the Difficulty of giving every body content? All this I say is an ample matter to cause a Man to make Reflexion, that is in such a Post as mine. Nay, and I own that these Considerations had so pawl'd me, that if the King had not several times express'd to me that he desired I would continue him my services, I should infallibly have giv'n way to the Temptation I was under of beseeching him to get another to supply my Place. But, Madam, may I dare to tell it you, the pleasure there is in sometimes having the Occasion of doing you service is so great a Blessing, that all the annoyances I have newly instanc'd are nothing in Comparison. Having such Sentiments it is needless for you to give me a long account of your Concerns, I make 'em my own, and in this, as in all Other things you shall see, that I value My Lady Dutches of Elbœuf above all Persons in the World.

These Words were too significative, to leave that Lady any room

to doubt of what he thereby meant. But suppose her Mind so otherwise diverted as not to apprehend their Sense, she needed only to have look'd upon him to have guess'd with what sentiments he was animated. His Eyes Sparkled, and the Purple he had on was not brighter than the Colour that was painted on his face. Tho' Madam de Elbanf had an infinite stock of Wit, she had it not so ready as immediately to determine upon the answer it best became her to make. She seem'd Nonpluss'd, and this Minister being in no wise sorry for that, seeing it to be occasion'd only by her having penetrated into his most secret Sentiments. Wherefore thinking it behov'd him to finish what he had begun; *I must explain my self better Madam,* he renew'd, and *since you are come to attack my Liberty in my very Closet, why should I conceal from you that it was a Miracle only*

due

due to the most Lovely Person Living.

As the Dutcheſs had appeared perplex'd, when ſhe might as yet make ſemblance of being unacquainted with his Paſſion, her Diſorder was ſtrangely augmented when ſhe ſaw it to be paſt all Remedy. One while her ſpirit advis'd her to put him in Mind of what was owing to a Perſon of her Rank, another ſhe thought convenient to diſſemble on the ſcore of the need her Husband had of him ; but judging that Indulgence might be as prejudicial to her as a ſcornfull ſtatelyneſs, She took a Medium, which was to turn what he ſaid into Raillery. *Your Eminency, ſhe made him answer, Courts your Diversion at my Coſt, I never had any of theſe Gallantries from any other than my Lord the Cardinal, and I am ſo little us'd to 'em, as that I muſt have been very eaſy of Belief, if I took the leaſt notice of what he ſays to me in that matter.*

The

The Cardinal fearing a sharper answer, was overjoy'd at this, which he interpreted to his advantage. And imagining that he had nothing more then her Incredulity to Combate; *Would to God, Madam,* said he to her, *that what you say were true; But I know the Contrary. The Duke your Husband lov'd you before you were his Wife, and I am much afraid that in giving your self to him, you rather Consulted your Inclination than your Duty. Nor yet is this all I dread, those fervencies have had time to cool, that are no longer valu'd from the Moment that they no longer cost any trouble. I should much rather fear some happy Rival, and I am very much mistaken, if I know not one much more formidable than your Husband.*

The Dutchess blusht at these words, and the Cardinal interpreting this Action to the Confusion she was under at her having been detected; *I have hit the Mark*

to a hair, he added, and is it not true, Madam, that you love your Husband far less then the Count de ——— He paus'd without thinking fit to name him, and the Dutcheß, who had only blush'd, for that she saw her self oblig'd to listen to another Conversation than that on whose account she came, being no longer able to endure he should thus wrong her Virtue; Proceed, said she to him, and inform me of what I know not my self, tho' I ought to know it better than any body. You'd be cautious how ye own'd it to me, the Cardinal immediately retorted, a Secret of that Consequence is not easily communicated, & especially to a Person so much concern'd in't as I. But no matter, I shall know it, in spite of all the Precautions that either of ye may take, and if the World thinks me able to penetrate into the very Cabinets of the Princes of Europe, when the King my Master's Interest is only concern'd, what would I not do in an occasion

casion that concerns my whole repose.

Now it was somewhat an extraordinary thing, that such a Declaration as this, should at the same time be accompany'd with threats. A Lover, commonly, vails his humour at the first ; and that Course might, principally, be expected from his Eminency, who so well knew how to Counterfeit in all sorts of occasions. But as it is the Property of Love to lay Reason aside, it is not to be wond' red if his Conduct was so surprizing. Madam *d'Elbæuf* knew not how to reconcile her self to this his Carriage, and though he stood upon such a Level as debarr'd Expostulation, she quickly chang'd the Resolution she had taken of Husbanding him. *I stand in need of you,* she said to him, *but not any Consideration shall ever hinder me from causing those regards to be paid me that are my due, and it's a very pleasant business to see a man of your Character become*

become an Inamorato, nay and of a Person of my Quality. But what I find most extraordinary is, that you dare to offend me upon so ridiculous a Prepossession, which only you can admit into ones Imagination.

The Cardinal was extremely surpriz'd to see the Disdain with which she utter'd these words. He us'd his utmost Endeavours to mollify what he had said to her, giving her to understand, that it was only thro' an excess of Love. But she prov'd to be as little tractable upon that word, as upon his Jealousy ; Insomuch that after having said several disobliging things to him, she went away without vouchsafing to hearken any longer to his Justifications. The way between his Eminency's Palace and Elbæuf-Hall gave her time to recover her self from the Disorder this bus'ness had put her in. She found the Count de Soissons with her Husband, and as the latter had told

told the former of her being gone to the Cardinal's Palace upon a matter of Moment to him, the first Question they both put to her, was whether she was satisfy'd with the Minister. *Not over-well*, Madam d'Elbæuf made 'em answer, and *I am very much mistaken if our Concern does not miscarry*. They ask'd her the Reason, and as she did not think convenient to boast of what was befall'n her, she study'd an Evasion, which she presently caus'd to pass currant with 'em. *This is strange*, the Count de Soissons said, *he seems to make it his whole Delight to disoblige all People, and whereas he ought to Court the Amity of Persons of our Quality, he only contrives how to injure them*. He thereupon told an occasion or two wherein himself had reason to complain of him, and the Duke d'Elbæuf was of his opinion. While they were upon this Topic, word was brought the Duke d'Elbæuf that a Person ask'd to
speak

Speak with him, and being free with the Count *de Soissons*, he entreated him to stay with his Wife, 'till he had dispatch'd the Concern in hand.

The Duke being gone, the Count fell again to talk of the Cardinal, and while they were both saying several things that were not overmuch to his Advantage, a Message came to my Lady *Dutchess d'Elbæuf* that a Gentleman ask'd to speak with her from the Cardinal. She gave order for his being introduc'd, and going to meet him, that she might know what he had to say to her, he presented her a Paper, telling her, that by it she would find, that the Business was done she came upon to his Eminency. As she was not willing the Count should know the least of what had pass'd between 'em; *Be pleas'd to tell him*, said she to this Gentleman, *that I am very much oblig'd to him, and that*

Mr.

Mr. d'Elbœuf and I will come to make him our Acknowledgments. The Count de Soissons to make his Court to the Dutchess; tell his Eminency also, said he to the Gentleman, that you found me here, and that I so far espouse the Concerns of Mr. and Madam d'Elbœuf, that if I had thought I could have been usefull to them in joyning my Entreaties to theirs, I would have gone with 'em to Sollicit the favour he has newly granted them.

The Gentleman withdrew, after having made his Leg, and the Count de Soissons who had no good opinion of the Cardinal, Let's see Madam, said he to the Dutchess d'Elbœuf, if matters go according to your Desire; but for my part I must own i'ye, that as he does not willingly oblige, I believe him no farther than I see him. At these words he took the Paper out of her hands that was seal'd, and having broke open the Seal, without her hindring him from

from so doing, not thinking it contain'd any thing but what he might see, he found two Papers in the Cover much of the same bigness. He open'd the first at hand, and the first thing he read was his own Name; Inſomuch that thinking he was miſtaken, he view'd it more fixedly; but in ſhort, after having read it over and over, he plainly perceiv'd that he was more concern'd in the matter than he expected. After that he had not the Curioſity to read the other, which, indeed, was not worth the trouble, ſince it was only the Expedition of the Affair before-mention'd: And contenting himſelf with this, *Truly Madam*, ſaid he to this Princeſs, *the Cardinal is much more my Friend than I imagin'd. You may here if you pleaſe ſee a thing which I ſhould never have dared to have ſpoke to you of, ſo very Powerfull o'er my Soul was the Reſpect I ſhall ever have for you; but ſince the occaſion is*
ſo

so seasonably offer'd, give me leave to tell you that it is impossible but that you must have taken notice of the Love I have for you, since he that is not half so much concern'd in't does positively declare to you that I love you. This is a piece of Service, he added, which I shall never forget, and tho' the Passion he expresses for you himself in the same Letter ought to Allarum me, I must own to you that he has freed me out of so perplexing a Bus'ness for me, that to take all I bear him more good than ill will.

In saying that, he presented the Letter to the Dutcheß; but beside, as what had pass'd between his Eminency & her, made her Conjecture what he had been capable of Writing to her, he had newly told her sufficient, as to render needless her shrifting any farther into it's Contents; I thought you, said she, so much my Friend as with me to have laugh'd at the Cardinal's Passion, and in case of need to have offer'd me your assistance

assistance against him, supposing he
 should make use of his Power, so as to
 revenge himself for the Contempt, with
 which I pretend to reward him. But by
 what I perceive, you think me so silly,
 as to give Credit to your Discourse, as
 if I knew not how to discern what de-
 parts from Truth and what from Rail-
 lery. I Railly you, Madam, the
 Count reply'd; You whom I consider
 as the Person in the World, that in all
 kinds merits the most Distinction:
 My past Actions do they give you that
 Idea of me? And if you would vouch-
 safe to recall 'em to mind, wou'd you
 not be the first to say, that you must
 have been very blind, if you have not
 been sensible that they had another
 source than the Amity I have for My
 Lord Duke your Husband? I have
 Suck'd with my Milk that the greatest
 Enemies we had to our Family were
 the Princes of his. Nevertheless I have
 admitted him my Confident, and I may
 say that I have no Secret that is so to
 him, unless it be that I have conceal'd
 the

the Passion from him that I have ever been sensible of for you. But what did I say? Would to God I had ever Lov'd you, he should never have had you, or he should first have had my Life. But you know Love has not the start of Knowledge, and that having only seen you after your Marriage, my Affection could only bear date from that time. To what then do you attribute this Reunion that was impossible without you, but you occasion much more difficult things, and after having in spite of me, made me be silent, what is there that you are not capable of bringing about?

He would have enlarg'd much in his Discourse, had not the Duke return'd. His Wife, who was mightily disorder'd, that she might not give him time to observe her, nor the Count, who was in the like condition, presented him one of the Papers she had receiv'd from the Cardinal, and suppress'd that which it was
not

not convenient he should be inform'd of. He stood at gaze to see what it contain'd, after what his Wife had told him a moment before, and not being able to conceal his surprize. *Did not you tell me, Madam,* said he to her, *that we had nothing to hope, and how can so sudden a change have come about in so short a time?* The Count de Soissons pretended to strike in with his Amazement, and after having reason'd thereupon, he told him, *he needed not to care how the thing came about, since he had what he demanded.*

In the mean while the Gentleman the Cardinal had sent to this Dutches, being return'd to his Master, he inform'd him how he had found her with the Count de Soissons, and of the Complement made him by that Prince. This was no small matter of vexation to his Eminency, who had no mind he should Interest himself so far in the Dutcheses Concerns, whence
he

he Prognosticated ill Consequences for himself, *I knew very well,* said he to himself, *that he Lov'd her, but I knew not that she made him the like returns. This is but too true, otherwise he would have let her make her Complements by her self, without meddling in the Matter. I have mighty Occasion, forsooth, for his acknowledgments, and why may not I resent the Obstacle he interposes to my desires.*

Nevertheless as he was less proper to make Complaints, than to contrive his ease, his lasted not long, and his whole drift was to free himself of so dangerous a Rival. Two means he fancy'd he had to bring this about, One to dispatch him out of the way, under Colour of giving him an Employ, th' Other of marrying him so advantageously, and with a Person so accomplish'd in Body and Mind, as might be capable of making him forget the Dutchess. However Policy thwarted both these ways

ways. The Count, who had so great a heart, that never would buckle under him, as the rest of the Kingdom had done, made him presume that since his Conduct was such in his Present Circumstances, he would be much more haughty, when he had attain'd to a greater degree of Power. On another side he was not willing to give matter of jealousy to the Prince of Conde, who would not have fail'd to have fomented the discontent of several who bore envy to his Fortune, If he had seen him advance a Prince, who properly speaking was the greatest enemy he had. And indeed he expostulated him the Quality of Prince of the Blood, for reasons that are sufficiently known in History, and which it would be superfluous to insert in this Place.

Thus not knowing on what to determine, he let some time slip, during which the Count de Soif-

sons us'd his utmost Endeavours
 to see the Dutcheſs again. But ſhe
 ſhun'd him with that Care, that
 few People but took notice on't.
 Only her Husband relying, calmly,
 upon her Conduct, made not any
 Reflexion upon this her Carriage;
 On the Contrary he often brought
 the Count to Eat at his Houſe,
 but as often as he did ſo, ſhe pre-
 tended indiſpoſition; Inſomuch
 that the hopes vaniſh'd he had
 of ſeeing her. The Cardinal, who
 in matter of Love, as well as
 of Policy, thought there was no-
 thing like having good ſpies, be-
 ing inform'd by one he had about
 the Dutcheſs, that far from making
 returns to the Count's Paſſion, ſhe
 avoided him with a moſt incon-
 ceivable Care, was in ſome man-
 ner ſolac'd for the anxious hours
 ſhe made him paſs himſelf. How-
 ever experience having taught
 him that there is nothing impos-
 ſible to a Lover that does not de-
 fiſt,

sist, he resolv'd to deliver himself
 out of fear, by a Proposition that
 seem'd very advantageous for the
 Count, but which in the bottom,
 instead of advancing him, would
 have cover'd him with infamy.
 He had a Niece, *Madam de Com-
 ballet*, by Name, and who since
 has worn the Title of *Dutchess d'
 Aiguillon*. She was a Person of a
 singular Beauty, and if we may be-
 lieve Detraction, he himself had
 not been able to resist her Charms,
 tho' nearness of Blood did forbid
 him to look otherwise on her than
 as a Relation. The Scandalizing
 Chronicle adds further, that on
 this account he had unwedded her
 from her Husband, under Colour
 of Impotency, and that the desire
 of enjoying her himself alone, had
 made him employ his Credit to
 break off that marriage. But whe-
 ther all this was Detraction, or else
 that Enjoyment had pawl'd his
 Appetite, as is usual, it was upon
 her

her he cast his Eyes, to put the Change upon the Count. For this purpose he resolv'd to annex such great advantages to her Person, as might dazzle him, notwithstanding the vast Difference of their Births, nay & the dis-advantageous rumours that ran about to the Prejudice of her Reputation. The greatest he could annex was to make him gain the Process he had depending against the Prince of *Conde*, whom he pretended to have declared a Bastard, and in Consequence cause himself to be declar'd the First Prince of the Blood, that is to say for Presumtive Heir of the Crown, since neither the King nor the Duke of *Orleans* had then any Children capacitated to supply that Place.

Such a Proposition as this was something so engaging as that he did not doubt but that it would be an Infallible Bait. Yet as the best concerns become ill in the hands

hands of certain Persons, that know not how to manage 'em, The Cardinal gain'd *Seneterre*, the Intendant of this Princes Household, a man, naturally able, and who, besides, after having acquired some Credit with his Master by several years services, let him understand, that what he could not speed in, it was not for Others to meddle withall. And indeed expecting to be receiv'd with open arms: *Good News*, Cry'd he, as soon as he saw the Count, and this Prince asking him what he meant: *Why*, answer'd he, *your Process, if you please your self is Won, and what is more, I bring you tidings of a Beautyfull Wife, and of a support that cannot fail you upon Occasion.* The Count hearing him talk at this rate, imagin'd he had Letters to deliver him from some forreign Prince that desired his Alliance, & full of Impatience to know from whom it might be, he nam'd cer-

tain Princes to him, that were of the Number of his friends. We have no need of going so far, then. Seneterre said to him, and when you find all this in Cardinal Richelieu's Alliance, why should you think of People that at most can only give you fine Promises, and when it shall come to Execution, cannot be in a Condition to perform them. But for his part, added he, can he promise you any thing, but what he can do a thousand fold more? He need only speak to the Parliament, to make it pass an Arrest in your favour: Besides he holds all the Forces of the Kingdom in his Power, Insomuch that when you shall have occasion for them, nothing will fail you. In fine, what shall I say to you? the Crown, if you please, is at your Disposal, and all that he requires, is, that you would Marry Madam de Comballet, that he may be, henceforward, assured of your being his Friend. I Marry Madam de Comballet, the Count answer'd all in amaze,

amaze, and all in a rage at the same time! *What the Mistress of her own Uncle, the Mistress of a Priest, a Sacrilegious, an Incestuous Wretch, and in a word, the shame of the whole Realm, and of all humane kind! I say nothing of her Birth, the one makes me omit the other, but my greatest subject of amazement is, that Seneterre, whom I thought mine, should be such a Traitor as to make me such a Proposal. Seneterre would have reply'd, nay and make him apprehend that he would find his Advantage in the Overture he made him; but the Count losing Patience, commanded him to hold his peace. And for that he would, nevertheless, continue speaking, he gave him some blows with his Cane, and then turn'd him out of his Family.*

This business made a great noise in the World, those that knew the Count's great heart, imputed it to his high Spirit, and to tell the truth it was in some manner, the

occasion. But for all that, the Love he had for the Dutcheſs contributed more thereunto than all other things. It's needleſs to ſay how angry the Cardinal was at him, it is eaſy to apprehend, that he that ſaw all the Grandees buckle under his Will, did, impatiently, bear ſuch Inſtances of Contempt. Yet tho' he had ſuch a mighty flock of Vanity, and muſt for that reaſon have been terribly mortify'd, we may, however, aſſert, that Jelouſy was the thing that created him the moſt trouble. He imagin'd, and not without ground, that the Dutcheſs ſhar'd deep in this reſuſal, and tho' he could not reconcile this thought, with the account continually given him by his Spies, that he ſtood not in ever-good terms with her, it, nevertheless, made deep impreſſions in his mind.

For ſurpluſage of Miſfortune he intercepted a Letter the Count writ

writ her, wherein he gave her an exact account of the Conversation he had had with *Senaterre*, and wherein he did not omit to represent the offers that had been made him, of causing him to be declared not only First Prince of the Blood, but, likewise, to give him what share he pleased in the Administration of the Kingdom, of which the Minister oblig'd himself to cause him to be own'd as Presumptive Heir by all the Grantees, nay and by all the Parliaments. Yet for the Love of her, would he not in any wise close hands with such gauding Offers. That, true indeed, he had us'd as a pretext, *Madam de Combaullers* ill reputation, of whom, perhaps, all the Stories that had gone about were only Calumny, but which he was willing, nevertheless, to make pass for as many Truths, that so he might have his Ears no longer din'd with an Affair to which he

could

could not hearken, as he had hinted, for her sake. Furthermore that he thought her too shrew'd a Person to believe that tho' he were perswaded of the Ladies Debauchery, it would have been capable of making him refuse her. That a thousand Princes before him had shew'd him the way, and among those Crowned Heads; So true it is that Ambition serves for an excuse to the greatest Defects. That nothing but Love could have done this Miracle, a Miracle so much the greater, as that the matter in agitation was not a meer Establishment, but the greatest Crown in the Universe.

Such were the Contents of this Letter, upon which it is easy to guess the excess of the Personages Jealousy. He sent for the Spy he had about the Dugbelsky and making him read it, *yes, yes, yes,* said he to him immediately *my* *honour* *is* *at* *stake* *by* *this* *letter* *and* *it* *is* *very* *false*

*false accounts thou giv'st me. Thou
 hast hitherto assured me that he got no
 ground with her, and yet he makes her
 a Sacrifice of his Refusals. What
 greater token can there be of their Re-
 fusals? and must not I be the most
 Unfortunate of all men? The Spy
 did what he could to excuse him-
 self, and wanted not good Rea-
 sons. He said that by this Letter,
 it was plain that the Count endea-
 voured to insinuate into the
 Dutcheß, that it was for her sake
 he had refus'd so fair a Fortune;
 but that this did not imply that
 the Sacrifice was gratefull to her:
 That the worst-us'd Lovers were
 those that were to study the best
 reasons to gain the Confidence of
 their Mistresses; but that once ob-
 tain'd, it was not seen that their
 Letters entertain'd 'em with such
 ruff-raff stuff: That if the Count
 stood as well with the Dutcheß as
 his Eminency pretended, his Let-
 ter would have been quite in ano-
 ther*

ther Stile: That it would have been made up of Raillery, in lieu of those Amorous terms, and if any such had been let fall, they would have been only by the by.

These Reasons would have been good to any man that had had his mind at liberty enough as to apprehend them; But the Cardinal walking hastily as if he had receiv'd some Currier that had brought him the News of the loss of some great Battel: Ah! if he had not been afraid of furnishing matter of talk to his Enemies, he would have done much more. But in short, the care of ones repoute is a thing more perplexing than many do imagine. How many People are there that are thereby kept within bounds, and who in the bottom of their Soul do not think the less? It is upon this bottom, that *Moliere* rais'd his *Tartuff*, and if he had been upon the Scene at the time I speak of, perhaps he would

would not have waited so long.

In the mean while the Spy was dismiss'd, and far from causing him to be hang'd, as he had at first threatned to do, he made him a large Present that he might continue him his Service. Then went he directly to the King, whither he was call'd by an Affair of Moment: and as he was full of his Passion; *Yes, Sir, he said to him, you must make him lose his Proceß, and if your Majesty should proceed to Declare in his favour, he would afterwards drive you from off your Throne.* The King understood well enough that he meant the Count *de Saisons*; but as far from having said any thing that had relation to his Person, they had quite another matter in hand, he was mightily surpriz'd at this fally. The Cardinal plainly perceiv'd by the Kings Countenance that some Novelty was depending, and the Words I have repeated, having started from him,

him, without his making the least reflexion, he ask'd him what he resolv'd in his mind. *It's for me to ask you, the King made him answer, what you revolve in yours; whence it comes that you interrupt our Discourse to speak of the Count de Soissons. I, I thought not of him, the Cardinal answer'd, and your Majesty must needs be mistaken. I am not mistaken, the King retorted, and if you have receiv'd any Advertisement of Consequence, why d'ye any longer deferr imparting it to me? The Cardinal still retrencht himself upon the Negative, and as he was tax'd with having little Vertigo's ever and anon, during which he was wont not to appear in Publick, the King imputed all this to their coming upon him, and dismiss'd him sooner than he would otherwise have done.*

In the mean time Mr. d'Elbæuf had all he desired of him, and those that were not inform'd of the end

of things, could not apprehend whence he acquired so much favour. The Cardinal did several times invite him to come and see his fine House of *Ruel*, and bid him bring his Wife along, and his Children too that it seem'd as if he would take his whole Family into his Protection. If Madam d'Elbœuf had dared, she would have desired her Husband to have dispens'd her from going; but that not being to be done, without letting him know, what it's fit a Husband should ever be a Stranger to, she suffer'd herself to be led along to that Stately House, where they met with the best Entertainment imaginable from the Cardinal. His Eminency had also invited thither the Sieur *Desnoiers* Secretary of State, the Person that after him had the greatest share in the Affairs of the Kingdom. Not that he meant to regulate him, or had anything of Moment to impart to him;

him; But you must know that the Duke of *Elbauf* had a Concern in the Council, of which it was convenient that Mr. *Desnoiers* should be thoroughly inform'd, and as he was commonly over-whelm'd with Affairs, the Duke had not yet been able to find the means of discouraging him particularly upon that matter. Now as the Cardinal had his Designs, he started the business, and as it was a matter of long Discussion, he bid Mr. *Desnoiers* go into a Closet where he would find a Pen and Ink, to make an Extract of all Mr. *d'Elbauf* had to say to him. This Prince took as a mark of goodness, what was nevertheless only the effect of a self-Interested Lover. Madam *d'Elbauf* plainly perceiv'd the meaning of this, and would, perhaps, have contriv'd to parry the blow, by following her Husband; but she prevented her Design, by telling Mr. *d'Elbauf*, that while he was

Closetted

Closetted up with Mr. Desnoiers he would play a Game at Chefs with his Lady. Mr. d'Elbæuf, who made a scruple of leaving him all alone, was overjoy'd that he himself propos'd him the means of not being uncivil, and having shut himself up with Mr. Desnoiers, he left him all the freedom he desired.

Madam d'Elbæuf seeing her self all alone with him (for he had nodded to his People to go out after having set the Chefs-men upon the Table) became as red as fire, which the Cardinal perceiving, Certainly, Madam, he said to her, you must needs hate me, as much as I love you, since you are as much in pain in being with me, as I have pleasure in being with you. Nevertheless I had ever heard say, that Hatred was not the fruit of Amity, and that on the contrary the means to render one's self agreeable, was to have for a Person the Sentiments I have for you. But, by what I perceive, my Unhappyness is
such,

such, that what is the Lot of others, is
 not mine; and that Nature must first
 run Counter before that I can be happy.
 If you make your Happyness consist,
 Madam d'Elbœuf answer'd him
 faintly, in being belov'd by me, I
 franckly own that you never will be
 happy. Nay and it is strange you dare
 to offend me in this Case, you who
 know my Duty, and by Consequence can-
 not invite me to fail in it, at
 least without shewing the little Con-
 sideration you have for me. What,
 Madam, you now reproch me withal, is
 no Crime, he answer'd, or at least,
 if it be one, it is so on the account of
 its being annex'd to my Person. If it
 were the Count of Soissons that held
 you the like discourses, the thing
 would change its Nature. We know
 very well that you are not altogether
 so Cruel to him; Yet, if I durst say
 it, it is an effect of your little Judg-
 ment: I can do as much as he, tho' I
 am no Prince, and in Case you were in
 any wise wedded to Ambition, I should
 much

much more than he turn to your account. But what do I say, I am not so happy as to have any Consideration enter into the Love you bear him. If you love him, it is only because he seems lovely to you, whereas it is my ill luck to have you hate me, because you think me the Most Odious of all Men.

Madam d'Elbœuf who had only hitherto look'd with indifference upon the Count de Soissons was terribly Scandaliz'd that he dar'd to tell her to her Face that she lov'd any other then her Husband. She put on her serious looks, but he to whom jealousy represented as so many Truths all that whirl'd his Phancy. Be angry, Madam, or not angry, he said to her, ~~that shall~~ not make me believe the more or less. I have good Proofs in my Pocket of what I now say, and when matters stand so, would you have me belye such certain Testimonies as those, for Words that you think your self Oblig'd

to say for your Reputation. A discourse of this Nature was still aggravating his Offence; and indeed it having scandaliz'd Madam d' Elbans still more then before; *This is too much*, said she to him all in anger, and pray'e, tell me what you mean by those Proofs you have in your Pocket. A Letter Madam, the Cardinal replyed, since you will needs know it, but a Letter that speaks and against which you have nothing to alledge. She presently imagin'd he meant to accuse her of having written it, and as she well knew the Contrary, *If you shew me that*, she said to him, *I'll allow of all you please, but that as I know that cannot be, I think it very strange, you should make use of this Imposture, in all probability to force my secret from me, supposing I had one. This is no Imposture, Madam*, the Cardinal replyed, 'tis matter of Fact; and of which you your self are going to be a Witness. *I have the Letter as I told*
you

you in my Pocket, and there needs no more then my taking it out. The Dutchess without affording her self the time to see it, thinking that he meant that it was she that had writ it, *It must be forg'd then,* she retorted, *and as I know you capable of such a forgery, you must not take it ill if I tell you that my Suspicions only center in your Person.*

These words, which let the Cardinal see, the little esteem she had for him, had like to have made him mad. *I use not, Madam,* said he to her, *any of those sort of Tricks, and my Misfortune is but too reall and too True.* At these Words he presented her the Letter, we have been talking of, and the Dutchess seeing it a hand very different from hers. *What's the meaning of all this?* said she to him, *and did you not tell me that your were a going to shew me a Letter of mine:* I said no such thing, the Cardinal made answer, *but that I would shew you a*
Love.

Love Letter that was written to you. Do but open it, he added, and you will see, that it is not Love that you shun, but the Persons that Love you, when they are so dis-agreeable to you as I am. Tho' nothing could be more dis-obliging then this reproach, the Dutchess nevertheless, was much less sensible to it, then to the pleasure of seeing that she was under Cover from those forgeries, which as gross as they were, do however sometimes create trouble. Lets see, said she to him, in much colder blood, than in Probability she was like to be in, whence this Love-Letter comes to us, for my part I know not who can have Written it to me, & still less, who can have made use of a Stile, by which one may guess of our good Correspondence. At these words she open'd the Letter, whose hand she was a stranger to, but she could not disown it to be from the Count de Soissons, which was manifest from the Signing, which

was

was really his.

This was the Letter, I before mention'd. Thus it would be needless to renew what it contain'd, since I acquitted my self of that before. This I may say, that it was fatal to the Cardinal to serve his Rival instead of injuring him. I said before that he it was that had occasion'd his having dar'd to declare his Passion to Madam *d'Elbæuf*. It was also he, who by obliging that Lady to read this letter, caus'd her to make reflexion that this Prince must needs be in love to refuse the Advantages that were offer'd him by the Marriage of Madam *de Comballet*. Tho' she was in the Presence of a jealous Man, who examin'd her, as I may say, to the bottom of her soul, she in a moment told her self a thousand things to the Count's advantage, and it so much the more startled her, as that she was wont to make a scruple of those that would

would not have been of any Consequence for Others. However not being so far sunk into these sorts of Reflexions, but that she had the Judgement left to see that she was to answer the Cardinal upon this Letter, she let him see the injustice of his Accusation, since if it had been true, that she had been in as good terms with the Count as he had supposed, he would have written to her in other terms than he did.

Two or three hours slipt away in this and the like Altercations, with which the Cardinal had no greater reason to be satisfy'd. At the end of that time, the Duke d'Elbeauf, who had giv'n his Memoirs to Mr. Desnoiers, return'd, and thus chang'd the Conversation. If that Prince had had the least Suspitions, he had needed only to have ey'd either of them, to see that they had Conceals in their heads; but being far from
any

any such thought, he propos'd to the Cardinal the going to see the Water-works Play, and his Eminence fearing he might discover his Disorder in Conversation, was overjoy'd that he had this Curiosity, that so he might come off from that bad step.

Then the Duke return'd to *Paris* with his wife, and some days after the Dutcheſs of *Savoy* ſent a Courrier to the King to entreat him to ſend her the Queens Picture in Miniature, with that of all the Ladys of the Court. She meant to put them in a Cabinet, which ſhe had cauſ'd to be made on purpoſe in one of the Duke of *Savoy*s Country-houſes; and ſhe had made the like Requeſt at all the Courts of *Europe*, that ſo without ſtirring from her own home, ſhe might ſee all that was Beautiful in *Europe*. The King was far from denying the Dutcheſs this. A Painter came from *Italy*, who
D — drew

drew all these Ladyes, and their Pourtraicts being finisht, the King took a view of them, then put 'em into the Courriers hands, who was come to *Paris* on purpose to fetch 'em. All the Princes and Grandees of the Court, found not any handsomer than that of *Madam D'Elbæuf*, and that Princeesse added a Box of Diamonds thereunto, which she was very willing to make a Present of to the Dutches of *Savoy*. The Count *De Soissons* and the Cardinal who had done all they had been able with the Painter to get him draw a Second by it, but which he had excus'd himself from, upon his not drawing any Copies, and that *Madam D'Elbæuf* would not consent that he should draw two Originals, they resolve to have it at any rate whatever. The Cardinal, who was all full of finesse, invented a means for that purpose, which he thought indubitable, which

which was to have the Courier robb'd, when he was passing thorough a Wood. For this purpose he sent Spies abroad and they were to wait his coming in the Forrest of *Fontainebleau*.

As concerning the Count *de Soissons*, he manag'd his design with less artifice, on the evening before the Courriers Departure, he went to him *incognito*, told him it should be his own fault if he did not make his fortune, and to shorten matters he offer'd him ten Thousand Crowns ready Cash, if he would give him Madam *D'Elbeuf's* Picture. Such offers are very capable of tempting a Miserable Courier, he said he was willing, and resolv'd to say when once arriv'd in *Savoy*, that he had been robb'd on the way. This Bargain being thus struck, the Courier departed the next day, and when he was in the Forrest of *Fontainebleau*, four Horse-men surrounded him,

him, (being those of the Cardinals) and askt to search his male. There are those that do not love such sorts of Encounters, nay and that Number must be reduc'd to very few, since all People are of this Opinion; but this man having his reasons not to be of the tast of all others, open'd his Male with mighty Satisfaction, letting them see that he carry'd neither Gold nor Silver, but things indeed of greater vallue. They Examin'd Every Pourtraict in its turn, and not finding that they sought for: Where is then that of Madam *D' Elbæufs* they ask'd him? He perceiv'd by this - Question by Whom they had been sent, and as he was afraid of Violence, he made them answer that they came too late, if they only sought for that: That he had met with such Other Sparks as themselves, in the Plain of *Song-boiou* that has Seiz'd on it, on which account he had
 been

been upon the point of returning to *Paris* to make his Complaint. In the mean while that he knew very well why so many People were so fond of that Picture, that it was on the account of the Box, which, however, those that had taken it might repent of; since such things, commonly discover'd such like Persons.

If the Courier had had to do with real Robbers, he would have been Cautious how he had talk'd in this manner; but as he knew those to whom he spoke, he was willing to give a loose to his Wit, which they were much less concern'd at, than at their having sped so ill in the Commission that had been given them. In the mean while, they really believ'd all that he told them of the loss of the Picture, remaining Persuaded that it was the Box that occasion'd his being robb'd. Full of this Imagination they return'd back to

give an Account to the Cardinal; but this Minister being cunninger then they, told'em they were fools, and that if the Courier had really lost the Picture, he would not have fail'd to have return'd to *Paris*, tho' it were only for the sake of the Box. Thereupon he caus'd a Person to be call'd in, in whom he put great Confidence, bid him take the Best of his Horses, go instantly in pursuit of the Courier, and if he could overtake him, to clap a Pistol to his throat, to make him Confess what he had done with the Picture. This Person departed immediately, and Spurring his Horse at the first, he went Thirty Leagues in Six hours time; which was an Extraordinary Expedition; and which he must have fall'n much short of, had he taken Post. But at length his Horse being not able to go any further, he was oblig'd to take Post, and leave him in an Inn.

However

However the time which the others had spent in returning to *Paris*, having afforded the Courier a great advance, he arriv'd at *Lyons* Six hours before the other could get thither, and as when one is got thither it requires but little time to get out of the Kingdom, He that the Cardinal had dispatcht stopp'd there judging it then too late to pursue the other. As much as he had been fed with hopes in his going, as full was he of sadness in returning; for, in short, he knew the Cardinal, who without doing any justice, would have those he Employ'd to remain responsible for Unhappy Events. And indeed, he was no sooner arriv'd, but that his Eminency having known that he had miss'd his aim, he commanded him never to come more into his sight, as if it had been his fault. Every One was curious to know of this Man, what Occasion'd his Dis-

grace; but as he was still in hopes of being re-inflated, he was cautious of blabbing, after which he had been lost past recovery.

The Dutcheſs of *Savoys* Courier being return'd to her, this Princeſs, who had receiv'd a Letter of Civility from Madam *D'Elbæuf* upon the Pourtrait-Box ſhe ſent her, ask'd him what was become of it, as well as the Picture. To which the Courier made answer, that he had been robb'd of both in the Forreſt of *Fontaine-Bleau*, and that he had Witneſſes of it. Theſe Witneſſes were People that had paſs'd, when he was ſtopp'd, and theſe having in their paſſing ſeen how he was made to open his Mail, he had run after them, when he was again at Liberty, that they might give their Evidence upon time, and Occaſion. The Dutcheſs of *Savoy* was much vex'd at this Adventure, not ſo much, however, in Conſideration
of

of the Box, as of the Picture. Nevertheless as the thing might be retriev'd, she gave Madam D, *Elbauf* notice of the Couriers bad rencounter, entreating her that she would remedy it, by causing her self to be drawn anew. The Spy, the Cardinal had about the Dutchesse, inform'd him of what pass'd, and his Eminency was very much Surpriz'd to hear that the Courier affirm'd the Portrait to have been taken from him in the Forrest of *Fontainbleau*. He sent immediately to seek out those whom he had given order to go thither, and having ask'd them the meaning of all this, he knew by their answer, that the Courier must needs have dispos'd of it himself, and that he had been glad to reject the thing upon them, for the Concealing of his Roguery. The witnesses he had call'd upon that Occasion, say and whom he had caus'd to sign

a Paper, which he had put into the Dutcheſs of Savoy's hands, confirm'd him ſtrongly in this Opinion; and as he was perſuaded that he had diſpos'd of it in favour of no other than of the Count De Soiſſons; the firſt time he met that Prince; *I ſhould never have thought*, ſaid he to him, after a Drolling manner, *that you would have given Occaſion of Complaint to a Beautifull Lady. Madam D' Elbœuf will needs have it, that you have her Picture, and ſhe is not at all Satisfi'd that you detain it againſt her will. Madam D' Elbœuf*, the Count made him answer, *has no ſuch thought of me, and ſhe rather believes it to be the Perſon that has diſcourſt her of Love, and has had the Boldneſs to Expreſſe his jealouſie to her by a Letter.*

Theſe Words abſolutely Unhing'd the Cardinal; he was ignorant of his having diſcover'd his Intrigue by the Letter I mention'd awhile ago, and thinking it

to be Madam D'Elbœuf that had imparted it to him: *Madam D'Elbœuf has reason*, he said to him, *to confide a Secret in you, and discreet as you are, it was impossible she could put it into better hands.* Madam D'Elbœuf the Count made answer, *does not pretend to make a Secret of that, It is only a Secret when things please, and I should loose above half of the Esteem I have for her, if she had the least tist for that I speak of.*

Then he went away and left the Cardinal so picqu'd, that he was not to be known again. And indeed, however great his wit was, it was too much at a time for him to have a Rival that slighted him in his own Prefence, and a Mistress by whom he thought himself Sacrific'd. Affairs of State went not the better, during his being in this Perturbation of mind, and as he knew himself incapable of directing them in due manner, as long as his mind was in that

Scite,

Scite, he counterfieted Sickneſs for two or three days, and would have done ſo much longer, if he had not been relieved by a deſire of revenge which he thought in his Power to Exert. I have ſaid that the Dutcheſs of *Savoy* had entreated *Madam d'Elbrœuf* to ſend her her Picture a-new, they were actually at work upon it, and he gave his ſpies order to give him Notice when it was finiſht, and by whom it was to be ſent into *Savoy*. The Spy having performed his Commiſſion, the Cardinal cauſ'd two men to be ready to take Poſt at the ſame time as he that was Encharg'd with it, and that no body might have notice of the Robbery he pretended to Commit, he commanded them to follow him to the very frontiers of *Savoy*. There they Seiz'd him, and that they might not give him any Occaſion to believe that they only aim'd at the Picture, they
likewiſe

likewise took all his Money away. The Courier, who was a *Savoyard*, being arriv'd at the other Post, made his Complaint to the Justice, but as he had no Money to have the Robbers pursu'd, they return'd in all safety to *Paris*, where the Cardinal gave each of them a thousand Pistols, for a Reward of their Pains.

The Dutchess of *Savoy* knowing the Accident that was again befall'n the Courier, did not think Convenient to re-demand a new Picture, and the rather as being in hopes of repairing suddenly her self into *Dauphine*, to Confer with the King her Brother. She was then in hopes to see Madam *D'Elbæuf*, and acquaint her her self with what fatality she had been depriv'd of her hopes, entreating her to remedy it by a new Present.

In the mean while, the Cardinal having the Picture in his hands

hands, sent for the Man of most repute in *Paris* for making of Boxes, and having caus'd him to enter into his Closet, he told him that he would make his fortune, if he had the Wit to do him a Service he desired of him. The Man did not fail to promise him all things, and the Cardinal being assured of his Good Will; *You must then*, said he to him, *make me a Picture-Box, the richest you ever made, and Expose it to the Eyes of those that come to see you, untill that the Count de Soissons be enform'd of it. He will, doubtless, have the curiosity to know whose it is; but have a Care how you tell it him; Excusing your self upon it's being absolutely forbidden you, and that it belongs to a Person so Considerable, that you should be undone without recovery, if you fail'd in what he had Commanded you. Shew him only, but after several Importunities, and that he shall have Sworn to you that he*
will

will never mention it to any Body, the Picture I mean to put into it; and at the same time he gave him that of Madam D'Elbæuf.

The Man having promis'd him to do all he Commanded him, he gave him to the value of two hundred thousand Crowns in Diamonds, with which he was minded the Box should be enrich'd, recommending to him never to cease working. The workman laid all other Bus'ness aside for this; and those that set him to work, pressing him to serve them, he told them that it was impossible; that he had something to do for a Person, of such great Consideration, that he was oblig'd to work for him to the prejudice of all the World. People had the curiosity to know, what this bus'ness was, and for whom it might be, to which he answer'd, that it was a Box of Diamonds; but that as for the Person,

son,

son, he was forbidden to name him. If the King had been a Prince Gallant, People would have believ'd not only by this man's Discourse; but by the worth of the Diamonds, which he shew'd to all comers, that it was for him he Workt; but, as that Prince led a Life altogether retir'd; and that besides Kings are too much Expos'd to the Eyes of the Publick, to have any Intrigue out of the Verge of their knowledge, they were oblig'd to let their suspicions fall upon another. In the mean while, all *Paris* was quickly full of this Bus'ness, and it being come to the Ears of the Count *de Soissons*, he fancy'd, that since he knew the Jeweller, and whom he commonly set to Work, that he would not be so Myste-rious with him. In confidence of this, he went to him, and after having askt him to see that Ra-rity, which made such a noise in
the

the World, he was himself induc'd to admire it, not so much on the account of the Richness of the Diamonds, as of the Minia-
 ture which was admirable. *This is very fine, truly,* said the Count to him, *and if the Picture that is to be in it has something proportionate, We must needs own that nothing can be comparable to it. And that too is beyond all doubt;* the Jeweller repartee'd; *But tho' it were not so, Your Highness knows very well, that Lovers ever esteem their Mistresses. By this answer, I judge, the Count de Soissons reply'd, that the Lady does not merit this Expence; but thou speakest very just, in saying, that what pleases us is ever the handsomest to us. I said not that, the Workman answer'd, with Relation to the Lady here in Question; as she appears the most Beauteous to the Eyes of him that set me to Work, she will also appear so doubtless to all those that shall see her. For my part I*
 own

own that I never saw any thing that ravish'd me more, and if I was King, I believe he that employs me would have a dangerous Rival in me. By what I perceive, the Count retorted, you do not then work for him. I thought from the Vastness of the Expence, that he only was capable of it; but since I am Mistaken, you must needs tell me for whom it is. That is impossible, the Workman made answer, I have made Oath not to reveal the least riddle; and besides, the being thereunto bound by my Conscience, it concerns no less than my Life. What, the Count repartee'd, Cannot I then secure thee, and when thou shalt say that I it was that oblig'd thee thereunto, dost thou not think, that they will be very Cautious, since it is not the King, how they exercise any Violence upon thee. I know Sir, the Workman reply'd, the respect all the World ought to have for you; but you'll be pleas'd to give me leave to tell you, that

that whatever protection you may grant me, my Life would not be in safety, if I had broke the Secret I had promis'd.

The more the Workman enlarg'd in the like Discourse, the more it flusht the Counts Curiosity to discover this Mystery; but what augmented it the more is, that hearing him talk in this manner, he began to entertain a Suspicion that it might be the Cardinal. He thought that he only could be dreaded to such a Degree as to slight the Protection of a Prince of the Blood; joyn'd to this, that he only could put Jewels of such great Value upon a Picture Case.

All this Confirming him still more and more in his Opinion, he did all he could to tear the Secret from the Jeweller; but he being cautious of going beyond his orders; continuing still upon the Defensive, the Count contented himself

himself with asking him to see the Picture. The Jeweller wai'd doing it for some time. At the long run, as if he had yielded partly to his entreaties, and partly to several great promises he made him, he went to fetch a little trunck that contained what he required. The Count full of impatience, Snatcht it out of his hands, with the key, and opening it himself, he found at the top, a Picture in a Chagreen Case. He ask'd the Jeweller if that was what he sought for, and the other having answer'd him in the affirmative, he undid two little Claps that hindered him from seeing that Picture. As soon as he had cast his eyes upon it, he had like to have let it fall, so strangely seiz'd was he, and beginning to eye the Workman: *What's this I see*, said he to him, *and is it possible that the Case thou art making is for the Picture I have in my hands? It is for the very same Sir,*
the

the Jeweller made answer, *But whence proceeds such a Surprize, since your Highness might well imagine that it was for a Person whose Condition was Equal to her Beauty.*

The Count did not think Convenient to tell him through what Motive he was so affected; but detaining the Picture; *Make me no longer any Mystery of the matter,* said he to the Jeweller, *I know as well as thee Who set thee to work, and since it is the Cardinal, go tell him from me, that as I know him Unworthy of the favour the Duchesse D' Elboeuf has done him, I do not pretend he shall enjoy it. Tell him also that he be very carefull never to let this Bus'ness be known, which would ruine that Princesse's Reputation; I own that after so shamefull a Choice in her, she does not deserve it should be in any wise spar'd; but if I do it, it is perhaps, more in Consideration of her Husband than of her. After all, if he is so hardy as to do any thing to*
the

the Prejudice of what I Signify to him, he shall be answerable for it to me.

The Jeweller was very much Surpriz'd when he heard him talk in this manner: He had indeed, order to shew him the Picture, but not to let him take it. Thus already thinking himself undone, he threw himself at the Counts feet, conjuring him to take pity of him. But this Prince whom jealousy did not allow to grant him his request, went out at the same time, giving him no other comfort then the telling him, that he was in Security sufficient being under the Cover of his name. The Jeweller all trembling went directly to the Cardinal, acquainted him how the thing had pass'd, and letting him understand, that having to do with a Prince of the Blood, it was impossible for him to do in his regard, what he would have done in regard of any Other. In the mean while the Poor man was under

under a Mortal Apprehension how he would treat him after this, but he was as greatly Surpriz'd, when instead of seeing him burst out into menaces, he saw him burst out into a great fit of Laughter. *So much the Better*, the Cardinal said to him at the same time, *Nothing more acceptable could have befall'n me, and all I expect of thee is, thou wouldst tell the Count, that I have threatned thy Life, unless thou bring'st me back my Picture. I know very well,* added he, *that all Thou canst say to him will be ineffectuall: but again no matter, provided he thinks me much more angry than I am.*

The Jeweller not expecting to have come off at so easy a rate, promised him all he had a mind to, and the Cardinal having instructed him more at length of what he was to do, he went to find out the Count *De Soissons*, and told him, there was no safety for him, at least without bringing back the Picture.

Picture. Whereupon he made all the faces and Grimaces requisite to work upon him, but the Count, who would sooner have given his Life than have restor'd it, made him answer, that it was all in vain he thus tormented himself; that he advis'd him as a friend not to insist upon it any longer, and to contrive some expedient to get himself off from the Bus'ness. Nevertheless to appease him, he made him a present of a Thousand Pistols, telling him, that had he finish'd his work, he would not perhaps, have got so much. The workman pretended to be very much vex'd, but nevertheless was not such a fool as to refuse the Mony. He took it however Conditionally, and repairing again to the Cardinal, he was by him recompenc'd still more largely than by the Count, for having acted his part so well.

The Dutches D' *Elbænf* was all
this

this while ignorant of this Comedy, which to her would have been mighty matter of Vexation, since upon the noise it might make, she was not sure but that her Husband might possibly interpret things in the worst Sense. Nevertheless, she wanted not matter of trouble, since the Cardinal had shew'd her the Letter before-mention'd. She had made such Reflexions upon the Counts Person and Passion, as began to Entangle her. She, who before had only look'd upon him as a Person indifferent, found occasion to look upon him with more Attention. His refusal of *Madam de Comballet*, to whose Person so many Grandeurs were annex'd, appear'd to her an Instance of Love so much the more extraordinary, as that Persons of his Birth, do suffer themselves to be absolutely govern'd by their Ambition. Whereupon she told her

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self,

self, that for the Love of her, he not only renounc'd the Quality of first Prince of the Bloud ; but likewise to the Crown, that seem'd reserv'd for him that should possess that Quality. And, indeed, since that, as I have already said, neither the King, nor the Duke of *Orleans* his Brother, had any Children capable of Succeeding them, it is beyond Contest that tho' at all times it is a great advantage to be the first Prince of the Bloud, it was a thing of much greater Moment at that Juncture.

• Nothing is there so dangerous in a woman as the making of these sort of Reflexions : Tho' they do not absolutely level her Virtue, yet they so stagger it, that upon the least jogg afterwards she runs a great risque of being undone. The Duchess being not ignorant of the Precipice before her, did all that was possible for her to avoid it. She set her
Husbands

Husbands Merit in opposition to that of her Love; and to lend her self Forces, she endeavoured to represent to her Heart that there was not so much Difference between them two, as that she ought to be susceptible of the Impressions that tormented her. Not content with thus representing her Duty to her self, she shunn'd such occasions as might ruine the Resolution she had taken of conserving herself wholly to her Husband. Where-ever she fear'd meeting the Count, she kept a-loof off as from a Contagious Place. She knew that what Preserves Innocence, is avoiding the Occasion. Yet this Course was very inconvenient to her, and the Queen began already to complain that she no longer came to the Circle with the other Ladies of her Quality.

But how could she repair thither, unless she was minded to see

the Count? He who seeing her in no place, thinking that she could not, at least, dispense herself from making her Court to the Queen, went daily to that Princess's Lodgings, where he did all that was possible to conceal the ill humour he was in, as well because he found her not there, as because since the adventure of the Picture, he was possess'd that the Cardinal stood in better terms with her than any body. What still augmented his suspicion was, that Mr *d'Elbæuf* often oblig'd her to go to his Eminencies House, where he had Bus'ness still depending; and tho' this Princess would have been glad to have been dispens'd from going thither after what had befall'n her, yet she durst not tell him the Reasons she had for such a reluctance, because that must not only have ruin'd the Interests of their Family, but likewise because that all those sorts of things

things are never gratefull to a Husband. Being possess'd with these Sentiments, she made her visits as short as was possible for her; But had she done no more than go in and out, the Count coming to know it, it was sufficient to sink him into Despondency: What still further confirm'd him that there was a good understanding between them, was that the Cardinal granted the Duke *D'Elbæuf* a favour which he had long refus'd him, and which indeed, was not so much as justice. He at the same time imagin'd it to be the reward of the Complaisance the Duchesse had for him, and could not sufficiently admire how the Duke *D'Elbæuf*, who was a generous Prince, and all full of honour, did not open his eyes upon his Infamy.

Being in this anxiety, all his hopes aim'd at getting a particular Conversation with Madam

D'Elbæuf wherein to reproach her with the Shamefull Preference she gave the Cardinal to his Prejudice. It had not been so strange to him had she inviolably maintain'd her fidelity to her Husband; but to be faithless to him for a man of the Cardinals mein and Character, is what he could not bear. Being possess'd with such like Sentiments, he redoubl'd his care to meet her, but being as little able to effect it as before, he imagin'd that she shunn'd him out of fear of Creating a jealousy in the Cardinal, and that if he made semblance of Loving any other than she, that he should possibly speed better in his Intentions. It was sufficient for him that he had conceiv'd this thought to execute it; Nevertheless, as People ever flatter themselves in whatever estate they be, he would not that the Person he had in his eye to serve to his Designs, should be of the
 number

number of those that may Envy a man for being inconstant. On the Contrary he Chose her with so little merit and Beauty, that it was a wonder People did not find out there was only disguise in this Business. His reason was, that he was not willing that a Maid that might have a thousand good Qualities, should have Occasion to reproach him that he had made her to serve for a Laughing-stock to the whole Court: Besides that he told himself that since the Dutcheſs might perchance, fall off from the Passion he imputed to her for the Cardinal, he ought not to barr his admittance into her heart.

The ſhe on whom he caſt his eyes was *Mademoiſelle de Chaumont*, Maid of honour to the Queen, a Perſon in truth of one of the Beſt Families in the Kingdom; but in whom all the other Qualitys were wanting ſaving Birth. Firſt of all in reſpect of what was ſeen, ſhe

had all the reason imaginable to
 Complain of nature: Far from be-
 ing Beautifull, and well made:
 she had a face and a shape, that
 warranted her from ever being
 the occasion of an amorous ruine.
 As for the one she was short and
 thick; and as for the other, she
 rather resembled a Man then a
 woman. Besides she was Crimson-
 fac'd and Copper nos'd. And yet if
 neatness had been her talent, One
 might have said that she had not
 been void of all sorts of good Qua-
 lities: But as if she had delighted
 in being ridiculous in all things;
 she ever dress'd her self like a
 Country Gentlewoman, for which
 her Companions rallying her
 one day before the whole Court,
 the Queen, who was one of the
 Best-natur'd Princesses in the
 world; *Forbear this*, Mesdemoi-
 selles, said she to them, Chaumont
 ought to be so far from being your
 Laughing stock, that I will have you
 to

to know that she does you honour. If you doubt it, I must tell you that she has an Advantage, which none of you will ever have; which is, that she has the honour to be related to the King.

Such an Expression as this, and coming from the Queens own Mouth, Stopp'd all farther Drolling, how ridiculous soever she might appear in the eyes of all People. In the mean while the Count *De Soissons* was not Sorry at this Circumstance, that so it might at least be said, that if he did not Love a Maid of Merit, he Lov'd one of Quality. As soon as his Designs appear'd in the Eyes of the Court, not a Person was there, that was not Surpriz'd: They Imagin'd that thinking himself above the Queens Correction, he was minded to divert himself for a day or two; and that this Intrigue would quickly be at an End: But seeing that time Expired, and he still conti-

nuing to seek out *Mademoiselle de Chaumont*, to take her aside, and whisper in her Ear, and in short to do all that a man is wont to do when he loves a Nymph, they were oblig'd to shrug their Shoulders, as People commonly do, when they cannot find out the reason of what they see. And indeed, all that can be said to this is, that Wisdom being none of the *Inamorato's* Province, it is not to be Wonder'd that the Count *de Soissons* had laid it so much aside. The thing was told to the Queen, who had already perceiv'd it her self, and who knowing the weakness of the Sex, would have stopp'd the Course of it at the same Moment, but that she was very willing to mortify her other Maids who after having slighted *Chaumont* so very much, were heartily vex'd to see her have a Lover of that Rank.

In the mean while, this Maid being

neither of Rock nor Brass, having taken fire at this Princes Discourses, she made some Assignations with him, wherein perchance, several things would possibly have pass'd, had he been minded to improve the Disposition he met withall to receive so deep an Impression in her mind. But he being far from any such thought, did in all those Occasions comport himself so secretly, that saving the Noise it made among her Companions, she came off thence as sound and as whole as she went thither. These Maids being discreet after the mode of Courtiers, did not fail to proclaim it on all Occasions, and Madam *D'Elbæuf*, who had already heard some talk of this Intrigue; and yet without being able to give any Credit to't, by reason of the Young Ladies little merit, was concern'd to such a degree as startled her. The truth is, she

knew

knew very well that she had a Consideration for this Prince, but she did not imagine it to be so strong as to make her so uneasy. Nevertheless being not able to overcome it, whatever representations she could make to herself, she appear'd sad and Melancholly to her Husband, who askt her the Occasion. She was cautious, as you may imagine, of informing him in that matter, and one while imputed it to a feign'd Indisposition, another while to humours that cannot be ever Equal'd; but seeing she could not ever put him off with such like Excuses, and that in the mean time, she continu'd in her drooping Condition, she entreated him to allow her to go take the Air in the Countrey.

The Duke *D'Elbeuf* found this Demand so Extraordinary that it put him into a mighty Amazement. He made her answer, that
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in that, she desired a thing, which far from diverting her, would only serve to feed her Melancholly; that she would do much better in going often to the Queen, where she would meet with opportunities of pleasantly whiling away her time. And that she might not come to be dejected by her anxiety, he induc'd her to go thither at that very instant. The Duchess did not stand upon much entreaty, & the easier was she prevail'd upon, for that she imagin'd two things must needs be her security. One the Love the Count had for *Chaumont*, the Other the Resentment she had to see her self forgotten for such a Maid as she. For in short, tho' she was exempt from most of the weaknesses that are so usual in those of her sex, she did not differ from them in one thing, namely, that she was not vex'd, that People lov'd her, principally when they were

Persons.

Persons of Merit. Being come to the Queen, she receiv'd Reproaches from her Majesty, upon the account of her not seeing her, for which she contriv'd some sorry excuses, with which the Queen did nevertheless remain satisfy'd. The Count *de Soissons* came in a moment after, and having seated himself by the Dutchess, *It is a miracle, Madam,* said he softly to her, *to find you here, sure my Lord the Cardinal is a Coming, otherwise we should never have had the honour of seeing you in this Place.*

Madam *D' Elbæuf* blusht at these words, but that not making her lose a presence of mind, which she possess'd in a most peculiar manner; *Have a care, Sir,* she made him answer, *of Mademoiselle de Chaumont's perceiving you. So fine a Conquest is too Dear a Purchase not to husband it; she'll be undoubtedly, jealous, and the more, for that, possibly, she knows it is not long*

long since you were upon a strain of Courtship with me. The Queen, who was this while talking to a Lady, returning then again to Madam D'Elbæuf, this Conversation was thus let fall; but tho' it was very short, yet it led both of 'em to make great Reflexions.

To what purpose these reproaches, said the Count in himself, unless she be toucht at my Proceedings. Few meddle in other Peoples matters, unless set on by some self-concern. And, perhaps, I am not so indifferent as I imagine, to this Lady. The Dutchess Entertain'd her thoughts much in the same manner, and while they were both busy'd in these Reflexions, the Count went and plac'd himself in a Corner, whence he might view the Dutchess, who on her side, ever and anon darted him a look. While he was in this Posture, in came Mademoiselle de Chaumont, and being far from
imagining

imagining that he thought of any other than her, she stole softly behind him, and gave him a tap upon the shoulder. Madam *D'Elbæuf* having her Eyes turn'd that way, perceiv'd it, and this would sensibly have vex'd her, had she not perceiv'd that the Count *de Soissons*, after having turn'd his head towards her, turn'd again another way, as if he had not perceiv'd her. This Maid being downright in Love with him; This Action of his went to her very heart, and as she was not so wary in her Demeanure, as another of more Wit would have been, she pull'd him by the Cloak, and did all she could to get him aside, that he might give her the reason of this Contempt; but he repuls'd her so Cruelly, that she went away with such an Anguish of mind, as is difficult to be Express'd.

Madam

Madam *D'Elbæuf* saw all this plainly, without taking the least notice, and tho' she was very glad of it in the bottom, yet it only serv'd to augment her disquiet. True, indeed, that this disquiet was of another kind than that she was sensible of before. If she told her self but an hour before, that she was unhappy in having an Esteem for a Man, that Lov'd another, she did not find that she was the more happy in believing now that it was she her self he Lov'd. And to compleat her Trouble; her Husband did of late make her a thousand Carresses, even to the telling her severall kind things that are seldom prais'd between a Husband and a Wife. Thus the least thought that intruded into her head, that was contrary to her Duty, seem'd to her a Crime so horrible, that she could not support it. At her going from the Queens Lodgings,

she

she return'd to her own home, and having found the Duke reading, she snatcht away his Book, and threw her Arms about his Neck, as if she meant to make him reparation for having dar'd to look upon any other than himself. The Duke receiv'd her Carresses with great affection, and was so far from believing what pass'd, that he told her Laughing, that they Lov'd one another too much for Courtiers; that they ought at least to be carefull not to shew it so much before the World, since it might be capable of affording matter of talk. These words caus'd the Dutchess to sigh in Secret, and the Confidence her Husband did so unseasonably harbour, troubled her afresh.

To render her self Worthy of him, she did all she could to tell her self that it was *Chaumont* the Prince Loved; but tho' she had been minded to abase her self any longer,

longer, it would have been impossible for her to have done it, since that this Prince broke-off with that Maid of Honour, but after a manner so disobliging, that those who thought he had really Lov'd her, plainly perceiv'd their Mistake. This Maid at her going out of the Queens Chamber, went to wait for him in the Anti Chamber, her heart so piqu'd at what had befall'n her, that without considering that she had Enemies that observ'd her Conduct, she had plac'd her self in a Corner, where keeping her Nose in her Handkerchief she had shed an infinity of Tears. Nevertheless she ever and anon turn'd her head to watch his coming out, and having perceiv'd him, she would needs have stopp'd him: But he walking on still, as if he had not taken notice of her being there, she was oblig'd to call out to him, *Couldst so fast Mr.*

le.

le Count, I have a Word to say to you. This Prince was oblig'd to turn his head about at these words; but having other matters to do, than to speak to her; *Pardon me. Mademoiselle*, said he to her, *if I cannot satisfy you for the present, I have something that calls me elsewhere, and it shall be for another Occasion.* After this he pretended to have gone his ways; but she stopping him by the Cloak, drew him against his will to a Window, where she began to load him with so many Reproaches, that to prevent the being any longer exposed thereunto for the future, he resolv'd to undeceive her. But as he had the Civility not to State the Case flat and plain to her, she would by no means apprehend them. Insomuch that seeing he lost his time; *This is too much, Mademoiselle*, he said to her, *and since you will have me speak outright. I advise you to seek for another Lover.*

For

For I can no longer love you, and without its being necessary for me to tell you why, I have my reasons to leave you. You leave me, answer'd Chaumont all in a rage, no, faith, but you shan't, and you must not have engag'd me to love you, if you meant to have play'd me such a Prank. I shall make my Complaints to the Queen, and we shall see if she will allow you shou'd put such an affront upon a Relation of the Kings.

This Answer gave the Count Compassion at her foolishness, and fearing she might be so silly as to do what she said, he remonstrated that no surer means were there to dishonour her self then to do as she pretended. Any Maid that had had but so much as a grain of good sense would have told herself the same, without it's being necessary for him to have put her in mind of it; but she, notwithstanding so faithfull a Counsel running only upon her own head, went

went and threw her self at the Queens feet, whom she besought to do her Justice. After such a Request not a Person was there but imagin'd that strange things had pass'd between 'em; and, indeed, the Queen and the whole Court were at first of the same Opinion, and Madam d'Elbansf having Intimation of the thing, endeavour'd more than any body to imprint it in her Belief, that so it might be a kind of Antidote to the Passion she was sensible of for him, notwithstanding all she could do to hinder it. But she quickly perceiv'd there was more silliness than Lewdness in that Girle, and she with so much Innocence told the Queen after what manner things had pass'd, that one must not have been over-clear-sighted to accuse her of Disguise.

As she could not after this stay any longer at Court, at least without serving for a Laughing-
 stock

stock to all People, the Queen contriv'd to marry her to a *Normand*, who being a man of Petty Quality, and yet very willing to pass for quite another than he was in the world, ought to repute himself as honoured in marrying a Maid whom the King own'd for his Relation. This was the Bait that tempted him, the Queen adding a Present thereunto, after which they were married. The *Normand* fed himself that the Children he was going to have by such a Wife would be of so good a Family, that there would not be one in the Province that could go cheek by jowle with them. Nay, and he thought that without waiting 'till that time, he might do like Persons of the highest Quality. He took Pages as well for himself as for his Wife; and without considering that what had pass'd at Court would reach *Normandy*, his thoughts were wholly set

set upon playing the Great Lord among his Bumpkins.

After an Illustration of this Nature, the least suspicion not remaining in the Duchesse's mind, it came to pass that her Melancholly augmented still the more, upon her knowing that she was the only Person beloved by the Count. This Prince on his part suffer'd himself to be overwhelm'd with his Grief, continuing to believe that he had a beloved Rival, wherein the Cardinal endeavour'd to keep him, as well for the Pleasure of seeing him Jelous as well as himself, as out of a certain Averfion he had ever born him, and which had still been wonderfully augmented, since their Vows had appear'd for one and the same Object. This Cardinal who took delight in imposing upon all the World, had not any greater Pleasure, than when he could accost Madam *D'Elbæuf* in

in any place where he might be seen by the Count. Then, tho' most commonly he only discourst her upon Indifferent matters, he manifested such a Contentedness of mind, as had been sufficient to allay a Person of a much less jealous Temper than the Count's. But herein consisted his greatest Address, he order'd matters so, as to place Madam *d'Elbæuf* after such a manner, as that this Prince could not see her face, by which he might have perceiv'd that she gave him not so much occasion to rejoyce.

The same thing befell the Count twice or thrice, and he was tempted to interrupt a Conversation that maddened him to the heart. However the Respect he bore to Madam *d'Elbæuf*, rather than that he owed to the *Louvre* where this pass'd, having withheld him, he watcht the time of her going out, and getting up so near her, as that

the rest might not understand what he said to her: If *Madam d'Elbœuf* knew, said he to her, that I have the Picture she gave the Cardinal, perhaps she would be afraid, that having in my hands wherewithall to convict her of Infidelity to her Husband, that I would put him in mind that he ought no longer to suffer those long Conversations she has with that Minister, and still less to send her to his House upon the Pretence of Business.

Madam d'Elbœuf was much surpriz'd at so unexpected a Compliment. Nevertheless the place and the People that might follow them not permitting her to illustrate this matter: You tell me things, she said to him, which I can make no Answer to at present, but which I think of sufficient Consequence as to tell you, that if you will be a while hence at *Madam's*, I'll promise you to be there, and to give you reasons for every thing you can desire of me. There needs

needs only one bare word to satisfy a Lover. The Count who thought himself the most Unfortunate of all men, made her a Bow, as if she had restor'd him his Life, and having now no other Impatience, save for the coming of the Hour of repairing to *Madam's*, he went thither so early, that there was no Company there as yet. His Quality caus'd the Attendants to tell him that he might go to her very Closet ; but he made them answer that he was not come to incommode her, and that he had wherewithall agreeably to pass away his time, until such time as that she was to be seen. At the same time he took a Book out of his Pocket, and the Attendants seeing he drew near a Window, and fixt his eyes upon it, they withdrew out of Respect, really thinking he design'd to read. But he no sooner saw them out of the way, but that he employ'd his

mind in quite another thing than reading. He examin'd himself upon what he had to say to Madam *d'Elbæuf*, and he was so affected by the air of Goodness, with which she had made him answer, that he thought he could not without ill grace, say any thing Disobliging to her. But after having thus taken her part in his Heart, he took out of his Pocket the Picture he had taken from the Jeweller, and the remembrance he had that Madam *d'Elbæuf* had given it to another, overturn'd all the Resolutions he had newly taken.

As thoughts succeed one another in a moment, all this passed, as I may say, in a trice. And doubtless the later would have continued no longer than the former, if Madam *d'Elbæuf* had not come. This Princess, who did, indeed, expect that he would come betimes to the Rendezvouze, would

would not defer repairing thither, not only that she might have time to be thoroughly inform'd of what he had said to her; but, likewise, that she might do it before that *Madam*, who was daily wont to shew her self at one and the same hour, came out of her Closet. The Attendants made her the same Complement they had done to the Count *de Soissons*, but having made 'em answer, that she would discourse with him 'till that *Madam* came out, she went towards the place where he stood, and found him in so deep a musing, that he did not turn his head, 'till that she was just by him. He held her Picture still in his hands, and going to put it again into his Pocket: *What have you there, Sir*, said she to him, *and am not I come unseasonably to disturb the Pleasure you took in viewing that Pourtraict?* There is indeed, *Madam*, a great deal in viewing it, the Count made her

answer, and I should lye did I not grant it, but there is so little in remembering the Parties Cruelty, that if I was wise, I should never think of her as long as I liv'd.

Madam d'Elbæuf was come thither, upon what he had said to her of her Picture; but as he had also told her at the same time, that she had giv'n it to the Cardinal, and that she very well knew the Contrary, she so little suspected that it might be hers he held, that she almost lost all Patience to hear him talk in this manner. Yet was she far from letting him know how much it spighted her, & on the contrary pretending a freedom of mind which she certainly had not; *It's usual*, said she to him, *with Lovers to complain: Thus far from being surpris'd at this Discourse of yours, I should be much more surpris'd if you talk'd otherwise. Let's only see whether there is as much Delight, as you say, in viewing your Mistress,*

stress, and I assure you, that tho' I am not capable of having for her the same sentiments you have, I shall nevertheless, render her so much Justice, as to own to you downright whether she merits the Pains of your loving her. At these words she reacht forth her hand to receive the Picture, and the Count making no difficulty of giving it her, she was strangely surpriz'd when she saw it to be her own, nay and the same she had caus'd to be drawn for the Dutcheß of Savoy. She ask'd him immediately by what means it fell into his hands, not being able to forbear manifesting her Amazement to him. But he interpreting her surprize altogether in a wrong sense: *You have reason, Madam,* he said to her, *not to be able to apprehend how it came into my hands, after having made a Present of it as you did to the Cardinal. It was so precious a Pledge that he ought to have taken more Care of it. Indeed,*

I told you a while ago, that I had matter to Convict you of Infidelity to your Husband, but God forbid, I should harbour any such thought, and if you knew what pass'd in my Bosom, you'd be confident that I shou'd much sooner Sacrifice my own Life, than put yours in Danger.

The Duchesse's astonishment augmented gradually as she heard him utter these Reproches. She cast her eyes from time to time upon this Picture, as if she had thought she had been mistaken; Then when she saw it was certainly the same, then she ey'd the Count in all probability to ask him how he could come to have it in his hands. All this pass'd in mighty silence, and the Count taking it for a Conviction of her being tardy; *Ah! Madam, Cry'd he, this Confusion I see you under is too much for me. Why did ye not rather stand upon the Negative. All Easy as I am I should have been the first to*
have

have deceiv'd my self, and d'ye not know that the greatest Misfortune for a Lover, is to be ascertain'd of his Misfortune? You take for Confusion, the Princess reply'd, what is only an effect of my Surprise. I cannot comprehend how the Duchess of Savoy, to whom I sent this Picture, came to put it into other hands, and if she receiv'd it not, that she did not give me Notice, since she did of the first which was taken away by Robbers upon the Road? Why, to others, Madam, the Count retorted, I am not so easily impos'd upon. You your self gave it to the Cardinal, but his Love is very small, since he has not employ'd his whole Credit to get it again out of my hands. I tell you again, Madam d'Elban reply'd, that I cannot understand the least title of all you say to me. If the Cardinal told you I gave it him, whenever you please I'll give him the Picture before your face; but to spare so much Clutter, I should be very much oblig'd to you, if you'de content your self with

sending a Courrier to the Duchesse of Savoy. I'll write to her to discover this whole Mystery; you shall see all intimate to her, and as the Person that carries my Letter, shall be by your appointment, you cannot think to be deceiv'd.

Nothing could be more obliging than this answer, and to take things aright, it spoke a certain Complaisance for him, which a Woman never has, unless she really esteems a man. But he was so possess'd of his misfortune, that instead of taking things as he ought, he still made fresh Reproaches. I plainly perceive, Madam, the Reason, he said to her, why you soothe me up thus; you are afraid I should make such a noise as might undo you, and you endeavour to lull me asleep by prolonging of time. But this shews you don't know me: for as I am incapable of any Baseness, my Destiny will have me to love you, notwithstanding that your Carriage renders you so unworthy of me.

me. I tell my self in spite of all my Concern, that your heart is your own, and that you may dispose of it in favour of whom you please. Nevertheless, I know not whether it be Reason or self-love, but methinks you might have dispos'd of it in favour of a Person that would not have caused you to blush so much for shame.

The Duchess, tho' she ought not willingly to have suffer'd so many Reproches, knew not yet whether she ought to be vex'd, or take the Course of entring into new Justifications; but after having pardon'd him his first Sallies, being not able to suffer him to persist therein, after what she had said to him, and the Offers she had made him. *I'are i'th' Right*, said she to him, *and I love the Cardinal.*

After all do not People love out of different motives? And what hinders but that he may Conferr Benefits upon me and my Husband, He that has all those of the Kingdom at his Disposat.

These

These are very sordid views, the Count reply'd, for a Princess of your Rank, and I can hardly believe your Husband will own you in 'em. It is not fit to tell ones Husband all, the Princess retorted, and ought not they to be much glad that we promote their Interests without telling 'em ought, and that we keep from 'em a secret, the knowing of which would thwart their Advancement and Repose?

She said this with a certain spightfull air, mingled with so much Disdain, that if the Count had retain'd the least good Sense, he would have plainly perceiv'd that all she did was meerly out of scorn. But the Property of Lovers being to blind themselves, I had indeed ever heard, Madam, said he to her, that there were self interest'd Ladies, and that Princesses were not exempted no more than other People. But I knew not, that they took a Pride as you do, to boast of it. So singular a Sentiment ought to Cure me, and I
bean

bear a mortal ill will to my self for having eyes still favourable for you after this. But no Madam, this will not last long, and I must be the poorest Spirited of all men, if I continued to love so Unworthy a Person.

The Dutchess d'Elbœuf seeing him in this rage, instead of falling her self into the like, she put on calmer looks and less full of Disdain. Your Carriage, does strangely surprize me, said she to him, and if I only consider'd you, I should let you alone to believe all you pleas'd; But since my Honour is at stake, which you could never have a good Opinion of after this, I'll go directly to find out my Husband, and he shall know from the Cardinal, whether all you say be true. Ah! Madam, have a care of that, the Count reply'd, and can he make such an Inquest as that, without discovering things that would disturb his Quiet? Would he not know that the Cardinal loves you, and that I adore you? &c. — Yes, the Dutchess

chess interrupted, but will he not know at the same time, that I abhor the Cardinal, and that I do not love you? I know it very well, Madam, that you do not love me, the Count renew'd, and it's not necessary to tell me so. But can it be true that the Cardinal is no happier than I?

Norwithstanding the Dutchess's high Spirit, she did not stick to insinuate this truth into him, and what is more, she did not keep up her Courage: I mean that in this coming to a Right understanding, the Count observ'd such great marks of distinction, that he had occasion to think himself happy. However the greatest in my Opinion, was, that tho' he protested to the Dutchess that he remain'd fully perswaded of her Innocency, she would by no means he should trust to her word, obliging him to appoint her a Person in whom she could put Confidence, to know of the Dutchess of Savoy, the whole unravelling

unravelling of this Mystery.

This Conversation lasted 'till Company came, and a little after *Madam* came out of her Cloſet, on which account they could no longer continue their Diſcourſe. The Dutcheſs went away firſt, and after ſhe was gone, the Count ſtaid not long with *Madam*. He was overjoy'd at what had newly happen'd, principally when he made Reflexion, that he ought not only to lay aſide his Jealouſy, but further that *Madam d'Elbauf* had ſpoke to him after a manner altogether obliging. As for her part, ſhe was far from being ſo well ſatisfy'd. Two things were there that made her in pain, and which nevertheless, were oppoſite to each other. One that ſhe had found the Count too agreeable, that is to ſay, her virtue did not agree with what ſhe was ſenſible of for him. The other, that he had not appear'd ſufficiently an *Inamorato*.
The

The fault she found in his Love, is, that after having giv'n her her Picture, he had not said so much as one word to her to have it again; which she could not reconcile with all the Instances of Affection he had manifested. *No, he does not love me*, said she to herself, *or, at least, if he has any kindness for me, it is so small, that it Creates him no great trouble. If he had been really in Love, would he have let such an occasion as that slip? He who thought me capable of having made a Present of it to the Cardinal, could not be presume that I would grant him that favour? Had not he a Right to demand it of me, since that he possess'd it, before he deliver'd it me? Besides could not he pretend he was afraid I would restore it to the Cardinal? Whence comes it then, that he has fail'd, unless it be that he cares not for it?*

This thought was follow'd with some Reflections upon the Infidelity of all Men in General, and sometimes

sometimes also upon the Character of some, that delight in imposing upon Ladies. She was infinitely afraid he might be of this last Number; nay, and very often for ought she knew she had reason to believe, that having inherited from his Ancestors the aversion they had born to the house of *Lorraine*, of which was her Husband, he lay at watch to let it fall upon her, by provoking her to some weakness unworthy of a Virtuous Person, and of her Rank, tho' he might afterwards make a Trophy of it. If these sort of thoughts had come in after to her assistance, it is certain they were capable of banishing from her mind all that she could say to herself in favour of the Count; But as it is not Customary that suspicions gain the Victory over Love, it is not to be wondered if a full Confidence did in a little time set her mind at Rest.

What

What much contributed to this, was that after the Couriers return that was gone into *Savoy*, the Count being fully inform'd that he had wrongfully suspected her, gave her such convincing proofs of his Passion that one must have contriv'd to create trouble to one's self, to have remain'd any longer in Diffidence. But if on one side she recovered her Tranquillity, her Diffidence encreased on the Other, telling her self instantly that it became her not to carry her self in that manner towards her Husband, that had such fine Qualities, as that when she marry'd him, had made her incur the Envy of all those that might have pretended to him. Now these Reflexions being as I have newly said, ever present to her mind, they wrought such a Change in her humour, that she became quite another Person, and was not to be

be known again ev'n by those that frequented her the most familiarly. Her Husband, who lov'd her with great Tenderneſs, was continually at her feet to ask her what ſhe ail'd, and as ſhe was far from making a Confi-
 dent in a matter of that nature, and that, nevertheless, ſhe dread-
 ed his finding it out ſhe thought Convenient to make him run riot. After ſeveral ſighs, whoſe ſource proceeded from quite an-
 other thing than what ſhe was going to alledge. *The Truth is,*
My Lord, ſaid ſhe to him, *I wonder after ſuch a Carriage as yours,*
you ſhould ſtill ask me what I aile.
Are you ignorant of the Kindneſs I
have for you, and ſince you are per-
ſuaded of it, d'ye not know that the
frequent viſits you pay to my Lady
Dutcheſſ d' Uſez are capable of
plunging me into ſtill far greater
Diſquiets than thoſe I am now under.

The Duke d'Elbæſ was ſo
 good

good natur'd as to think she spoke her mind, and pressing her tenderly in his Arms; *How, Madam*, said he to her, *Do you do me the injustice to believe that I can leave you for Another? D'ye find so little fondness in my Caresses, that you think 'em almost at an End? Whence comes it that you spoke to me no sooner of it? And since it lay in my Power to calm the troubles of your Mind, why did you not put my Affection to the Test before you accus'd me: Tho' I went so often to Madam d' Ulez's House, that as it was test on her account then for the sake of the Good Company I there met withal, so by Consequence I should not have been much concern'd to deprive my self of seeing her, and all that I am vext at is, that you did not ask me a thing more difficult to grant you, I mean that for your sake, there is nothing but what is easy to me. This Protestation was followed with a thousand such tender Caresses, that*

that Madam d' Elbæuf not being able to think how much to blame she was to offend so Lovely and Complaisant a Husband, became as motionless in his Arms.

The Duke perceiv'd it not at first, but at the long run, seeing that she did not in any wise answer his fondness; *What signifies this, Madam,* he said to her, *and were it true, as it is not, that I had really offended you, would not such a Protestation as mine be Capable of putting it out of your Mind: With much more reason how much ought you to be Satisfy'd, who know my Innocence and my Love? For in short you plainly see by the tenderness I now Express to you, that I have all the Desires of a Lover, and all the Amity of a Husband, what can you desire more? As on my side, what can I desire more but that you'd love me, as much as you know I love you?*

These Tender and passionate discourses were as so many stabbs with

with a Ponyard into that Princesses heart, and she melting all into tears, took her Husband about the neck ; the regret she had for having offended him making her believe that she really lov'd him. But tho' she plainly perceiv'd that there was a great Difference between the Sentiments she had for him, and those she had for the Count, she resolv'd, nevertheless, to make her Love give way to her Duty. *It shall not be said, cry'd she to herself, that I no longer Love a Husband that Loves me so Tenderly, for a Prince, that perhaps, in deed loves me, but who, however, has no Other design then his Pleasure. Who knows if I was so base, as to grant him any favour, whether it would not paule him at the same Moment? Whereas M. d' Elbœuf loves me dayly more and more. Whence comes it that I do not make my Duty my Delight ; and tho' ev'n the least*
Weakness

Weakness should not be an Occasion of shame for a Princess, could I, I say, conceal from my Self the subject of my Confusion, who shall secure me that the Consequences will not be fatal to me ; I, that from the little Experience I have, do know that trouble does Closely attend the least false step ?

The having such thoughts as these, was in some manner, returning to her Duty : Yet as the fear of what was to come had much contributed to the framing of them, Madam d'Elbæuf was very angry with her self, that she was not capable of taking such as were more Noble and more lofty. This gave her to understand that notwithstanding the Caresses, with which she cajoll'd her Husband she did not love him so much as she thought, and daily perceiving that this was but too true for her Repose, she fell again under such an affliction as is not possible to exprefs,

exprefs. The Count *de Soiffons*, who lov'd her no lefs then her Husband, perceiv'd her Melancholly as much as the Other could have done, and the goodnefs ſhe had exprefs'd to him at the time when they came to a Right understanding; making him preſume that he might poſſibly diſcover the occaſion, he ſought her out with great eagernefs, being fully reſolv'd to let her know how deeply he ſhar'd in it. The Occaſion offer'd it ſelf ſome few days after, He met her at the Dutcheſs of *Ventadours* houſe, to whom he went to pay a Viſit, and as if Chance would needs have favour'd him, it ſo happen'd, that while they were there one of that Ladies Children fell down Stairs, and was very much hurt. This being told to Madam *de Ventadour*; Pardon me, Madam, ſhe ſaid to Madam *d' Elbæuf*, if ſuch an Accident as this Obliges me

to leave you for a Moment. Excuse the Tendernefs of a Mother, I leave you with the Count, and I believe he will have the Goodnefs to Excuse me in like Manner. Upon these words ſhe went out, leaving them all manner of freedom of diſcourſing together.

The Count meaning to avail himſelf of this happy moment, drew near Madam d' Elbæuf with the Confidence that might be created in him by the Converſation I intimated a while ago. But receiving him with a moſt Extraordinary Coldnefs ; If I did not follow Madam d' Ventadour ſaid ſhe to him, it was becauſe I was very willing to ſpeak two words to you, while I had time. Be ſo kind to me as never to tell me that you Love me, and if I have hitherto born with it, take my word I did it only on the account of the Suſpicion you had of me. Now that you cannot have any Left, My honour re-

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quires.

quires that I change my Conduct. I have besides several reasons, and by this I shall know whether you really love me. The Count was upon the point of telling her a thousand things to make her revoke this Order which he reckon'd Barbarous and full of Cruelty ; But that Princess suspecting the Count would urge reasons upon reasons on this occasion, and not presuming so far upon her strength, as to believe she could stand such a Brunt as that, without danger, went immediately to find out *Madam de Ventadour*, and all his entreaties could not induce her to afford him one Moments Audience.

Unnecessary is it here to represent the Counts Grief and Astonishment. It is easy to imagine both, since I have already said he was infinitely in Love, and that he had conceived hopes in all points advantageous ; however

as he fear'd that if he staid any longer in that place, it would be impossible for him to conceal the Disorder that Command had put him in, he went away instantly, his mind fill'd with so much Distraction, that when his Footmen ask'd him whither he would have his Coachman drive, he made them answer to Madam *d'Elbans*. And indeed he let himself be carried thither, without knowing whither he went, which he did not perceive 'till he was at the Gate. Then his Coachman stopping, and this Prince having had time to make Reflexion where he was, he remain'd for some time thinking what answer to make his Footmen, that came up to receive his Orders. At length having taken his Resolution, he bid 'em ask if *Madam d'Elbans* was at home, and they bringing him word he was, he mounted up into his Apartments, and so possess'd

09 G 2 with

with what had befall'n him, that *Mr. d'Elbœuf* plainly perceiv'd that he had something extraordinary in his head. As they were intimate friends, without staying for his speaking of it to him; *Some Accident has befall'n you*, said he to him, and if you fancied that I was capable of doing you Service, you was not mistaken in coming hither directly, since that I assure you that your Interests shall ever be as dear to me as my own. By what do you perceive that, the Count made answer, who did not imagine that his Disorder appear'd so manifest as it did, and who besides pretended to conceal it from all People, and particularly from him. By your Eyes, the Duke reply'd to him, by your Demeanour, by your Air; what shall I say to you in short, by your whole Person. They nevertheless deceive you, the Count reparty'd: But all I can say to you is, that I have been ill these two or three days. On this account have I resolv'd

go for some time into the Country, and am come hither on purpose to take my leave of you.

The Duke by these words was still more than before confirm'd in his Opinion, and imagining his Discontent to proceed from the Court, he having been his friend so long, and making him offers of Service, He could not forbear Expressing his wonder to him: But the Count still continuing to tell him the same thing they parted somewhat coldly on the Dukes Part, who could not relish his having this reservedness to him, after they had been so intimate. However, that he might find out whether he guess aright, he took Coach as soon as the Count was gone, and repairing to the *Louvre*, he enquired under hand of those he thought might be best inform'd, if any thing had befall'n the Count. But all were ignorant in the matter,

G 3

which

which put him in amaze, so that he return'd home; and presently after came Madam d' Elbæuf. You are a stranger, said he to her, to a peice of News that will surprize you, the Count goes away to morrow very much dissatisfy'd with the Court, and what's most strange, is, that he contented himself with coming to bid me Adieu, without acquainting me with the Occasion of his Discontent. I come now directly from the Louvre, whither I went to see if I could get any Item in the matter, but I found all there as much strangers to it as my self, so that I perceive his Disgrace is kept very Secret.

Madam D' Elbæuf presently judg'd herself more concern'd in't than the Court: But as she was not fond of owning the matter, she fell to arguing upon the point, rather contriving to augment than to dissipate his Suspitions. Nevertheless when she came to be alone the Truth display'd it self

self in its full Colours to her
 Minde. 'Tis for my sake, said she,
 that he banishes himself from Court,
 and after having occasion'd his re-
 nouncing of Grandures, which he
 might with a just Title have laid
 Claim to. Ought not I to have so much
 Consideration as to prevent the fatal
 Resolutions he may take, on my Ac-
 count. What will he go do in his Soli-
 tude, or rather what must I do when I
 shall no longer see him? she paws'd
 upon this Reflection, and never
 had she so much Occasion for her
 virtue as at that time. And indeed
 her Imagination represented this
 Prince as the most enamour'd of all
 men, asking her what he had done
 to occasion his being treated with
 so much Cruelty. Is the Esteem he
 has for thee a Crime, said she to her
 self, & whereas thou ought'st to take it
 kindly, is it possible that thou canst
 doom him to Banishment? Couldst not
 thou be honest without reducing him
 to Despondency. This is all thy Hus-
 band

band could ask of thee, and after all, canst not thou be Mistress of Love & Hatred? was it not sufficient for thee that thou endeavourest to Love what thou dost not Love, and endeavourest to hate what thou dost not hate, whatever effort thou mayst use?

She endeavour'd to conceal the Sadness she lay under upon this news, for fear of her Husbands coming to know how far she was concern'd in't. Ah! If she durst have writ to him, doubtless she had done it to have made him break off his Departure; But the regard she had for her Honour being still more prevalent then all Other things, she repell'd that thought that recoyl'd upon her ever and anon, and she got the Mastery of it at the long run.

In the mean while the Count *De Soissons* did not fail to depart the next day, and went to his House *Blandi* ten Leagues from *Paris*, whence he would have gone

gone much farther, but that the Court might have taken umbrage at so precipitated a Retreat. There to disperse his Melancholly he set to Hunting; but as that was not capable of easing his Disquiet, he often stray'd all alone into the Woods, where alighting he ty'd his Horse to some Tree, while thereby he lay musing upon *Madam D' Elbæuf*. That he might think of her with the more pleasure, he ever carry'd the Picture about him he had bought of the Courier, and which having in his Possession, he had not minded to redemand the Other of that Princess. He took it out of his Pocket, and as if it could have given him a reason for her Cruelty, he made the most melting Complaints Imaginable. When he had continued a pretty space of time in Consulting it, he return'd again to his People, whom he made believe, he had lost them through Inadvertency.

advertency. Those days he went not a Hunting, he walk'd in a Grove adjoyning his Castle, without other entertainment than that of his sad thoughts which the love he had for Solitariness made him fond of harbouring.

Madam *d' Elbæuf* on her part pass'd her time as ill. That Prince's Passion was ever present to her memory, and especially the prompt Obedience he paid to her Commands. Yet did she use the faculties of her Mind to repell these thoughts, well knowing that the more she dwelt upon them, the more matter should she have to upbraid her self withal. *Unhappy Princess*, said she to her self, *Thy Husband then, it seems, is not worth the pains that thou shouldst think of him! thou very well know'st, that thou canst not think of any Other without being Criminal, and yet thou dost the quite Contrary of what thy Duty directs thee. What*
has

has the Count de Soissons, that the Duke D'Elbœuf has not? Examine all well from one End to the Other, and thou wilt know that all the Difference thou puts between them, only proceeds from the Corruption of Nature? If the Count de Soissons was thy Husband, thou wouldst love the Duke d'Elbœuf, didst not thou love him, when he was no more then thy Lover, and for that thou hast held him a thousand times in thy Arms, must he seem less Aimable to thee than he formerly did? Beware of desiring to be in the same Condition with the Count, his Dislike would attend upon Enjoyment, and all that would remain to thee from thy Crime, would be so dismal a Confusion, that thou wouldst not know where to hide thyself, much better is it that thou fall in again with thy Duty, and if thou intendest that the Count should not lose the respect he has for thee, thou oughtest to be more Especially Sollicitous to maintain thy Virtue.

When she had urg'd such sort
of

of things as these to her self, she found her self very much eas'd, so far as to phancy she had nothing more to apprehend: But that to have effected, she should not have giv'n admittance to any other thoughts in her heart; from which not being able to refrain, it is not to be wondred if she was reduc'd ever and anon to stand the Brunt of new Conflicts. Nevertheless she made all possible resistance; yet as this could not be done, but to the prejudice of her health, she pin'd away in such manner as made it believ'd she must suddenly betake her self to her Bed. *Mr. d'Elbæuf*, whose Love far from having been subject to the distaste that seems annex'd to Possession, had been thereby the more augmented, not being able to see her in that Condition without an extreme Affliction, consulted all the Physicians that they might endeavour to afford

ford some Remedy to her Distemper. At last they concluded that Asses Milk would be good for her; but that to render it the more usefull, it was necessary she should go take it in the Country. *Mr. d'Elbæuf* had a very fine House two Leagues from *Paris*, but as his Dependence upon Court was such as did not allow of his Absence, he resolv'd to send his Wife thither, that he might go see her every day, and thus at the same time gratify his Love and his Ambition. *Madam d'Elbæuf* was overjoy'd at the Prescription of the Physicians, having no other kindness save for solitariness. She sought out the most lonely Places, which that fine house had no want of, and they being to be trusted with the occasion of her trouble, without fear of their revealing it again to any body, she found a certain quiet of mind, which she did not enjoy amid the Court

Court and Town.

In the mean while the Cardinal, who was still possess'd with the same Passion, being in no wise able to bear with her absence, daily sent his Physicians, thinking that as they were the most expert of all the Kingdom, they would contribute to her health, on which he reckon'd her return depended, more than on all those that saw her. This was his first Motive; but he had another, that had still a more peculiar regard to her Person. His Quality of first Minister, and Sovereign Dispenser of all the Graces of the Kingdom, rendering all People Complaisant to his Wills, he encharg'd one of those Physicians with a Letter for Madam *d'Elbæuf*, and this man building much greater hopes upon this piece of Service, than upon all the Advantages he might derive from his Profession, fancy'd that with a little Address, it would

would be Easy for him to get her to peruse it. For that purpose he went from *Paris* before his Companions, and being arriv'd at that house; *Madam*, said he to the *Duchesse D. Elbeuf*, Our Calling is a strange sort of Bus'ness. Those that are best Skill'd in it are often esteem'd less able than Others. The Quality of a Senior among us is commonly his whole Merit. Since I had the honour to see you, I have a Specifique remedy to give; yet my Companions have not deem'd it good, because it Surpasses their Capacity; So as that I am now forc'd to come hither, as it were in stealth to discourse with you. At these words he took a Paper out of his Pocket, wherein he had really set down a Prescription, and reading it to her as the best thing in the World: Now this *Madam*, added he, is what your health consists in. In case you make use of it. I'll venture my head you recover in three days time. But
be

be sure you keep the secret till then, Otherwise it will set my Seniors so against me, as will put us beyond all Reconciliation.

He discours'd the Princess upon this pretended secret, till such time as that he heard some Body coming in the Anti-Chamber. Then slyly taking his opportunity he slip't another Paper into the Princesses hand, entreating her that she would receive it and put it under her Pillow, untill that she could read it in private; that he would go in the mean while for fear it might be his Companions, and so stealing down a little back pair of Stairs, he fancy'd his trick was going to have all the success he could wish; and the rather, for that the Princess, who had never car'd to disoblige any Body, had really put it where he had bid her.

The Noise they had heard in the Anti-Chamber had been Occasion'd

cation'd by some Ladies, that were
 come from *Paris* on purpose to vi-
 sit the Princess, and as she was
 not willing to make known the
 nature of her Malady, she did
 not quit her Bed, as long as they
 staid with her. However their
 visit was somewhat long, nay,
 and they invited themselves to
 Dinner ; which made the Princess
 quite forget the Physicians Pre-
 scription, which besides she
 thought to be of so little Conse-
 quence, that had she lost it, it
 would in no wise have troubled
 her. After these Ladies had din'd
 they talk'd of returning, & as they
 were going out, *Mr. D' Elbæuf*
 arriv'd, who seeing his Wife still
 in Bed, he was afraid she grew
 worse and worse. And going to
 her to enquire of her her self, as
 he was caressing of her, he per-
 ceiv'd the Corner of a Paper that
 pass'd from under the Pillow, and
 taking it without dreaming of any
 thing;

thing; *What's this, Madam*, said he to her, and viewing it, he perceiv'd it to be the Cardinals hand. Madam *d' Elbæuf* being sincere, told him what she thought it to be, and being willing to read to her her self that pretended Prescription, she made up to take it out of his hands. But he beginning to enter into great Suspicion, that still augmented, at this new Action of hers, step'd three paces back, and opening that Paper, he read these Words therein.

*The Cardinals Letter
to Madam d' Elbæuf.*

I send you my Physicians, but I have little hopes of their curing you. If they understood any thing, they ought to begin to shew it in my Person, I believe you sick of the same Distemper I have for this long while lain under, and nevertheless they have not as yet been able to find out any Remedy for their Master. But how should they find any, since my Cure depends only
on

on You? Would to God I had brought you to a Condition to say as much of me, the zeal I should have to serve you, would be a Secret Reproach to you for the Contempt you have ever had for my Passion. The more I examine myself, the less do I find myself *Worthy* of this Treatment. So perfect a Love as mine never incurr'd so much Hatred; and indeed to tell you my thoughts plain'y, I do not think myself the only Occasion of my misfortune. Though I am no *Lovely* Person, yet I have some Qualities that ought to Distinguish me. The least is that of Minister, and I reckon much more upon a Passion that admits of no Comparison. But either that I came too late to offer you my services, or that you naturally hate me, or as is more probable a more happy Person is come across, I may say, that while the *Whole World* looks up with Envy at my fortune, I am nevertheless the most unfortunate of all men.

Mr. d'Elbæus blush'd and then turn'd pale, while he was reading this

this Letter, and his Wife knew not the meaning of the Different Motions that appear'd in his Countenance. At length when he had done, he sat himself down in a Chair, falling back like a man that had not the Power to support himself. This was still matter of greater Amazement to this Princess; and indeed being no longer able to curb her Curiosity; *tell me for Gods sake,* said she to him, *what there is Mysterious in that Paper, and you must sure have found very Surprising things in it, and very touching at the same time, for it to bring you in the Condition I see you: Is there in it that I must dye, speak and let me know. It ought to be so, Madam, the Duke answer'd her, if I had more regard to the affront you put upon me, than to the affection I have ever had for you, yes, I ought now to think only of revenging myself, but either that I have but little honour, or that there are reasons of weakness that do detain*
me,

me, and which nevertheless I do not approve of, I see my Infamy as a man void of all sense. At these Words he flew out of the Chamber all in a rage, which Madam *D' Elbæuf* seeing, who was in an inconceivable pain to know the meaning of all this; she threw her self from off the Bed and begg'd of him to Stay. But this Prince who wanted only to get away from a place, where he had newly made so vexatious a Discovery, Stopping his Ears to her entreaties, lock'd the Door too after him, and by this means hindred her from following him, he immediately had his horses put into the Coach, and stepping, in he went and Closetted himself up in *Elbæuf* Hall, ordering that if any one came to see him to say that he was in the Country.

Madam *D' Elbæuf* having seen him go away in this manner, and having besides undergone the reproaches I mention'd. follow'd him

him within less than half an hour, tho' her condition was such as not to do it without hazzarding her health. She went directly to his Chamber, & falling at his feet; *Take away my Life, Sir,* said she to him, *rather than conceal from me any longer the occasion of your Discontent. I have nothing upon my heart that upbraids me in the least, and if I was, as you tax me, perfidious, you could not carry your self otherwise. I advise ye, Madam, the Duke made answer, to Condemn me: What would ye have more of me, than to leave you at liberty to do all you Please? Return into the Country, if you'll take my Counsel, 'tis a place much fitter than this for your Gallantries, & all I require of you is to leave me at quiet.* He turn'd his back upon her at the same time, & opening a window that look'd out upon a Garden, he fell to gazing there, but so possess'd with his misfortune, that if he had been ask'd what he

look'd

look'd at, he could in no wise have told. His Wife notwithstanding his obstinacy to conceal what he ail'd from her, went to him again, and as she still press'd him upon the same thing, he was so weary, that he told her how that unless she left him at quiet, he would throw himself out of the Windows. *But I'll forestall you, Madam D'Elbæuf* reparty'd, being in the utmost Despondency at this usage: *and indeed it would be much better for me that I tumbled my self down headlong, than any longer suffer what I have not incurr'd by any ill Conduct of mine.* At these words either that she really meant to throw her self out of the Windows, or that she would only make a shew to fright him, she did what was requisite to get up, at which the Duke being very much startled, he seiz'd on her Petticoats, then taking her about the Waste, he in spight of her struggling carry'd her off

off from that place. This Princess whose Despair could not be greater than viewing him with eyes capable of instilling Compassion ; *Why do you hinder me from dying,* said she to him, *when you kill me with a Death a thousand times more Cruel than that I might inflict upon myself ? But know that all your efforts will be in vain, you will not be always with me, and unless you tell me wherein I am faulty, I shall sooner or later find an opportunity to affranchize my self from all your Cruelties.*

The Duke having a thousand reasons to keep his Secret, or at least thought he had, not that he imagin'd he had any thing new to tell, but thought at least that his Case required secrecy, that so he might detect things which as yet he was a stranger to, seeing himself nevertheless perplext by these menaces, endeavour'd to fence off this stroak, by taking another Course. Wherefore making a
shew

shew of yielding to her Persecutions; I must then Satisfy you Madam, said he to her, since you oblige me thereunto; but as it is a thing I cannot do without great Reluctancy, and that I have naturally an Aversion for Reproaches, afford me this Night to consult my Pillow upon the matter. I promise you to unbosom my heart to you to morrow morning; but on Condition that what shall pass between us two shall not go farther.

Madam D'Elbæuf thought it strange that he thus deferr'd acquainting her with a thing which she so ardently desir'd to know; however thinking she had but one night to wait, she consented to the proposal. And the night being pass'd without her having so much as clos'd her eyes, she impatiently waited for the Dukes coming out of his Chamber, when they came to tell her that he had taken horse two hours before day. Taken Horse, she retorted in a dis-

mal amaze: *Ah! This is too much,* she added fainting, *and I must dye.* She said no more; but before the rest of the day was spent, a violent feavour seiz'd her, Whose Symptoms appear'd so dangerous to the Physicians, that they thought it requisite to send in search of Mr. d'Elbauf.

He was gone to *Blandi* to see the Count de *Swissone*, Whom he reckon'd for one of his best Friends. He at first endeavour'd to conceal the Melancholly under which he labour'd, and made him believe that thinking the time tedious that he had not seen him of so long a while, he was come on purpose to invite him to return to Court. To back what he said, he made use of a world of Plausible reasons, by which he let him see that a Prince of his Birth far from making any advantage by keeping at a distance, hazzarded the losing of All. That at least he could

not deny but that this was the direct way to be abandon'd by all his friends; that he was not to learn that most men suffering themselves to be led on by Interest, would remain affected, so far only as that they saw a Person was of use to them for their fortune; that however Rich a Prince of the Blood might be, certain People were there that nothing could be procured for but by the Channel of the Court: That thus it was beyond all Question that those People having nothing more to hope, would fall off by degrees; that this was such a Truth that it was the Loadstone of the greater part; that it was commonly seen that the Court of the Ministers was much more numerous then that of the Princes themselves; & whence does this proceed, but from the reason newly urg'd; that as for his part, he was as little fond as Others of doing any thing Un-

worthy of his Birth, which nevertheless, necessity had several times oblig'd him to.

The Count *de Soissons* after having giv'n him the hearing, seeing that he press'd him still on by reasons full as strong as these, and being desirous to conceal from him his inducements to retirement, told him he jump'd in accord with all he said but that, nevertheless things there were too difficult to be born withall, that there was no standing the Brunt of them. That no longer to hide his Discontent from him, he must needs tell him, that Cardinal *Richelieu* abus'd his fortune: that far from giving the Princes of the Blood that Consideration he was oblig'd to, he behav'd himself in such manner towards them, that if it had not as a man may say, been casting imputations upon the King to have corrected that Minister into his Duty, he should long since have giv'n way
to

to the Temptation. And thereupon taking him to Witness whether or no he spoke the Truth, this being as it were touching the Dukes Wound, who was much more envenom'd against his Eminency, he perceiv'd that he Changed Colour. And certain it is, that the Duke being no longer able to bear a Conversation of this kind ; *Let's talk no more of him*, said he to him, *my reasons are weak in Comparison of yours, and though I was of another mind at my Coming hitber, Truth does now oblige me to side with your Opinion.* After this he would have discours'd of something else, but us'd such great violence upon himself in doing it, that the Count, whom it was not easy to put the Change upon, taking notice of it : *My Lord Duke*, said he to him, *You have something at heart, which you do not utter, and though I had been less Conversant with you than I have, yet could I not have miss'd of observing*

ving it. Why with your friends d'ye put this Constraint upon your self? And to whom would you unbosom your heart, if you are thus reserv'd to me, You that know, that I have no Secret that is so to you? tell me not so, the Duke made answer, and praye remember that before you left Paris, I press'd you to tell me the Occasion, but without being gratify'd? Your Secret, nevertheless, was of no great Importance, whereas that mine —

This word having started from him, without making Reflection on it, he would willingly have recall'd it, as soon as he perceiv'd it; Finisb, said he to him, without hesitation, and since your Secret is incomparably of greater Consequence than mine, for that very reason ought you the rather to lay your self open. I did not indeed, acquaint you with the Cause of my retreat, since to what purpose was it, either to You or I? On the Contrary the making of you a Confident in that Case,

Case, was it not capable of injuring you? If the Cardinal had known that I had Consulted you, would you now, as you are, be upon the List of his friends, and would it not be the means of making you lose a World of Courtesies, which you your self have own'd to me that you are indebted to him for? He has Sold 'em to me at a very Dear rate, the Duke retorted, and it would have been much better for me, he had been my greatest Enemy: In uttering these words he gave a great sigh, and the Count, who fancy'd that such motions only suited with amorous Passions, presently imagin'd that he had discover'd that which the Cardinal had for his Wife, he urg'd him so much the more to tell him what the matter was, as that he fear'd he had also discover'd that this Princess made returns. The Duke after having said so much, no longer knew how to decline proceeding further, tho' to speak the

truth, he was persuaded, that a Secret of that nature is never to be divulg'd. But the *Count*, whose Curiosity could not be greater, reproaching him that his being so reserv'd, was not acting like a freind, he induced him to ease his heart. Yet was he so very loath to make a step of this kind, that he was going to take a vast Circumlocution; when the Count judging by all he said, that certain Secrets were there that were to be pall'd out: *The truth is*, said he to him, *You raise my Pity, and by the Perplexity I see you in, I know not whether I ought not to believe something of Madam d' Elboeuf. It is but too true*, the Duke reply'd, being seiz'd with so great an affliction, that there was not the like. *Perfidious as she is, she has suffer'd the Cardinal to talk of Love to her, and blinded as I was, I did not so much as take notice of it, but have still my self sent her to his house several times. Alas ! I*

no longer wonder at the Easiness I meet
withall in dispatching my Business, I
was then a stranger to the Cause; but
I now but too plainly see into my mis-
fortune. However tell me, my Prince,
If being in my Place, you would have
thought to have had any thing to ap-
prehend on that side. Is He such a
Temptation for a Woman, & must not
a She be very termagantly loose to en-
tertain such a Spark.

The Count, with Whom this
Discourse was a kind of Progno-
stication that the Duke had de-
tected things criminal to all In-
tents, found himself no less struck
with jealousy than the Duke at El-
bæuf. Nevertheless thinking he
was under an obligation to keep
it better conceal'd; You are too
hasty, said he to him, and whoever
should rely upon what you say would be
possest that your Honour was lost past
all Remedy. Soft and fair, Good my
Lord Duke, and you shou'd not if I
might advise you, proceed so far upon

where Suspicion. How! a Suspicion
 The Duke made answer, D'ye know
 upon what grounds I speak? No true-
 ly, the Count reply'd, and that is
 what I'de fain know. It is upon Con-
 vincing proofs, the Duke retorted,
 and when you know it is from a Letter
 I my self found under her Pillow;
 What will you have to say?

If the Duke had look'd upon
 the Count at that Moment, or ra-
 ther if he had been in a Condi-
 tion to observe the different moti-
 ons with which he was animated,
 it is beyond all Question that he
 would have been still more un-
 happy than he was, since he must
 have perceiv'd that his Wife had
 two Lovers instead of One, and
 that this was the Rival his Emi-
 nency complain'd so much off in
 his Letter: But his misfortune de-
 priving him of judgement, his
 thoughts were wholly taken up
 in justifying what he had newly
 said. Wherefore taking his Let-
 ter

ter out of his Pocket; ~~There is what,~~
 said he to him, ~~makes me speak in~~
~~this manner,~~ and which I confide in
 you, as a Person from whom I expect
 friendship, and of Whom I require
 good Council. At these Words he
 gave him that Letter, and the Count
 opening it with a Dread I shall
 not undertake to Express, was
 strangely surpriz'd and overjoy'd
 at the same time, that he did not
 by it find the State of things to be
 as the Duke had reported em. On
 the Contrary he saw himself
 pointed out therein, as the Party
 to whom that Princess had given
 her heart: an happiness he would
 much rather have heard utter'd
 from the Dutchess's own Mouth,
 than by that of a Rival. However
 as it wanted much of his being so
 wretched as he had imagin'd, this
 wrought another manifest altera-
 tion in his face, and by which the
 Duke might again have perceiv'd
 how much he was affected by all
 that

that concern'd his Wife, if, as I have already said, his misfortune had not depriv'd him of the use of Reason.

In the mean while the *Count* having made an end of reading this Letter, told the Duke how that he was in the wrong in thinking himself so unhappy, that if he made his ill fortune consist in having a Wife that had Adorers, he had drawn it upon himself: that he must not then have chosen one of so much Beauty, and merit. That it's usual to love such Persons; But what he should vex at was, if it was true that his wife lov'd any Other than himself: That this did not appear by the Letter he had newly put into his hands, but on the Contrary, that she hated the Cardinal. That it was only stuff'd with Complaints and jealousy; an indubitable mark that she was virtuous. *Alas! my Dear Count,* the Duke reply'd,

reply'd, do not seek as you do to blind
 me: God be thank'd, I am not na-
 turally jealous; but withall I see Clear
 when there is occasion for so doing.
 The Lover that has most reason to ap-
 plaud his fortune, does he not ever
 Complain? 'Tis the very way to bring
 a Woman to one's hand, and the Sex
 that ever makes a Lurry before it
 yields to our desires would it be wil-
 ling to have its favours proclaim'd to
 it's self. It's much better to make it
 Cruel at the time it is least so, and af-
 ter this manner is it that you ought to
 Explain what you see. Otherwise how
 should Madam d' Elbœuf have re-
 ceived this Letter? Does she not know
 that this is Contrary to her Duty? But
 what do I say, she not only receiv'd it,
 but likewise hid it under her Pillow,
 and which is worse she would have
 hindered me from taking it. If you
 would have me to discover my malady
 still further to you, would she have
 gone to his house if she had done what
 a Virtuous Woman ought to do? She
 knew

knew well enough that he lov'd her, and that alone was sufficient to have hindered her from ever setting foot there. I must needs own that she sometimes declin'd going, telling me she should be very glad if I would exempt her from that trouble; but this is a finess as gross as the Other, and by which I was not to be trepann'd. She spoke in this manner to me, that in case I came to make a Discovery, she might tell me, and don't you know that you would needs put me upon it, and that I never went but against my will. And yet the Perfidious Woman went, and after all I have now said to you, I beg of you to tell me sincerely what you would think were you in my place,

While these things occur'd at Blandi, the Court that had not been in any wise uneasy at the Count de Soisson's retirement, was not exempt from allarums, when they knew the Duke de Elbeuf was gone to him. The Cardinal notwithstanding

notwithstanding the Passion of Love had another of no less Prevalency. I mean that she was gnaw'd by so great an Ambition, that all the rest was nothing in Comparison of that. Thus imagining that these two Princes plotted to drive him away from the Ministry, he went to the house of the Countess Dowager of *Saifons*, and told her that the King sent for her to answer to him for the Conduct of her Son. This Princess not having the Complaisance to study to please the favourites, made him answer, that her son was too wise ever to be wanting in the respect he ow'd to his Majesty; that she would engage Body for Body; but that she must needs tell him at the same time, that he had too much heart ever to buckle under a Minister that understood not himself. This answer vex'd the Cardinal, and that he was bound in her to respect the

the Quality of Princess of the Bloud, he lash'd out so far as to say, that she it was, perhaps, that gave her son ill Counsell.

From thence he went to my Lady Dutchess of *Elbæuf*, where notwithstanding that they told how that she was indispos'd, and that it was impossible to see her, he mounted up into her Apartment. He there found the Physicians that had newly been passing their Judgements, as I have intimated, that she was in great danger, and that it became 'em to acquaint *Mr. Elbæuf* with her Condition. But none of 'em knowing whither he was gone, he ran a risque of knowing nothing of the matter, if the Cardinal had not heard of his being at *Blandi*. The State he saw the Dutchess in was the cause that instead of making her the same Complement as he had done to *Madam de Soissons*, he was toucht with all Compassion.

Wherefore

Wherefore drawing near her Bed, and all withdrawing out of Respect, he express'd his Grief to her for the Condition he saw her reduc'd to. At the same time a Gentleman was dispatcht away to go find out the Duke, and being arriv'd at *Blandi*, he acquainted him how that his Wife was nearer being dead than alive. He was concern'd at this News notwithstanding this Prejudice, and after having enquired into the Circumstances of her illness, and what hour it took her, he askt him by what means he came to know where he was. *By the Cardinal*, the Gentleman made him answer, *whom I left at my Lady's Bed-side, and who came to see her, knowing she lay a dying.*

This was sufficient to plunge this Prince into Despair, and after having bid this Gentleman go rest himself for a while 'till such time as he had his answer. *Well*

my Dear Prince, said he to the Count de Soissons, needs there any thing more to perswade you of the reality of my misfortune? She is not content with being a Perfidious and an Ingrate, she likewise forgets in her present extremity, that it is impossible but that he or she must needs shew such Weaknesses as will make known my Infamy. I say nothing of the little Care she has taken of her salvation, and yet this is what pierces my very heart: I have still so much Love for her, notwithstanding the reason I have to hate her, as to desire that whilst she is going to make me lead a languishing Life, she should enjoy Eternal happiness, if it be the Will of God to take her out of this World. At length all I can say to my self, I already bewaile her, both as sick, and as threatned with dying very suddenly. In fine, what shall I say more, I must needs own to you that I no longer know my self, and you must needs be much surpris'd after what I've declar'd

red

red to you, when I tell you that I am going this very instant to afford her all the assistance I possibly can? At these words he took leave of the Count, who entreated him not to harbour any such Phancies in his head, and that his wife was more virtuous then he imagin'd.

He had like to have kill'd his Horse, so over-impatient was he, and being coming to ~~Elbow~~ Hall, he found her still worse than he had been told. And indeed, she had lost all sort of Knowledge, insomuch that making up to her, & seeing that she hardly breath'd: *How Madam*, said he to her, with a voice interrupted with sighs and sobs, *will you die without me? Don't you know that our days are inseparable? Why must you have the Cruelty to leave me: And is this what you promis'd me?* But this was for all the world the same as if he had spoke to the Walls: she was not in a Condition to make him an answer,

swer, nor even to understand him, which he still more and more perceiving, he began to tear his hair: This created so much pitty in all the By-standers, that they knew not which was most to be pitty'd, he or her: she to dye at an age, as a Man may say, when People begin to live; He to lose a Wife, without whom they were very sensible Life would be a Burden to him.

Two or three days pass'd in this manner without any hopes of her recovery, after which she seem'd to be a little better. Madam de Guise her Relation and Friend, who had constantly been with her since her illness, told her then the Affliction her Husband was under, which had brought him to keep his Bed as well as her self. *That's not possible*, the Duchesse immediately answered: *Why say ye so*, Madam de Guise retorted, *and has Monsieur*
d' Elbœuf

d' Elbœuf carry'd himself so ill towards you, that you ought to be surpris'd at this Tenderneſs? Madam d' Elbœuf ſaw plainly ſhe had ſaid too much; nevertheless the thing being done, and paſt all Remedy: *I have my reaſons, Madam,* ſhe reply'd, *to ſay what I do, and once again, is it poſſible that what you tell me is true?* Madam d' Guife without ſhrifiting further than ſhe was willing into her ſecret, having confirm'd the thing to her anew: *Ah Madam,* ſaid Madam d' Elbœuf to her, *if you'l oblige me, let me hear this from Monsieur d' Elbœuf's own mouth, and if he cannot come hither, let him be told that I have ſtill ſtrength enough to go to him.*

Theſe words being related to the Duke, he would by no means ſhe ſhould riſe from her Bed, and overjoy'd that ſhe was better, he went into her Chamber, gueſſing aright that if he went not to hers, ſhe would come to his. After what

what had pass'd you may well think he was mightily at a loss where to begin the Conversation; and indeed he made his appearance with a down-cast look, not that he thought he was too blame, but because he reproach'd himself as guilty of a weakness in having any regard for a faithless woman. But Madam d' Elbeuf having nothing to upbraid her self withall. *Well sir*, said she to him, *you see me here ready to dye, and what comforts me is, that if I do not dye for you, I dye at least for the love of you, I was not able to suffer your suspicions without sinking under the Reflexion, and to my highest happiness I may now discourse you upon my Innocency. You would by no means give me Credit, when I would have entertain'd you upon that point at another Occasion: God knows however that I did not intend to impose upon you, no more than I do now; I never wrong'd you in any manner, and if I have had but*

so much as any such thought, I beseech him never to pardon me. One day will come that you will know my Innocence, and that you will have a regret for having unjustly suspected me. 'Tis the Consolation I carry along with me now I am dying, nay, and I tell you that I dye the most satisfy'd Person in the World.

Ah! Madam, said the Duke to her, his heart being pierc'd with so touching a discourse, Live rather to see my Repentance. I may have been jealous without wounding your honour, and beauteous as you are, might not I apprehend some or other should undertake to supplant me! There needs no more then seeing you to cause such a Design to be entertain'd, your discretion is not capable of quashing it; and if notwithstanding the little likelihood there is of obtaining such ends upon so Virtuous a Person, there are nevertheless such People as will keep their Intentions alive upon the least glimmering of hopes,

hopes, why will you not give me leave to tremble when I see them harbour any such thoughts? You will doubtless, tell me that I have no reason to tremble; But I must answer you at the same time that their hopes being as ill grounded as my fear, it is pardonable in me that I take the Alarm, seeing that they contrive to robb me of my only Blessing. This is all I can say in my Justification, to which I add an extreme Repentance, and a sincere Confession of my fault.

Madam d' Elbauf being overjoy'd to see him harbour such sentiments: And I for my part pardon you, said she to him, because I love you; and I believe you to be only jealous because you love me. Whether God disposes of me, or restores me to my health, you shall never hear a word of it from me. I believe you to do the Like, since if I should see you relapse into the same fault you could never obtain my pardon. Mr d' Elbauf vow'd he would never speak
to

to her upon any such account, and after having Caress'd her to a high degree, which was still more persuasive to this Lady than his words, he withdrew into his own Chamber, where about an hour after he was seiz'd with a terrible Fever. This was kept as a secret from Madam d'Elbæuf, for fear of making her worse, and as it was impossible but that she must enquire after him, Madam de Guise continuing still to be about her, thought convenient to make her believe, that the King was gone to Fontainebleau, and that he had taken him along with him. *How, without saying any thing to me,* Madam d'Elbæuf retorted, *and this is quickly giving the lye to his last Conversation!* Nevertheless, that she might not find so much fault with his absence, Madam de Guise gave a Gentleman order to come once in two days, as if sent by the Duke to enquire after her health,

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health. This Trick sped for the first time; but the Dutchess having taken it ill that he had not writ to her, the Gentleman was forc'd to contrive another Sham, upon the account of his not bringing any Letter as yet. The same pretence was us'd in four or five several Visits he paid her: One while the King had sent for him to play at Tennis, when he had just his Pen in his hand: another while, that he had sent for him to go a Stag-g-hunting, or to engage him in some other business, and still that great name interpos'd it's Assistance, as the only Cloak they had to Cover the Reality. But the Dutchess at the long run, after having once or twice been thus deluded, suspecting she was impos'd upon, design'd to repair herself to *Fontainebleau*, whither her strength that was very much restor'd, since the Conversation she had had with her Husband, made her

her believe she might go without prejudicing her health.

Many resolutions are there that are not attended with performance; but the Dutcheſs had no ſooner fram'd hers, but that ſhe would have taken Coach, notwithstanding all they could ſay to her to divert her from it. Thus were they oblig'd to own her Huſbands Condition to her, and tho' her knowing him in danger afflicted her extremely, ſhe nevertheless receiv'd ſome comfort for the reaſon I am going to alledge. She had attributed his abſence and ſilence to his ſlights for her; Now there being no room for any ſuch thought ſince ſhe knew the occaſion, ſhe bent her mind wholly upon giving him aſſiſtance. She went directly to his Apartment, & finding him in a much more dangerous Condition then they had inform'd her he was, ſhe gush'd out into tears. Not ſatisfy'd with

giving him these Instances of affection, she would suffer no Body besides her self to give him what was requisite. Mr. *d' Elbæuf* not being able to endure to see her take so much pains, conjur'd her to leave those offices to the People that were about him ; but as if she had been afraid that the Remedys would lose their virtue in their hands, she would by no means obey him.

In the mean while the Duke's illness proceeded to such an Extremity, that the Physicians desired his Confessor to bid him think of his Conscience. He receiv'd this news without appearing to be in any wise concern'd, and after having dispos'd himself for death, he bid Madam *d' Elbæuf*, whom he saw all in Tears, to draw near him, and that he had something to say to her. She caus'd the Attendants to withdraw into another Room, and sitting upon his
Bed

Bed-side: Cease bewailing Madam, said he to her, a Person that thinks himself a thousand times more happy in dying than if God restor'd him his health. It is now time or never to own to you, that I can no longer love you; So that tho' you may have heard me tell you the contrary in your illness, attribute it to a Remnant of Compassion and not to a real Love. Since you have rendered your self unworthy of me, I am afraid so much as to look upon you: I shall not tell you that you have absolutely divested me of honour, nothing of that has fallen within my knowledge, and it is not in my power to Convict you of it; but know that a Civil woman ought to be as exempt from suspicion as from Crime. But what's this I say? It is not upon a bare suspicion I accuse you; it is upon a Letter I my self found under your Pillow. What is more, you have receiv'd at your House the Person that writ it to you, and that in the very time, that I had newly specify'd, both

by my Reproches and my Conduct, that there was a great deal to be blamed in your Carriage. He has been seen at your Beds feet, expressing to you his Concern at your illness, and you had not so much as the Pretention to forbid the man to mention it to me, that had order to acquaint me with your sickness.

Madam d'Elbeuf who from the beginning of this Discourse had been surpriz'd to a degree as is more easy to be imagin'd then represented by the Pen, would needs several times have interrupted him; but he had entreated her to let him make an end, without her interfering, promising after that to hear her as long as she pleased. Thus having not as yet absolutely unburthen'd his heart: *Is this, Madam,* continued he, *what I was to expect from a Woman whom I tenderly lov'd before I marry'd her, whom I have passionately lov'd since that time, and whom I should*
all

all my Life have lov'd more than my self, if she had not giv'n me reason to hate her. Nevertheless since God calls me out of this world, and would have me forgive as he has forgiv'n us, draw near me, and embrace me, I beseech him to give you the Grace to know your self, and that calling me to mind, you tell your self sometimes that I merited another guest usage.

Madam d'Elbæuf was seiz'd with so violent a grief, hearing him talk in this manner, that it was a wonder she had the power to make him any answer. Nevertheless it being her Interest not to let him depart this Life without justifying her self; It's with an unparalell'd amazement, Sir, said she to him, that I hear all these Reproaches, and if I might have interrapted you, I should long since have done it, to have required of you the sight of a Letter so fatal to your repose and mine. For if I know what it is, I wish God may punish me immediately,

and the Paper you took from under my Pillow was only a Prescription of a certain Physician, who pretended to cure me without the others knowledge. He is still living to tell the truth of the matter, and if you found a Letter instead of that Prescription, the Devil must needs have a hand in the business. This is a wretched Evasion, Madam, the Duke reply'd for a Woman of Wit, and tell me seriously if I ought to feed my self with this Chimæra. Hold, added he, giving her the Letter, here's the thing in Debate. This is not the Devil you talk of, that writ it, but the Cardinal himself. You pretend now to be surpriz'd; But what can you now say to this? Must a Princess of your Rank dishonour her self by so scandalous an Amour; For after all if you take away from the Cardinal the lustre that proceeds from his favour, what would all the rest be? Am not I, without vanity, as much to be valued as he? And were it only that this has reduc'd me

to my present Condition, have you no regret for having quitted me for him?

Madam d'Elbæ if was so amaz'd at this Letter, that she knew not what answer to make. However having open'd her mouth in order to her Justification *Ah! I very much suspected,* said the Duke to her, *that the Course you would take would be to deny all; But as I am not so very silly as to give Credit to your words, gratify me so far as to let me dye in quiet.* At these words he turn'd himself to the other side, and either that he fell into a swoon, or that the Passion with which he had spoke was injurious to him in that Condition, he was taken with a Convulsion fit, which oblig'd *Madam d'Elbæ* to call in People to his Assistance. As the loss wherewith she was threatned, was so great as that she might well be allarum'd, they took no notice of her sorrow, which was imputed to quite ano-

ther source, then what was the real one. *Mr. D' Elbauf* was very ill, and when his fit was over, the Physicians gave order that he should be left at Rest ; and told *Madam d' Elbauf* that she must forbear seeing him, unless she had a mind to hasten his Death. She could not but look upon this order as very Cruel, but tho' she could not enjoy any repose, untill that she had justify'd her self, nevertheless as nothing was dear to her in comparison of his Life, she abstain'd from going to see him.

Thus the Duke after having had one foot in his Grave, return'd thence as it were by miracle, and having still the present misfortune before his eyes, he was very glad they had sav'd him the trouble of seeing a Person, whom he could not look upon without Resentment. And that she might not come to distrub his quiet, now that he was better, he desired the Physicians

Physicians that they would continue the same Prohibitions to her, using as a pretence that the sight of her too tenderly affected him, nay, and was capable of making him relapse. The Physicians without shrifting into the secret, did what he bid them, and Madam d'Elbæuf thinking him to be still in the same Condition, did with Patience attend upon the Recovery of his health. But he without giving her time to see him, no sooner saw himself fit to take the air but that he return'd to *Blandi*, where the Count de *Soissons* had still continued his abode.

This Count after the Duke d'Elbæuf's departure which I already intimated, had labour'd under an extraordinary Temptation of returning to *Paris*, whither he was summon'd by the Dutcheffes sickness: Nothing hindred him from so doing save the fear of displeasing her, especially considering

dering how matters then stood, between her and her Husband. Nevertheless to free himself out of pain, he dayly sent two Couriers to enquire after her health, & was not at rest, till he knew her to be out of danger; he did the like when the Duke was ill, and since Madam *d'Elbæuf* could not be ignorant of this, since she herself had seen the Couriers that came to her Husband, she sometimes told herself, notwithstanding the sorrow it became her to be under, that these Devoirs should rather have been due to Love than to friendship; which she would not however have said had she known that he had done the same for her as for him. However these sorts of Phancies had but one moment between Life and Death, I mean that she immediately rejected them, as things unworthy of a Princess, and employing her thoughts wholly in recovering her

her Husbands Affection. For this purpose she would have gone to have found him out, as I may say, to the very end of the World, if he had not been in a house dangerous for her. The Count, notwithstanding her Resolutions, and her Duty, came daily into her mind, with all his Merit, & she was under apprehensions that if she came nearer him, it would be still worse. Yet perchance she would have pass'd over this Consideration in hopes her virtue would have brought her off, if she had not had another reason to Combat. She knew what had pass'd between the Count and Her, and she represented to her self that she could to go with a premeditated design not a Place where he was, without giving him the occasion of believing that he was the Principal occasion of her coming. Little did it avail her representing to her self in Contradiction to this Opinion, that

that the presence of her Husband authorized that step, this reflexion vanish'd within a Moment after, by the Consequences which she drew that were absolutely opposite to it.

In this Perplexity, she chose what she thought most conformable to her Duty, and as this was not to stir from *Paris*, it happened that *Mr. d'Elbæuf*, whose jealousy made every thing a shadow, imagin'd that her staying in Town was occasion'd by the love she had for the Cardinal. This was new matter of sorrow for him, and the Count *de Soissons* seeing his grief daily augment, and knowing the reason of it, he partak'd therein, not as a Friend, but as a Party concern'd. He fancy'd that this sadness could only proceed from some new Discovery he had made, and this Opinion taking every moment deeper root than other; at the long run his trouble was no less

less than that of Mr. *d'Elbæuf*. He made the same reflexions this Prince had done, and after having weigh'd in his mind all there was *pro & con*, as Jealousy hinder'd him from doing the Dutcheſs Juſtice, he derived the ſame Conſequences from thence. Mr. *D'Elbæuf* could have clear'd that matter to him ſufficiently, but ſince his return he ſhunn'd all Converſations that had any relation that way; Inſomuch that the Count fearing to violate the Laws of Hoſpitality, was oblig'd to ſhew himſelf leſs curious.

At laſt *Monſieur d'Elbæuf* being no longer able to endure himſelf, and fearing that if he ſtay'd any longer there, he might happen upon ſome occaſion or other to make the Count further acquainted with his Miſfortune, which he had been vex'd ſeveral times ſince he had imparted it to him, took leave of him, and retired to
Foinville

Joinville upon the Frontiers of *Lorraine*, being a Lordship belonging to the Duke *de Guise*. As soon as *Madam d'Elbæuf* knew what Road he had taken, she design'd to follow him, and having accordingly spoke her mind to *Madam de Guise*, this Princess would needs conduct her a small days Journey from *Paris*, that is to say, as far as *Villemareuil*, a House of the Duke of *Elbæufs*, where the Dutches his Wife fell sick, insomuch that she was forc'd to stop there against her will.

The Cardinal who was ever extreemly in love with her, tho' as often as he had dar'd to speak to her upon that matter, he had met with such usage as should have been capable of curing him of his Passion, no sooner knew of this her departure, but that it alarm'd him. All Unfortunate as he was, he had still the pleasure of seeing her sometimes at Court,
and

and not being able to renounce that satisfaction, he resolv'd to hinder her further Progress. Knowing that her illness detain'd her at *Killemareuil*, he prevail'd with the King to go to *Monceaux*, a Pallace Royal in those parts, and under Colour of being Godfather to a Child half way from *Killemareuil*, he continued his way by that House, going so slowly as that being overtaken by the Night about half a League thence, he sent to Madam d' *Elbeuf* to entreat her that she would afford him a Bed. This Princess found great matter of vexation in being thus oblig'd to receive his Eminency, and she told Madam d' *Guise* that it was a strange thing that he had not the Discretion to see that he would incommode her in her Present Condition.

Nevertheless he came, and as this Princess was not willing to let Madam de *Guise* perceive, that she

she had secret reasons that induc'd her to speak in that manner, she prevail'd upon her self to make him a gracious Reception; that is to say, she receiv'd him, as she was oblig'd to receive the first Minister of the Crown. As for *Madam de Guise* having almost continually Occasion for him, she caress'd him to a high Degree; nay and her Complaisance proceeded so far, that seeing *Madam d'Elbeuf's* Indisposition hinder'd her from taking Care her self to have him well treated, she took it upon her. On this account she entreated him to Excuse her, if for certain reasons she was oblig'd to intermit his Company.

The Cardinal, to whom she could not do a greater kindness, having made her answer that she was Mistress, and that he came not to incomode her, turned then towards *Madam de' Elbeuf*, whom he began to make some tender reproaches

proaches, for having so left Paris,
 without considering how much it
 would afflict him. But she, whom
 such like Discourses did in no
 wise please, entreated him that
 he would abstain from them. I
 shall so, Madam said he to her, since
 you will have it so; but I guess from
 whence so unjust a Command proceeds.
 If I was the Count de Sorbions, you'd
 have more Complaisance for me: and
 besides I very well know that it is for
 the love of him you quit the Court. Se-
 veral are so Silly as to believe that
 Monsieur d'Elboeuf has some share
 therein, I also know that you endea-
 vour to keep them in that Opinion;
 But take notice that though you can
 easily impose upon them what you
 please, it is not so with me. It might
 be so, if I had only the assistance of
 naturall Lights: But with those of
 Love, I dare tell you that you are mi-
 staken, if you ever think to put the
 Change upon me. I know the Results
 of all that pass'd at Blandi. The Count
 seeing

seeing he should ever find in me, not a Rival dangerous by my merit, but by my Love, has prevail'd with M. de Elbœuf & you to go to Joinville, that so he may suddenly follow you thither: He fancy'd, that when he was once there, he should easily impose upon a Credulous Husband: but let him know that a Rival has more piercing eyes, and that I shall take care to prevent his effecting his Design.

Madam de Elbœuf had much ado to endure such like Discourses without interrupting him; nevertheless having us'd so much violence upon her self as to hear him out, he had no sooner done his Extravagant way of talking, but that she told him that by his manner of speech, he must needs Phancy that he had over her Heart the same Empire he had over all France; that he must also needs think that the Quality of Minister, or the Purple, gave him a right to be wanting in Respect towards

towards Persons of her Rank ; But that to put an end to all at once, she was glad to tell him to his face, that it was not to him she was oblig'd to give an account, whether it was the Count *de Saiffons* she lov'd or her Husband ; that nevertheless she was willing to tell him, that on whatever side her heart turn'd, it would never be on his : That this being so it was to no purpose for him to continue his Importunities, that they had for a long while been troublesome to her, and that the longer he therein persever'd, the more insupportable he would be to her.

This answer that was capable of curing the most passionate man, could not however extinguish the love of this Minister. True it is indeed, that in that very moment, he was so full of spight and vexation, that he thought he hated her as much as ever he lov'd her.

Thus

Thus looking on her with a faul-
 ous eye; I plainly perceive, Ma-
 dam, said he to her, that I suffer'd
 my self to be dazzell'd with a certain
 false glistering. After all, your Merit is
 not greater than that of other People,
 and all well consider'd, the Difference
 there is only consists in my Opinion.
 Now that I am undeceiv'd, what can
 I say more to you, but that you are of
 the humour of all Women Who de-
 spise what's Solid, and run after tri-
 fles. Wee shall see what the Count de
 Soissons will be capable of for your
 Service, and within a little while nei-
 ther You nor your Husband shall find
 me, when you shall have Occasion
 for me.

These were the Cardinals first
 motions, and having utter'd some
 further menaces, he went out tell-
 ing her that she might pursue her
 journey when she pleas'd, and that
 henceforward her Conduct should
 be indifferent to him. Neverthe-
 less as it is usuall that a Lovers an-
 ge

ger is but of short Continuance, it came to pass that he was no sooner out of her Chamber, but his passion recover'd the same vigour it had, before. He as it were instantly forgot all she had said to him, and this did not better appear, than in his returning to her Chamber, as soon as he had supp'd. By ill luck for him, Madam de Guise kept her Company, and that Princesses presence, who after having taken care, as I have said, of entertaining him magnificently, had nothing more to hinder her from satisfying the Rights of Decency, having hinder'd him from saying what he had in his mind, he reserv'd himself for the next day, in hopes that he should perhaps meet with the Occasion of discoursing Madam de Elbæuf in private. But the same Obstacle still interpos'd, insomuch that he was oblig'd to take his leave of her after an indifferent manner.

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As his mind was wholly taken up with his Passion, he had no other thoughts on the way, than how to hinder her from going to *Joireville*. This not being to be effected, without interposing the Kings Authority, he was no sooner arriv'd at *Monceaux*, but that he insinuated into his Majesty, that since the Duke d' *Elbæuf*'s Retreat could have no other Tendency then to involve the State in troubles, he must of all necessity hinder the Dutcheß from following him, that so she might serve for an Hostage of his fidelity, that the two Journies that Prince had taken to *Blandi*, denoted an underhand design, which it was necessary to prevent ; that in a word in so doing consisted the safety of his Royal Person, and the Publique Tranquillity. Thus did the Cardinal silyly cover the Motive that set him to work. The King immediately dispatcht away a Privy Signet,

Signer directing that Princess to stay at *Villemareuil* till farther orders, and the Person that was commanded to Carry it being informed that she was already departed, spurr'd on after her, and oblig'd her to return.

During all these Intrigues the Duke her Husband was at *Joinville* still possess'd with the same anxieties; and as if Destiny had Delighted in giving him new troubles, it happen'd that one of his Gentlemen, who was of the neighbourhood of *Villemareuil*, & with his leave had been some time at his own house, came to him four or five days after what had newly occur'd. The Duke without dreaming of any thing; ask'd if he had no news to tell him, he who came from a place so near the Court; and this Gentleman thinking he could tell him nothing more positive than what has been newly recounted, acquainted him

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how

how the Cardinal had lain at *Villemareuil*, where were the Ladys Dutcheffes of *Guise* and *Elbæuf*: that *Madam De' Elbæuf* going thence the next day to come to him, a Courier had been sent after her with a Privy-Signet to command her staying there till further order.

This was Sufficient for the Duke d' *Elbæuf* who had nothing but his jealousy in his head, to make him believe that his Wife meaning to excuse her self toward him, had her self procured that order. If it was not so, said he to himself, *Why was the Cardinal with her the Night afore. This is the result of their private Conversation, and the better to Cloak their Contrivance, she must receive this order on the Road, that she forsooth, might not be suspected to be in any wise concern'd in't.* The more he muzz'd upon this adventure, the more did he extend this thought, that is to say, he studied

studied to render himself still more unhappy. In the mean while after having spent eight days in all the anguish that jealousy can create, he grew in danger of sinking under it, when a Desire of revenge came in to his relief: A thought of that Nature is a kind of Consolation to a wretched Person, the Duke finding himself in some manner Solac'd by it, did absolutely resign himself up to it. He knew the Cardinal, according to the misfortune of all Favourits. had almost as many Enemies as there were Persons in the Kingdom; Thus his first thought was to make himself the head of a Party against him, and he did not doubt of being Seconded by Persons of great consideration. He fix'd his eyes principally upon *M. de Bouillon*, who had several reasons to complain of his Eminency; considering that not only he was a Personage that had many

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friends

friends, but who could also afford him a retreat at *Sedan*, a Considerable Place of it self, but still more by it's situation, which being upon the frontiers of *Germany* and *Lorrain*, it follow'd that whoever was Master of it, might maintain a Close Correspondence with those two States. One thing alone perplex'd him in this Enterprize, namely he very much doubted whether the Duke of *Bouillon* would depend on him, not that his Birth was equall to his; but because that fortune having made his Circumstances such as that he might equall himself to many Princes, he might prevail of the Advantages she gave him.

This thought having put him to some pause, as he still perceiv'd himself more and more inflam'd with the desire of Revenge, he endeavour'd to surmount this Difficulty, which he saw no other ways of doing, but by giving
that

that Duke and himself a Head, whose Birth might be above them both. The Count *de Soissons* seem'd to him altogether fit for this Design, his Quality of Prince of the Blood took away all sort of jealousy; Thus Bending his thoughts wholly upon engaging them Both, he sent Secretly to them to animate them against the Cardinal. But before I proceed to the result of these Intrigues, I should think it convenient to relate the posture of affairs at *Monceaux*, *Blandi*; and *Villemareuil*.

As concerning *Monceaux*, the Cardinal notwithstanding he was the Guardian of the Sovereign Authority, plainly perceiving that it did not extend over Peoples very hearts, did the more resent the Dutchesse's Cruelty, that notwithstanding all the ill usage he met with from her, it was impossible for him to wrest her from his mind. She pierc'd into his ve-

ry Cabinet, where amidst Affairs of greatest Consequence, she came to tell him that the Place he possess'd might indeed Satisfy an Ambitious Spirit, but that when it was possess'd with Love and ill us'd by his Mistress, one might indeed pass for a happy Person in the minds of all Mankind, but that far from being effectually so, one might affirm him to be very unhappy. And in truth the Cardinal did so little value his fortune, that when he was alone he did nought else, then lament his Condition. When he was even in the exercise of his Charge, he was so possess'd with his Passion, that he was often so plung'd in thought, as occasion'd some to say that his great Wit degenerated into Folly. Those that spoke modestly of him, contented themselves with saying that his *Vertigo's* seiz'd him oftner than was usual. And what made way to this Opinion,

Opinion, is that he began to be fond of Solitaryness; whence it was inferr'd that he was willing to conceal his Infirmities. But they never appear'd more, tho' to speak the truth, they were not the same he was suspected of, than one day that the *Swedish* Ambassadour had caus'd Audience to be demanded of him. He came from the Park of *Montceaux*, and as he had there only entertain'd himself with his Passion, his mind was still so full of it, when the Ambassadour came, that in the midst of the Discourse, he chanc'd to say *Have not I done well in stopping the journey; But if gone, where should I now be?* This Discourse surpriz'd the Ambassadour, who knew not what to adapt it to, and having entreated him to tell him what it signify'd, as the Cardinal had perceiv'd his own Start, and had a presence of mind: *This is not so much besides the purpose as you*

imagine, he replied to him. I mean that there was a Carriage of Money just ready for your Master, and it was just a going but for a Secret hint I had of it's being necessary to renew his Alliance before it was sent him. Now you interpose so much Difficulty in this Case that I am glad the money is still here. At least it shall not escape us, if your Master escapes us, and I care not tho' you know it, since I said it so loud.

Now you must know that the Ambassadour did really cause Obstacles to intervene in the renewing the Alliance that was between the two Crowns, not so much however out of the Desire his Master had of breaking with the King, as to oblige him to pay him more punctually the Subsidies he had promis'd him by the former Treaty. Thus hearing talk of money, which was the main hinge of the Affair, it was quickly concluded to Both sides Content. Nevertheless

vertheless as the Cardinal was happy in all things, save in Love; The Ambassadour was so far from Imputing as an Absence of mind the Discourse he had begun with so little reason, he fancy'd he had only done it out of Policy, and to shew that his Master did not want money.

This is what pass'd at *Monceaux*: as concerning *Villemareuil*, the Dutches was there under an inconceivable uneasiness, suspecting what was true, that is to say, that her Husband would be capable of believing, that the Privy Signet by which she was stopt, had been Expedited with her Connivance. This thought, as may be guess'd, was but too sufficient to rob her of her Quiet; Nevertheless she would have had where-withall to comfort her self in the testimony of her own Conscience, if unluckily for her the Count *de Sioffons* had not likewise

come to disturb her in her Soli-
 tude. The Image of this Prince
 return'd every moment before her
 eyes, one while as having given
 her several expressions of Affecti-
 on, another as an inconstant, who
 after having contented himself
 with having violated her heart,
 had us'd no further endeavours to
 persuade her that he had ever the
 same sensibility for her. This
 thought pleas'd her much more
 than the other, because she found
 it to be the means of driving a-
 way an Idea, which though it had
 not as yet caus'd her to make any
 step that shock'd her virtue, did
 nevertheless appear to her alto-
 gether Criminal. It was not Suf-
 ficient for her to be exempt from
 Crimes in the eyes of all the
 world, she would likewise that
 her Conscience should not have
 any reproach to make her. Pos-
 sess'd with these sentiments she
 was as far as *Blandi* to find him
 out.

out, where she ask't him whether it was possible he could have remain'd silent so long, if it had been true that he had been struck with the Passion, which he had had the Boldness to discourse her upon.

But in the very time she thus did her Duty, she had reason to know, that the will to be Virtuous is not always sufficient. She her self made answer for this Prince, and told her self, that he who had been capable of refusing such advantages as he had done for the Love of her, was not capable of forgetting her. She represented to her self further, that she had entreated him not to speak to her of his passion, after which he went to confine himself in solitariness, a certain testimony that he knew it would be impossible for him to obey her, at least without shunning the sight of her.

It is easy to imagine the Effect which these sorts of thoughts produc'd

duc'd, they insensibly reduc'd her from the Love of her Duty to the Love of the Prince ; and this without her reflecting on it in the least: so true it is that when we have a Propensity to any thing we go a great way in a little time. Nevertheless what hindered her Passion from making still a greater Progress, is that she conceiv'd that it became not a Lover to have so much Obedience. *I did indeed forbid him*, said she to her self, *the continuing to speak to me of Love ; But did I forbid him the seeing me ? It had been Sufficient in him to have obey'd me for two or three days, nay, and he ought highly to have valu'd that piece of Constraint to me ; but thus to remain for near three Months without my hearing any News of him, is what I do not apprehend, and which he will also find a hard matter to justify to me.*

One day that she had spent two hours in such sort of Reflexions, she

she ferreted her Cabinet, where
 she had for a long time kept sever-
 all Letters her Husband had for-
 merly writ to her ; but of so Pas-
 sionate a Style, that whoever had
 read them, would have thought
 they had been from another than
 a Lover. She open'd one of them,
 and that affecting her, she put 'em
 all into her Pocket ; fancying
 that the perusing of them would
 be capable of bringing her back to
 her Duty. She likewise perceiv'd
 the Duke's Picture, and after ha-
 ving view'd and withall besought
 that Resemblance to pardon in
 her the Love she had for another,
 she put it up with the Letters.
 Thence she went into a Wood
 near her House, where after ha-
 ving entertain'd her self still upon
 the same Subject, during a good
 space of time, she went into an
 Arbour, which the Duke had
 caus'd to be made on purpose to
 eat in, when he should have a
 Phancy

Phancy that way. She laid upon a Stone Table that was there, the Picture and the Letters; and then first viewing one and then the others: *I was innocent at that time, said she to her self, and why may not I say the same thing now? Is my Husband less Lovely than he was in those days? What is there I can find fault withall in him? And if he is Jelous, is it not on that very account principally that I ought to love him? Do I not know that Jelousy only proceeds from Love? Why then do I not take his Delicacy as a kindness? Let's still Examine his Conduct on another side. Notwithstanding his Discontent, he never gave me any ill language. He has only lamented his misfortune. What could he do less? And I would feign know, in case I had had to do with another, whether I should not have suffer'd more from his ill humour.*

Such were the Lady Dutchess of Elbanss Reflections, when she saw her self in an Imminent danger

ger, and whence she was free'd by the hand that was most gratefull to her. But for the recounting this bus'ness in due manner, it is requisite to speak of what was done on another side. The Duke *d'Elbæuf* being tormented to the highest point of Jealousy, resolved to depart secretly from *Joinville*, and to draw near the place of his Wife's Residence. Whereupon he took Horse with barely a *Valet-de-Chambre*, and instead of following the High-Road, when he was got to *Chalons*, he turn'd upon the Left, resolving to pass by *Blandi*, where indeed he had also Bus'ness, by reason the Count *de Soissons* scrupled to declare himself the Head of a Party, which tho' it had no other aim than the Cardinals ruine, would nevertheless be accounted Criminal in the Opinion of many Persons. He found the Count who led a very retired Life, and for the making
him

him approve of his Designs, he represented to him the Cardinal's violence, who made use of the Authority he had in his hands to indulge his Passion : That it was not extraordinary that a man in his Post had delivered a Privy Signet for the making sure of a Woman for whom he had a kindness ; but that it would be very extraordinary if He who was her Husband, and whose Honour was therein concern'd, should suffer it without using his utmost endeavours to put a stop to this violence : Nevertheless that the Innocent might not be confounded with the Culpable, he was resolv'd to proceed to *Villemareuil*, where he would remain conceal'd in a place he knew very well, till such time as that he could discover whether his Wife conniv'd at the Cardinal's Designs.

The Count to whom he had already spoken of his Jelousy, had
been

been for a time as well as he prepossess'd against his Eminency ; But since the Conversation he had had with Madam *d'Elbæuf*, he had been in some manner cured of it. Nevertheless as a small matter is capable of opening such like wounds a-new, it came to pass that the Duke's suspicions fixt themselves so deeply in his mind, that there needed nothing more to make him vow the Cardinal's Ruine. Without, in any wise, remembering the reasons that had hinder'd him from declaring himself the Head of a Party against him, he promis'd the Duke of *Elbæuf* more than he meant to ask of him, even so far as to swear that his Eminency should never perish by any other hand than his. After the Duke *d'Elbæuf* had dispatcht a Courier to the Duke *de Bouillon* to acquaint him with what pass'd, he would have taken leave of the Count *de Soissons* to go

go to *Villemareuil*; but the Count told him that after having united his fortune to his, as he had newly done, he would not suffer that he should expose himself all alone in a place so near his enemy: that he would keep him Company, and that he should at least judge by these beginnings, with how much heat he would embrace his Interests.

He thus sily covered under the pretext of friendship, the desire he had to see the Dutchess, to whom besides he resolv'd to give notice to be upon her guard as to her Conduct, that so if she had really some underhand Correspondence with the Cardinal, she might be wary in her Carriage. Few Jealous Lovers are so obliging, and it's well known that this Passion commonly breaths Murder and Revenge. But this difference is to be made, that a man usually desires no more than his Rival's Death;

Death ; but as for that of the Mistress, the Cruelty does not proceed so far, as to wish to see her buried under the same Ruines. At least there is more of this Sentiment, than of the other, & what's most certain is that the Count was of the same here asserted.

Thus still insisting to accompany the Duke, notwithstanding that this latter would have declin'd it out of Reasons of Decency, and perchance also because he should have been vex'd, should he come to discover any thing, at length he gain'd his point. Then they both took Horse, & alighted by night in the Burrough of *Villomareuil*, at a mans house that kept an Inn, and who had been formerly the Duke d' *Elbaufs* Footman. This Duke forbid him to tell any body of their coming, & having spent the rest of the night there, they went out the next morning by a back door, which
was

was not far from the Wood, where the Dutcheſs commonly walk'd.

This happen'd to be the very day ſhe was there, and they enter'd that Grove thro' a Breach that was in the Wall. They went about Twenty five or thirty paces together, ſpeaking ſoftly to one another, nay and hiding themſelves behind the Trees for fear any one ſhould perceive 'em. But when they came pretty near the Arbour, the Duke went before, beckoning the Count to follow him. The Duke being come thither without making any noiſe, lookt thro' the leaves, and perceiv'd his Wife, who had diſplay'd, as I have ſaid, all her Merchandize. The Picture was on one ſide, the Letters on another, and ſhe held one in her hand which ſhe was reading. I leave it to be gueſs'd what he fancy'd at this ſight; he imagin'd it

to

to be the Cardinals Letters and Picture, and I wonder he broke not in upon her, as he did within a moment after, to have run his Sword through her body. But having been stopt by his Good Angel, he still continued looking, as if he could have seen more. Madam *d'Elbæuf* after having done reading that Letter, which was extremely tender, it so very much affected her, that the tears gushing from her eyes, she took out her handkerchief to wipe 'em. This was again a fresh signal sufficiently provoking to make the Duke launch in upon her, but he refrain'd so doing; But for reasons I can't imagine, and the less, since to speak the truth, methinks if I had been in his place, I should not have had so much Patience.

In the mean while the Count advanced softly, tho' the Posture he saw him in, must needs have giv'n him occasion to believe that
he

he view'd something that challenged Attention. Step by step however he came up to him, and it was just in the time that the Duke being no longer able to contain himself, thought convenient to burst in. Now you must know that the Dutchess after having wip'd her eyes, had taken up the Picture I mention'd, and having view'd it, as it were to make it reparation for the Sentiments she had sometimes entertained for the Count: *No, there's only you*, said she, *who merits to be beloved*; and finding her self seiz'd with a remnant of dying Affection, she took and kiss'd it. *Ah ! This is too much*, cry'd out the Duke at the same time, who could no longer contain himself, at this Action, and taking his Sword in his hand he rush'd towards the Arbour-door, and was infallibly going to kill this Princess, if the Count, who made up immediately, had not with-

with-held his Arm. The Princess fell into a Swoon, perhaps as much from the surprize she was in to see the Count, as at her Husbands rage. The Duke on his part let fall his Sword out of grief at his being bound to kill a Woman whom he tenderly loved, but whom he thought he was no longer bound to love after what he had seen. The Count only put a good face upon the matter, tho' to speak the truth, he had no more reason to laugh than the rest. He guess'd by the Letters he saw upon the Table, and the Picture the Dutchess still held in her hands, whence the Duke's rage proceeded, and thinking he had no less reason than he to be Jelous, he was so much the more to be pitied, as that he was oblig'd not to let the least appear of what he had at heart.

The Dutchess's Swoon was not long, and the first thing she did
after

after, having open'd her eyes, was this: *What have I done to you, Sir, that you would needs kill me, and that you must needs take the Count for a Witneß of your Felonsy? How, what you have done to me?* the Duke reply'd, *What, joyn Impudence to Shame? This is what I can ne're endure, and which indeed is insupportable.* Upon these words he endeavoured to burst out of the Count's hands, to Sacrifice her to his Resentment, and Madam d'Elbæuf let fall the Picture out of fear, endeavouring to save her self around the Table. This Picture fell pretty near the Count, and endeavouring to take it up, yet without letting *Mr. d'Elbæuf* go, he did so tho' with some difficulty. He immediately cast his eyes upon it; but his surprize was not small, when he saw it to be the Dukes. Nor small was that of this Prince, when he perceiv'd it to be his own Picture, and what

would

would he not have gi'n to have repaired what he had done? He threw himself at his Wifes feet, protesting to her that he would remain there eternally, unless she would pardon him. In the mean while the Count being as jealous of the Duke as he could have been of a Lover, endeavour'd to contain himself, that he might not make known what pass'd in his heart; not being however able to contain his Curiosity, he cast his eyes upon the Letters, while the Duke who was in the posture of a Supplicant had his back turn'd, and he really saw that they were Love-Letters, which the Dutchesse had formerly received from her Husband. This was new matter of vexation to him, especially when he saw that the Dutchesse without otherwise remembering what had happened, threw her Arms about the Dukes Neck, not only promising him to be his member

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L member

member what had newly hap-
 pen'd, but also to impute all to
 the Affection he had for her
 self. This Reconciliation having
 thus been made in the Count's
 presence, they all went to the
 Castle, where the Duke forbid all
 to speak of his arrival. The Count
 was there witness of several Ca-
 resses they made one another,
 which cast him under the utmost
 Despondency. To free himself
 from so ungrateful a Scene, he
 would needs take leave of the
 Duke, and return to *Blanch*. But
 the Duke, who could not stay
 long so near the Court, without
 it's being known, and who fear'd
 the worst from the Cardinals ill
 will, entreated him to tarry a day
 or two, so that he would go along
 with him. Tho' the Term was
 short, it lasted a long time to the
 Count's *Solifors*, who that he
 might no longer be a Witness of
 the same things he had seen since
 he

he had been in that House, was almost continually in the Wood, possess'd with his amorous thoughts. One day that he went thither very early, Madam d'Elbousf, who notwithstanding her Reconciliation with her Husband, had nevertheless an eye to all he did, being curious of knowing what he did there, went thither presently after him, and having walk'd from one end of the Grove to the other without finding him, she betthought her self of going to the Arbour where her Husband had met her. He had gone in there, as a place befitting his pensive thoughts, and having plac'd himself upon the Bank that stood round the table, he lean'd his Head upon his hand, making it evident by his Countenance, that he had some great matter of bad news. Madam d'Elbousf who was plac'd exactly to look him in the face, at the same time and the

Application of his musing to her self, and tho' by all I have already said, it is manifest that such a sight could not be over-gratefull to her, she nevertheless felt some satisfaction in telling her self that it was for her sake that this Prince sigh'd.

While she was wholly possess'd with this thought the Prince gave several sighs, which melted her still the more. But she was quickly diverted from these tender movements by an action of his, for he took a Picture out of his Pocket, and viewing it amorously he said some words, but so low that she could not understand them; after which kissing it still more amourolly than he had view'd it, he did the same thing five or six times with such a Transport, that it strangely amaz'd her. However it had been nothing had she proceeded no farther than Amazement, but she was sensible notwithstanding

notwithstanding all she could say to her self, that she was more concern'd at it than became her. She a thousand times call'd him faithless in her heart, which still more amazing her, than at what she had seen, she fanci'd she could not too soon get away from a place where her virtue ran so much risque of being undone. This was her Resolution; but which was quickly bely'd by her heart. She again in spite of her self peep'd through the Arbour, and seeing the Count there still in the same Posture, her jealousy redoubl'd to such a point as made her do what her virtue had not done. *Let's fly,* whisper'd she to her self, *the sight of a Man that is Unworthy of the Trouble he darts into my heart, and whose Infidelity ought to render him a thousand times more odious than he ever appear'd lovely to me.* In saying this away, went she from that Place, but so besides her self, that

she did not mind that her Gown
 was fasten'd upon a Branch. And
 as she brusht through hastily, she
 made a noise in tearing off her
 Cloaths, and this noise having
 rouz'd the Count out of his Amo-
 rous thoughts he put again his
 Picture hastily into his Pocket,
 and coming out of the Arbour-
 door to see whence it proceeded,
 he was strangely Surpriz'd when
 he saw the Duchess whom he
 could not but know, though her
 back was turn'd. He ran after her,
 and having quickly overtaken
 her: *Whither do you run Madam,*
 said he to her, *and after having had*
the Cruelty to forbid me to speak to
you of a Passion that has tormented me
so long, would you still be so Cruell as
to deprive me of your Presence, when
Fortune does afford it me? Consider
what violence I have done my self, in
restraining to see you: Consider my Af-
fection in knowing you sick, & incapa-
culated from giving you any ease. Add

to this my vocation at my not being permitted to go to your Door to Enquire after your health, & you will certainly conclude that never any trouble was comparable to mine. Nevertheless this is not all that I have been oblig'd to Suffer, I have been forc'd to be myself a Witness of your tenderness for a Husband, I must compose my looks, Shun your eyes; what shall I say? In short, appear quite different from what I am, and when for to ease my mind after so many torments, which any other than I would have sunk under, Heaven now permits that I might see you one moment without so much Constraint; you fly me Madam, as if all I have now said did not merit some Pity.

Madam de Elbans had stood still at his first words, and she was very much Surpris'd after what she her self had seen, to hear him speak in that manner, yet thinking that it became her rather to give Credit to what she

had seen then to what she now heard, she arm'd her self with a Certain Haughtiness that was natural to her, and looking upon him with great Contempt; *Your Birth*, said she to him, *sets you above me; but in short, mine is not so Inferiour to yours as to allow you with impunity to make a Mock of a Princess.* The Count who expected quite another answer, was mightily surpriz'd at this, wherein the Dutchess seem'd to him more incredulous then Cruel. Infomuch that imagining all he had to do was to undeceive her. *Ah!* would to God *Madam*, said he to her, *that I had only to Combat the unjust Suspicion I now observe in your Answer; With how much ease could I bring that about, I that have done for you more then ever Man will do for a Mistress: Where shall you see, not a Prince of the Blood as I am, but a Meer Gentleman, that would have renown'd so great an Establishment as*

I have done? Who would banish himself from Court for fear of displeasing you, and who after having pass'd a long time in that Exile, returns as fond and as Passionate as ever, to tell you, that it is only you he Loves? Where is the Lover that after having been Witness as I have been these two days of the Affection you have for your Husband should still Persevere in his Passion? What can I say to my self upon such a sight, save that there are no hopes for me, yet has not this been Capable of making me desist, and you still see me the same you ever saw me.

The Princess knew not how to reconcile these words with the action she had seen him do, but what troubl'd her still more, was how to reconcile her Virtue with a Conversation so Contrary to it. In this Perplexity she remain'd sad and Confused, and the Count being strangely amaz'd at her silence, and at the State he saw her in: *What is the Meaning of this Ma*

dam, he answered, and are you sorry
 for having unjustly accused me, or do
 Persevere you in your injustice & speak,
 let not Pity make you silent, and
 know that in the Present Extremity
 of my Affliction, you can render me
 but little more Miserable. The Dut-
 chess still laboring under the same
 Perplexity, knew not what to
 resolve on; But at last being pro-
 vok'd to the highest degree, that
 a man that she had seen kiss ano-
 thers picture, should dare to dis-
 course her in this manner, she no
 longer gave ear save to her relent-
 ment. Wherefore darting him a
 look, wherein Anger sparkled
 amid Jealousy. This is too much,
 said she to him, thus to offend me
 doubly; I know that my Circumstances
 do not allow me to admit any such Dis-
 course, and as you your self know it,
 'tis a reason that should impose silence
 on you, and which by Consequence,
 when you break it, you make me sensi-
 ble of the little Consideration you
 have

have for me. But to do it, when you have no inclinations to satisfy me, and that might excuse you, is, properly speaking, a Trepan, and for which I must own to you, that I should be overjoy'd to have the opportunity of being reveng'd. The Count would have interrupted her, & shew'd her the injustice of her accusation, but the Dutchess to prevent him; Let's lay aside, said she to him, so many needless Discourses, and to make an end of all at once. know that I myself saw you kiss a Picture but a moment ago; and as I know very well it is none of mine, you must not take it ill if I refer you to it as often, & whenever for the passing your time, your fancy shall lead you to entertain me with your Amorous Discourses.

The Count, who attributed to his misfortune, all the harsh words he had newly heard from the Princess, was overjoy'd to find the source of them in another subject. And unwilling to deceive her

her without first discovering why she appear'd so sensible to that sight; True, indeed, Madam, said he to her, I did put a Picture near my face; but who told you it was that of a Mistress? I never thought of kissing it; but finding that it smelt very finely, I was willing to recreate myself with the scent of it; and yet this is the whole matter upon which you ground your accusation. Pish, pish, Madam, d'Elbœuf cry'd, you might thus perhaps impose upon others, but I am not to be caught by so slender a wile, and assure your self you'll find no such easy Creatures here.

The Count was transported with joy at his hearing all these reproaches, whence he inferr'd, that peradventure he was not indifferent to her. Wherefore still more and more to detect how his case was, Yet what I told you, Madam, was true, he said to her; Besides, Madam, what would my insinuating avail with you? You that have eyes

eyes only for your Husband, and not content with the expressions you might give him of it in Private, cannot refrain from rend'ring me my self Witness of it? After this, what hopes can I have, and can any thing else besides the Power of Truth oblige me to pity my self? 'Tis you that I love; and tho' I were reduc'd to dissemble, it would nevertheless easily be perceived, that 'tis you that possesses my heart, tho' my Desires should seem tending for another. That is to say, Madam d'Elbauf reply'd, that I ought not to have any regard to what I have seen, and that I ought rather to credit your words. Yes, Madam, the Count renew'd, and if I was so happy, as it is far from it, that you had the least of those Weaknesses for me, which you have for your Husband, I assure you, that you far from having any Jealousy of that Picture, would be overjoy'd that I had it ever in my hands. How! is it a Remedy of Love, Madam d'Elbauf immediately repartec'd?
and

and perchance without making reflexion on her promptness, since this alone was capable of discovering what she was willing to conceal. *I say not so, Madam, the Count retorted, but all I can say to you is, that tho' your Husband himself should have this Picture, I assure you it would not give you one moment's disturbance.* This had been a sufficient hint, had Madam d'Elbœuf the least suspected his having her Picture; but being very far from any such thought; *'Tis matter of Fact, then,* said she to him, *and if you'll give me leave to view it, I shall be able to judge how far you are in the Right.*

This is what the Count waited for, and deriving from her Curiosity most advantageous Consequences for himself: *Yes, Madam,* said he to her, *I lessee it you; But give me leave first to make it the due Reparation of Honour. I told you a while ago that I did not kiss it, and now I must tell you that I adore it's*
Original,

Original, and which is more, that I shall adore it as long as I live, notwithstanding her Cruelty. Upon these words he gave her that Picture, and the Dutchess mightily concern'd at what she had newly heard, lookt upon it with so much Precipitation, that it alone was sufficient to give him to understand that she acted out of another motive than that of Curiosity. But on the Operation when she saw it was her own Picture! She not only changed Colour, but also casting down her eyes, as if she had been caught doing some ill Action: Ah! Prince, she said to him, what delight can you take in Creating trouble to your self? And if it be true that you love me, what do you expect from a Passion that cannot be approved of, and for which it is still more difficult to be grateful? I know it very well, Madam, the Count made answer, and you also see that I had the Discretion never to speak of it

it to you more; I confin'd my Grievs
 within my own Bosom, and if I had
 not perceiv'd that you was going to
 think of me that I lov'd another, my
 silence should have express'd to you,
 that let it have cost me what it would
 to have obey'd you, I had so much Love
 and Respect for your Commands, that
 I would have dy'd a thousand times
 sooner than have disobey'd you. Thus
 you must blame your self if I did it ;
 — was for you to have believ'd that I
 could love no other after having
 lov'd you : If you do not believe me,
 you need only view your own Picture,
 it represents the most lovely Person
 that ever was, and would you not own
 that I had but very little Judgment,
 did I not preferr it before all things ?

The Occasion that was offer'd
 for the Count to express his Passi-
 on, was so very Charming to him,
 that he did not remember to re-
 demand his Picture. The surprize
 also that Princess was in, or per-
 haps her joy to see him faithfull
 when

when she had imagin'd him far from being so, did so possess her thoughts that she had not as yet dreamt of asking him whence he had it. But when these first Transports were Evaporated on Both sides, the Count with great reason apprehending that she would not restore it him, requir'd it of her at the same time that she had her mouth open to know of him whence he had it. The Duchess did not stand to Consider what Course to take, she absolutely refus'd it him, and after having known by what means he had had it, she said it was not reasonable he should avail himself of a thing that belong'd to another, and which would engage her Conscience. That she intended to send it again to the Dutcheß of Savoy; but that she would take her measures so well that it should not have the same Destiny on the way. She said these last words

words to him smiling, as if she had a mind to sweeten his Concern for her Denial, or rather as if she was minded to give him the hint, that since he had been able to get it so dexterously, the same ways were open to him, since he was refus'd in his Request. The Count did not consider this at first, and was so possess'd with the Desire of having it again, that his aim lay wholly upon Employing his Rhetorick to prevaile with her; but not speeding in that, he made it his Business to enquire when the Picture was to be dispatched, and laid People in Ambuscade, that so he might not faile of it.

While all this pass'd, the Cardinal being ever possess'd with the same thoughts, that is to say, being ever in Love with the Dutchess, he gain'd a maid of Hers, whom she honour'd so far as to make her her Confident. The Count
him

him know that the Count and the Duke were at *Millenmareuil*, and as he had the Address to make the King believe all he was minded, he insinuated to him that those two Princes being so near his Court, not only without coming to pay him their Respects, but also *incognito*, they must have some ill Design against his Person; This was sufficient for the obtaining an order to take them into Custody: But Mr. *de Charvigny* Secretary of State, who was to sign it, being the Count *de Soissons* particular friend, had no sooner expedited it, but that before it was deliver'd into their hands, who were to put it into Execution, he by an express Courier sent to acquaint him of what occur'd. The Count having shew'd the Intimation he had newly receiv'd to the Duke of *Elbauf*, This Prince who dreaded the Cardinal so much the more, as knowing that to indulge

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the Passion he had for his Wife, he would omit no manner of means, said at the same time that it was necessary to be gone, but that they must first put themselves in disguise. The Count *de Soissons* was somewhat of the same opinion, tho' to speak the truth he was very loath to quit an abode, where he saw all he had most dear, the Dutcheſs who was of the Council, went her self to fetch two habits, which with some others she had caus'd to be made for the *Capuchins* of *Meaux*, who receiv'd of her Charity, and caus'd these two Princes to put them on. But both finding that there wanted Beards to these Robes, they sent to seek for false ones in the Duke's Guard-robe, where some were by chance, by reason of a Masquerade he had made some years before at *Monceaux*, the habits of which had been carried to *Villemarnet*.

Tho' Considering their Circumstances

cumstances it was no very seasonable time to make love, it is nevertheless certain that the Count ever & anon cast his eyes upon the Dutchess, to give her to understand, that all unhappy as he was in her presence, he was going to be infinitely more, when he should be remote from her. The Dutchess on her part was not exempt from the uneasiness that an approaching absence is wont to create, and though she us'd her utmost endeavours to repress those sentiments, it was impossible for her to effect it, she was surpriz'd at her Weakness, and as she was in such a Disorder as was easy to be perceiv'd, she was overjoy'd that she had a pretence to cloak it. The Privation of her Husband being the finest Pretext she could use, she fail'd not to improve it. In the mean while her heart every moment giving her the lye, she cast her eyes ever and anon upon the

the Count, and finding his incessantly fix'd upon her, it was impossible for her to hinder hers from being affected. Nothing convinc'd him better of it than what she did. After having Embrac'd her Husband several times, not only to bid him Adieu, but likewise to make him a kind of reparation for what she dar'd to do in his Presence, as she drew near the Count, who made up to salute her, she dexterously restor'd him her Picture: a favour which so rejoic'd that Prince, that he now thought not the least of the misfortune under which he had like to have sunk before. But for as much as that the Princess was mightily out of Countenance at what she had newly done, she only sought to conceal her Disorder, and as after such an Action as that, she had much ado to bear his looks, she feign'd that her Affliction for the Departure of so

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Dear a Husband, did not allow her to be present at it.

Thus can Persons of address dissemble upon Occasion: And indeed the Duke presuming himself to be the only Cause of her being in that Condition, went away so very sorrowfull, that one would have said that he had parted from her for all his Life. I shall not say how the Count laid it to heart, it is easy to apprehend that as the Desires of a Lover are incomparably stronger than those of a Husband, in like manner there was a vast difference as to what they Both underwent upon the thoughts of the ensuing Absence.

On the way they met with the Guards that were sent to take them into Custody, and if they had not been disguis'd as they were, certain it is that they had not escap'd their Clutches. But they far from suspecting that they had what they sought for, before
 their

their eyes, they let em pass, without taking the least notice of their Persons. These two Princes were not without some apprehensions at this sight, and at first imagin'd that these Guards had had notice of their march, for as much as that the way they took was not that of *Monceaux*. But this had been done by meer hazzard, and the Guards had thought fitting to go a by Road, that no suspition might be harbour'd where their aim lay.

By good luck the Duchess had not as yet reveal'd their retreat, or Disguise to her Confident, and after the Guards had invested the Castle, He who Commanded them, enter'd with some of them, and ask'd the Domesticks for the Count and the Duke of *Elbeuf*. But they giving him no account, he went up to the Duchesses Chamber, to whom he made the same Compliment. But as she was at a loss what answer to
make

make them, as whether they had been in the Castle, or were gone, she remain'd some time without replying; which vexing the Officer: *What I ask of you, Madam,* said he to her, *is only to spare you the vexation of seeing me ferret every Corner. If I do not find them in one place I shall find them in another, and you may easily judge that having caus'd your Castle to be invested, they cannot escape me, since I am certain of their being here.* Madam d'Elbæuf, who during this Complement had had time to make reflexion that the longer she detain'd him, the fairer would the opportunity be for the Count and her Husband to make their escape, bid him then search where he pleas'd, and that for her part, she knew nothing of what he enquir'd. Upon this the Officer left not a Corner unsearcht, but nobody being to be found, he left his Guards around the Castle,

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and

and posted away to give the Cardinal an account of what he had done. This put his Eminency into a Passion against him, and after having told him that his head should answer for his Commission, he sent him back with a Letter for the Dutchess's Confident, whom he entreated to tell the Bearer what was become of the Count and Duke.

The Officer being returned to the Castle perform'd his Message, and the Damzel, who as I have said, had not been made privy to the Secret, thinking those two Princes to be still there, bid him search, and that he would find them. In the mean while they got to the Frontiers of *Champagne*, and being come into the House of a Gentleman who was the Count's friend, they shifted their Cloaths and took others more conformable to their State. Thence they withdrew to *Sedan*,
 but M where

where luckily for them they arriv'd the moment they did; an hour or two later had been too late. And indeed, the Officer after having search'd *Willemareuil* from one end to the other, had no sooner perceiv'd the rest of the Cloaths which Madam d'Elbeuf had caus'd to be made for the Capuchins, but that he suspected that those two Princes had made their escape in those Equipages; nay, and that they were the two Religious he had met. Now this suspicion growing still stronger and stronger in his mind, he trac'd 'em to the very Gentlemans house, where they had made a halt, and finding there also the two Habits that had serv'd for their Disguise, he endeavour'd to find out which way they had taken thence, and finding it to be that of *St. Mary*, he pursued them, but in vain; even as far as under the Walls of that Town.

Having related all these Circumstances to the Cardinal, his Eminency being very willing to Cloak his Love with the good of the State, left Guards at *Villema-reuil* to secure the Dutchess for himself. Nay he went to see her, as he told the King, to shrist into her Husbands Designs. Yet when with her, that was the least of his Discourse. On the contrary he told her that he was very unhappy, in that Love oblig'd him against his will, to use violence, which was in no wise his Inclination; that a word of her mouth would call back her Husband when she pleas'd; but that as for the Count de *Soissons*, he was too jealous of him ever to suffer his return. Madam d'*Elbauf*, who had but little kindness for him before, hated him still more upon his letting her know that he was the Author of the Persecution that Prince suffer'd, on the account of

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his loving her, desired him to discontinue this discourse. She told him that it ill became him to deceive the King, as he did, and that if she did not know that he had so enchanted the King's Senses, that all she could tell him would be to no purpose, she would go directly to inform him that what occur'd had quite another source than that he was made to believe. *I do not doubt it, Madam,* the Cardinal made answer, *and your Concern for the Count de Soissons would make you do far more; but you who thus threaten me, are not you afraid that I should inform your Husband that you have no mind he should return, unless it be in the Count's Company?* Go, Madam, added he, there needs no more for a man that has some experience of the world, and if I was not withheld by Sentiments that you long since was acquainted withall, what a Tempest might I not raise in your family. But if you are not re-

able of managing your self for my sake, at least do it for your own. True, I love you with so much Passion, that it can never enter into my mind that I should be ever capable of doing you any Injury; But after all, Who can answer for the Discretion of an Unfortunate, and is it not your part to be afraid of my Despair?

Madame d'Elbeuf was in some perplexity how to retort to this Discourse, Though he had no reason to threaten her as he did, she could not deny but that he had more in reproaching her, than she did not wish for her Husbands liberty without the Counts. However being almost assur'd that Mr. d'Elbeuf would hold suspected all that came from him, she little minded to manage him any longer, and quite the contrary she said so many disobliging things to him that he went away almost mad. He was still full of his Resentment when he arriv'd at Mon-

ceaux;

ceaux; So that when he came to make his Report to the King, he envenomed his mind against that Princess, Inſomuch that his Ma- jeſty was of Opinion to have her taken into Cuſtody. He would have conſented to it in that Rage, if the thing had been conformable to his Interests; but conſidering that this would not be only pushing it too far, but alſo the depriving himſelf of the Convenience of ſeeing her with the ſame eaſe he might do at *Villemareuil*, he inſinuated into the King that it would be ſufficient to ſet Guards upon her, ſo that thoſe who were in her Houſe had orders to ſtay there. Madam *d'Elbæuf* was highly provok'd at theſe Proceedings, and not being ſuffer'd to go one ſtep, without being every where accompany'd by theſe Guards, her Averſion for the Cardinal augmented in ſuch manner, that now ſhe could not hear him mention'd

without shivering.

His Eminency's Confident, who was well paid for minding his Interests, did frequently intimate to him that this Princess's Spirit was hereby so exasperated, that unless he very quickly interpos'd some necessary remedy, it would be past all Reconciliation; that being, as she was, wholly devoted to him, he must needs think, she would have as strict an eye to her Conduct as all the Guards in the world could have: That it was therefore expedient to remove 'em out of hand, nay and express some repentance to her, rejecting all upon the Passion with which she had inflam'd him. The Cardinal found a great deal of reason in this Council, and after having recommended Fidelity and exactness to her, the Guards were taken away, to the Princess's satisfaction; but with order to her not to stirr from *Villemareuil*.

As

As soon as the Princes were arriv'd at Sedan, the Spaniards lying at watch to plunge the Kingdom into a Civil War, had sent a Person of Wit & Authority to them, to offer them to assist them with all their Forces, if they were minded to take up Arms. But Mr. de Solfons being unwilling to swerve from his Duty, unless thereunto forc'd by the greatest Persecutions, gave this Envoy for answer, that he was much oblig'd to him for the pains he had taken; but that he could not give him any positive answer untill he had seen the measures the Court should take against him. The Spaniards, who were very glad to give a Jealousy to the Crown, were cautious of publishing this Answer, and quite the contrary, they endeavour'd every where to insinuate that they had made a secret Treaty with him. The Cardinal was the first that was im-

pos'd on by this Artifice, and not being so much in Love but that he thought of preserving his Authority, which would have run a risque of being subverted during a Civil War, he dispatcht the Count de Fiesque to Sedan, to persuade the Princes to return to Court. This Lord had ever been one of the Count's intimate Friends, nay and was still as much as he had ever been. On this score was it the Cardinal had pitcht upon him, preferably to many others, hoping the Engagement between them two, would give the more weight to his Negotiation. Besides he himself had a Confidence in him: This Lord being poor, had of late made his Court to him, as the only Channel by which Grants and favours could pass. Thus to oblige him to make him speed in this Affair, he promis'd him Mountains and Wonders, and the Count de Fiesque

Fiesque on his part gave him hopes that he would so efficaciously interpose, that he should have all manner of reason to applaud him for his Services.

Matters being ordered in this manner on both sides, the Count *de Fiesque* was ready to take horse, when he received a Letter by which he had notice given him, that if he was still a friend of the Count's, he should be cautious of persuading him to return to Court; that he would be no sooner arrived there, than that he would be clapt up; that the Cardinal who was a Cheat had not made him privy to the Secret; that it was nevertheless a Truth, which some had been willing to intimate to him, that so all innocent as he might be of his Friends misfortune, he might not have occasion to upbraid himself as long as he liv'd of having contributed thereunto. This Letter was not
Sign'd

Sign'd, and it was deliver'd by a man who knew not what he brought himself, having receiv'd it from an unknown Person. *De Fiesque* not knowing whether he ought to give Credit thereunto, was very much perplex'd at the sight of it. He was afraid it might be a prank, plaid him by some Enemy, who being jealous upon seeing him employ'd by the Minister, made use of this stratagem only to put a stop to the Course of his good fortune. Nevertheless as on the other side he would by no means that it should be imputed to him that he had betray'd the Count, he was no sooner arriv'd at *Sedan*, than after having notify'd to the Prince on what occasion he came, he imparted to him at the same time the intimation he receiv'd at his taking Horse.

The Count did not seem much surpriz'd, and all the answer he made *Mr. de Fiesque* was, that the worst

worst was to be expected from the Cardinal, Infomuch that too much Precaution could not be used against him; that nevertheless as the thing might come from some one that had an Interest to thwart his return, all things were to be well examin'd, before any body was to be condemn'd: That he did not doubt but that he had kept that Letter, that he begg'd of him to shew it him, that he should perhaps know the hand, if not that they then should know what they had to do upon it. The Count *de Fiesque* took out the Letter at the same time, which he kept very preciously, and the Count had no sooner lookt upon it but that he knew whence it came. He had agreed with *Mr. de Chavigny*, that when he should have any thing to signify to him, he would make use of a borrowed hand; but to let him know that it came from him, he would thereunto add a certain stroke

stroke, which they had agreed on together. Now this stroke being upon this Letter: *The advice is good*, said he to the Count de Fiesque, and I am overjoy'd to see that notwithstanding my Enemies Credit, I have still faithfull Friends, In saying this he embrac'd the Count, and this Lord having receiv'd that Princes Caresses with a becoming respect: *A service of such Moment*, cry'd the Count de Soissons, does well merit that I should have no reserve for those that pay it me, and as I have the same Obligation to you as to the Author of the Letter, I shall not only tell you his name, but likewise what helps to render the Cardinal and me Enemies. Wee both Love the same Beauty, added he, and as it is usual not to bear any good will to an Enemy, it is not to be wonder'd if he Persecutes me and I hate him. You know I scap'd narrowly of falling into his hands at Villemaireuil: But you know that he is in Love
 with

with *Madam d'Elboeuf*, and that I have the same Sentiments for that Princess.

It's impossible, cry'd out the Count *de Fiesque* at the same time. How! his Eminency, who so devoutly ad's the Sage and the Philosopher, and who besides has some years o'er his Head, should he Mingle with his important occupations, a Passion that seems reserv'd to youth only, nay and to needless Youth: I mean for those that like you and I pass the three Quarters of the year without knowing how to Employ it. It's however true, The Count made answer, and that he might leave him no room to question it, he acquainted him with all he knew of the matter, giving him to understand that his thought was better grounded than upon a Bare suspicion. This was the subject of their whole discourse while the Count staid at *Sedan*. In the mean while they both resolv'd to feed the Cardinal with

with hopes, and the Count *de Fiesque* being got back, he made him believe that upon certain Conditions this Prince was ready to return; but that he demanded to retire to some one of his Lands in *Picardy*, and the Duke of *Elbauf* unto his Government, whither he pretended his wife should be sent to him. In saying this, he Ey'd the Cardinal, to see if he would change colour, for after what he had now heard, he did expect he would not approve of these Conditions. And indeed, the Cardinal did thereupon burst out into an Exclamation, as if there had been a Design to have excluded him from the Ministry: *How*, answer'd he him all in a fury *Did I encharge you to propose such a Treaty, and when you took leave of me, did I not tell you that it was no Court I was minded they should return?* True, the Count reply'd, *but if I gave ear to these Proposals, it*

was because that when I was with them I perceiv'd that nothing could Sceure them against their Suspensions, more than a Retreat wherein they might think themselves under shelter against your Power. And as I know you will never harbour any ill Design against their Persons, as long as they shall not Embroil the State, I thought that you would rather choose to see them Both where they require, than in a Place where bad Council may pervert them. The Duke of Bouillon stands not over-well Affected to your Eminency. Lamboy besides, who commands the Enemies forces in those Parts only wants to be in Action. Wherefore I should think it to be requisite to hinder those Princes from having Commerce with two such Dangerous Men, and which you'l do if you grant them what they require.

The Count de Fiesque, after having thus taken delight in thwarting him, seeing that he became angry in good earnest, did not think

think fitting to push things farther. He told him, that having advanc'd nothing that was subject to ratification, it was sufficient that it did not please him to let it drop so: that he had promis'd the Count de *Soisson* to return to *Sedan*, in case his Eminency approv'd of his Propositions, that not going thither would be sufficient to let him know that they were ungratefull. *You say right, the Cardinal made answer, but you do not see that I would have him return to Court, and as that is not the Right Course which you have taken, you must return thither to endeavour to set all things to Rights.*

Thus did the Count take a second Journey to *Sedan*, and several others after that to endeavour to bring the Prince back to Court. In the mean while the King and Cardinal were return'd to *Paris*, and his Eminency being far from permitting *Madam d'Elbœuf* to stay

stay at *Villemaruel*, while he was
 at a distance from it, caus'd a Pri-
 vy-Seal to be dispatcht, by which
 she was enjoyn'd to follow the
 Court. Repairing to *Paris* in con-
 formity to this order she there
 lead a most languishing Life,
 which her friends attributed to her
 Husbands Absence. But she could
 easily undeceive them, if she had
 been minded, and she daily per-
 ceiv'd that the Count *de Soissons*
 shar'd as deep in her sadness as
 the Duke *d'Elbeuf*. She represent-
 ed him to her self as a Prince not
 only of an accomplisht merit, but
 likewise of a most extraordinary
 Tenderness. But what still im-
 printed him deeper in her heart,
 was the Persecution he was ex-
 pos'd to for the Love of her, and
 which he nevertheless prefer'd be-
 fore all things. This is what he
 had assur'd her of ever, & as often
 as he found the Occasion to dis-
 course her, and the remembrance
 of

of which he would fain have renewed to her by his Letters, principally since the favour he had received from her. But this Princess reproaching her self continually for the favour she had granted him, not being willing he should have an ill opinion of her Virtues, had not only refus'd all the Letters he had sent her, but she farther writ to him the following one.

Madam d'Elbœuf's Letter to the Count de Soissons.

Nothing hinders me from telling you that I wish your Esteem before that of all other People, were I not afraid that you should Interpret it too much to your advantage. After what I have done for you, your
vanity

wanty would be excusable,
 and you may have so ill an O-
 pinion of me, as to think me ca-
 pable of all. However suspend
 your Judgment, till you know
 me thoroughly. In giving you
 my Picture, I thought much
 less of making you a Present,
 then a Restitution. Perhaps I
 may be mistaken, I own that I
 did it without much Reflexion.
 But let it be as it will, I assure
 you the uncertainty I am under
 of having done well or ill, makes
 me so uneasy, that I have no
 repose Day nor Night. If you
 have any value for me, pitty
 the State I have brought my
 self to. Send me back what I
 gave you, and thereby shall I
 Judge

*Judge whether you really
Love me.*

The Bearer of this Letter, having let the Count know that he should be glad to speak with him in private, and from whom he came, this Prince was so seiz'd with joy, that all I can say to express it would be nothing in Comparison. He at first imagin'd, as many would have imagin'd as well as he, after the favour the Dutchess had conferr'd on him, that it was some new one that she had prepar'd for him. But what a strange reverse for him, when he had read what I have repeated? He resolv'd a thousand various thoughts in his mind at the same time, and that he dwelt on most, was that the Cardinal had at the long run triumph'd o're her Cruelty, or by his Perseverance or his Presents. After these sad Reflexions,

flexions, he was at a Loss, what to say to the Man who demanded an Answer, and after several Conflicts he writ at follows.

*The Count de Soissons Letter
to Madam d' Elbœuf.*

If you had only ask'd my Life, I should have sent it you, as soon as I had known your Will: But as what you require of me, is infinitely dearer to me, do not think it strange that I am longer in resolving upon it. Nevertheless I must tell you that I am determin'd to satisfy you, let it cost me what it will; It is an effort which you could only expect from such an affection as mine.

I say no more to you *Madam*,
and indeed what can I say
that can in the least Express
my Affections: Great it is
certainly, not to say it is Ex-
treme, God grant I may quick-
ly sinck under it. But after all
this shall not hinder me from
gratifying you at a time you
least expect it.

Having dispatcht the Man
back, he was contriving how he
might go to *Paris*, notwithstanding
the danger, and especially
how he might deceive *Mrs d'
Elbauf*, and *de Bonillon*, who
would not know what to think
if they saw him distance himself
from the Town. And after ha-
ving duely consider'd on it,
he found no better means then
to act the *Inamorato* of a certain
Citr, who had some Beauty, and
who

who spent part of the year at a Country-house she had about half a League from *Sedan*. He went to see her there several times, that so it might not be look'd on as strange, when he should be some days without appearing, and having thereby prepared Peoples minds, he one fine night took Post; but so well disguis'd, that tho' he had met a thousand of his acquaintance upon the way, not one would have known him. He arriv'd by night at *Paris*, for fear of Accident, and found in a certain Inn where he alighted, a man whom he had dispatch'd away before, and in whom he confided; this Person had bought up all that he found rare at *Paris* in matter of knick-knacks, with a little Male to put 'em in. He had also provided a Suit of Cloaths to disguise him, & this Prince having put 'em on, and his Load upon his Back, he resolv'd to go attend

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upon

upon Madam *d'Elbauf's* Leavy.

This Princess was extremely curious of those sort of things, and not once only had he seen her visit all *Paris* to indulge that humour. Thus not doubting but that he should be wellcome, he went to *Elbauf-Hall*, and had her inform'd of what he brought. This Princess commanded his admittance, and without minding his Person, & the less for that she was at her Toilette, she bid him go into a Closet, where she would all alone view his Toys, for fear that if she took any one along with her, they should go tell what she had bought, before she had had the pleasure of speaking of it her self. And forasmuch as that Curiosity did not allow her to deferr any longer, she got up just in the Condition she was in, and went to this new Merchant. As he was disguis'd, no less than Divination could have suspected

noqu who

who he was. Besides he Counterfeited his voice so well, that the Princess did not imagine she had any reason to make the least reflexion upon his Person. By this means all her eyes were wholly taken up with contemplating his Merchandize, among which she found a thousand things with which she was Enchanted. What most pleas'd her, were the Pictures of some Princesses of Europe, whose Beauty was such, that after having considered them, she told the Merchant, that it was not possible they should be so handsom as the Painter made them. *Pardon me, Madam, the pretended Merchant made answer, I have seen the most part of them, and if there be anything to be said between the Originals and the Copies, it is that the Painter with all his Art has not been able to attain to make 'em as perfect as they really are.* He disguis'd his voice so well in say-

ing this, that the Princess did not in any wise distrust who he was.

However in case she had in the least observ'd his Eyes, and the divers Motions of his Countenance, it had been impossible but that she must have perceiv'd that he was quite another Person than what he was minded to appear. He was inflam'd to such a Degree, not only at the Personage he was obliged to act, but also thro' his Passion, that his looks, as I may say, pierc'd to the very bottom of her heart. And indeed, how could he, who was Passionately in Love, behold her in the manner she was, without dying of Love, since any other, how indifferently soever he might have been, would have become sensible in seeing her. She had only one Petticoat on, and a *Holland* Waistcoat, cover'd with Lace, thro' which one saw things capable of enflaming the most frigid,

frigid, with much more reason, him who was passionately in Love. Besides her neck that was of an Extraordinary whiteness, appear'd so then a thousand times more, by reason of the blackness of her Hair, that hung down upon her shoulders. Her Complexion receiv'd the same advantage from this undress, and they were as so many Charms, that the more fascinated a Lover.

Thus the Count being no longer able to resist them, meant to cut short without dallying any longer; and finding he had a fair occasion for so doing: *All these Pictures, Madam, he renew'd, which you so much admire, are fine indeed, and you are not the first that thought at the first sight of them, that the Painter had thereunto added something of his own. However to shew you that he is faithfull, I'll shew you some that I have of this Court, by the viewing of which you will judge*

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that

that his whole aim has been to imitate Nature. In saying this he took out those of the Queen, of the Princess of Conde, and of some Ladies of the Court, who might pass for handsome; but which the Dutchess however found nothing in Comparison of those she had seen: Thus she fell to viewing 'em again, and the Count seeing how wedded she was to them: *Cease Madam,* he interpos'd, *considering so attentively things that so little deserve the pains, and since your judgment is so good, reserve your admiration for all that is most Beautiful in Nature.* I have kept you the most excellent for the last, and without being oblig'd to part with it by a *Power whom I am constrain'd to obey in spite of me, all the Riches in the world are not of the worth I esteem it.*

If the Dutchess had had the least Distrust of what pass'd, what he now said had been more than needfull a thousand times to make her

her apprehend the rest: But as this was what she least dreamt of: *Let's see*, said she to him, *that Toy you prize so highly, and after what I have seen it must be something very fine to deface all the rest.* After these words she reach'd forth her hand to the Pretended Merchant to receive the Picture he held in his, and having it done up in a Box, the largeness of the Diamonds that were upon it amaz'd her, yet without imagining what it could be. But she had no sooner open'd that Box, but that her Amaze-ment was incomparably greater, as soon as she found her own Picture. She cast her eyes at the same time upon him that had given it her, and tho' she should still have remain'd in ignorance as to his Person, she could not now have remain'd any longer in the dark. For the Count judging that a longer Disguise would be in no wise for his turn, threw him-

self at her feet, and embracing her knees: *Yes, Madam, he said to her, There's a Picture I value above all the Riches in the World, nay more than my own Life. Yet would you deprive me of it, tho' you very well know, that the parting with it will occasion my Death. But no matter, I was resolv'd at any rate to content you, being sure that tho' I am so unhappy as not to draw your Compassion while I live, it will be impossible for you to refuse it me after my Death.*

He said this with a certain Accent that was still more affecting than his words, and the Dutchess being toucht to the very heart, had only the power to answer him: *How, Prince, is it then you, and do not my eyes deceive me? In saying this she went to sit her self down in a Chair that was near the Window, and the Count having followed her: Yes Madam, 'tis me, to her he said, who am come to shew you by a Blind Obedience, how*
submissive

submissive I shall ever be to your will.

What Command could you have laid upon me more ungratefull than that of sending your Picture back? Yet, what greater Obedience can you desire, than the bringing of it my self?

But Madam, he added, do not push your Cruelty further; Let it be sufficient that you have Experienc'd what I was capable of doing for your sake; a greater Sacrifice cannot but be prejudicial to you as well as to me.

I should lose my Life, and for your part; you would lose a Prince, whose Conservation must be of importance to you, if it be true that you in the least Esteem those that Esteem you above all the World together.

The Dutchess perceiving that this Conversation instill'd strange tenderesses in o her heart, and apprehending it might make her commit some Weakness unbecoming a Princess, turn'd her Eyes from off him, and seeking to speak of other matters: *How*

does my Husband? to him she said, Is he not much concern'd, much troubled at my absence? Ah! Madam, the Count retorted at these words, is this a Discourse for the present time? Does he not write t'ye when he pleases? And is it not his husbandness to give you an account of all you ask me? Why am I allow'd to do the same, and would you after that think it necessary to inform you of the Sentiments I should have in your absence? Why not, the Dutches made him answer, if you were my Husband? Do not you know that People ever doubt of their happiness, and whatever assurance they may have, they are glad to have still new proofs of it? Ah! Madam, the Count repartee'd, Why, am not I in his Place? I should certainly spare you the trouble of enquiring that of any other than my self? I would tell it you that you should be weary of it at the long run; but I perceive the happiness of others makes

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me forget my own Unhappiness, far from possessing the Original, you have the Cruelty as not to leave me so much as the Copy. Is it possible you should continue in this Injustice; Nay, and though you should not suffer your self to be wrought upon by my Love, would you be insensible to my Obedience.

While they were upon this Subject, word was brought to Madam d'Elbæuf that the Cardinal came to see her. This Visit at so indecent an hour for the visiting of Ladies, did so surprize her that she imagin'd he had got some secret notice of the Counts coming. She had not sufficient Power over her mind as to hide her fears, and she that had the hard heart to take her Picture from him again, could not forbear saying something to him then that was most obliging. The Count, who was less susceptible of Apprehension, bid her take heart,

heart, and go meet the Cardinal for fear he should come into the Closet. But he, wing'd with Love, being mounted into the Chamber, without any Body's introducing him, as he had been told that she was in her Closet, he went thither also without asking any Body's leave. He wanted little of catching the Count upon his knees, and he was but just got up upon the noise he had heard, when he came near the door. As his shop was displaid upon a Table, the Cardinal, all distrustfull as he naturally was, did not harbour any suspicion, and after having cast his Eyes upon the Pictures, I mention'd before, he ask'd the Dutches whose that was she held in her hands. It was her own which she had not had the forecast to hide, so amaz'd was she at his coming ; and the Cardinal having cast his Eyes upon it: *Ah! Madam*, said he to her,
here's

here's one that out-vies all the Rest, however beautifull they may be, and if you had taken it to confront 'em together, it was not necessary you should give your self that Trouble, since you must needs know that there is nothing in any wise to be compared to your Beauty.

I leave you to think how much this discourse was displeasing to the pretended Merchant, who tho' he tacitly jump'd in Opinion, that it contain'd nothing but the truth, yet did not he think it lookt well in any bodys Mouth but his own: Nevertheless it was not so disagreeable to the Princess. In her present surprize she was very much perplex'd how to answer the Cardinal; but what he had newly started opening her the way: *I really took it, said she to him, for what you say, but I have found it so little to my advantage that quite out of Countenance, I am going to lock it up again. At these words.*

words she put it in her Pocket, which equally vex'd the Count and the Cardinal ; the later pretending to enjoy the sight of it longer, & the former hoping for something more reall. The Cardinal who was at Liberry to speak, told her, that as she was a Party in the Cause, her Judgment of it was to be waved : That she ought much rather to referr it to him. Whereupon he ask'd of her again the sight of her Picture, to confront it with the Others : That it was not however requisite for the giving it the advantage, having before his eyes the original, which was a sure warrant that nothing was comparable to it ; unless they went about to judge not only of the features, but also of the painting ; that it was only on this account, that he ask'd her her representation, not to make a Comparison of her Beauty, but to decide of the Painters ability.

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The Cardinal, who had wit as well for entertainment of Gallantry as for matters of state said a thousand pretty things more upon this Subject. In the mean while he was so inflam'd by beholding the Beauties which the Princess expos'd to view, that being eager to tell her a great many more soft things, he only wanted to dispatch the Sham Merchant out of the Way. For this purpose he ask'd what pleas'd her of his shop, and she extolling all in the Lump, that she might not be oblig'd to dismiss the Count so soon, the Cardinal being desirous to cut short, ask'd the pretended Merchant what he would have for the whole. The Sum the Count said, was immediately agreed to by the Cardinal, and he bid him seeing after this he did not as yet go his ways, that he needed only come to his house at two of the Clock, and he should have his money paid him. The
 Count

Count had nothing to say, and being heartily vex'd that he was thus oblig'd to give ground, he went and planted himself at a gate that was just opposite to *Elbænf Hall*.

The Cardinals visit was very long; but as it is with reason that People commonly say the time is Tedious to him that dances attendance, it is easy to believe me when I shall say that it seem'd much longer to the Count than it in reality was. His Eminency who was ever in Love with the Princess, was glad of meeting with a Pretence of seeing her, and was that time come to tell her anew that her Husband should return when she pleas'd; but that she must intimate to him that he must absolutely divorce himself from the Count's Interests, who with just reason was become suspected by the King, not only by the retreat he had chosen out of the
the

the Kingdom, but likewise by the Practices he kept on foot with the Enemies of the State. Madam d'Elbæuf could not endure he should thus speak ill of a Prince that had too much honour to be wanting to his Duty & without taking notice that she was going to give him matter of making her reproaches. *Pardon me, my Lord, said she to him, if I interrupt you; I know the Count to be incapable of what you say; And his greatest Misfortune is the Aversion you bear him, nay and if you would but own the truth to me, you hate him because he would not marry Madam de Comballet. But tell me, would you have done it, had you been in his Place? And all Prejudice aside, is it a reason to persecute him? No, Madam, I should not have done it, the Cardinal made answer, and Ple tell you why. He lov'd you at that time, and it was impossible for him to Love another. But now he Loves a Citizen's Wife of Sedan, and no longer Loves.*

Loves you ; now that he abandons the most Lovely Princeß in the World, for a Woman so much Inferiour to you in all kinds ; I very much wonder you still take his Part.

The Cardinal held this Discourse upon a secret notice he had receiv'd, that the Count was gone from *Sedan* to visit the Person he mention'd. This was a Fair occasion for the taking him up, supposing from the moment he ceas'd being in Love with *Madam d' Elbæuf*, the Cardinal had been so far from thinking of securing him ; that he bent his thoughts only upon carrying this news. But he could not have worse tim'd his Bus'ness, the Count's arrival justify'd his Innocence ; and indeed *Madam d' Elbæuf* being fully perswaded of it, made him no answer, save that it was indifferent to her who the Count Lov'd ; that he was very much mistaken if he fancy'd that she was in any wise concern'd.

concern'd in it ; that she had told him the same thing several times, and that she not only wondred at his having forgotten it, but likewise that he dar'd to expresse suspicions to her, which only belonged to a Person that had some Power over her. As she said all this to him without any concern, the Cardinal could not say all to her he would have done had he seen her in another temper ; however having found the means of turning the Discourse upon what regarded himself he would needs discourse her of his Passion ; But his Reception was such that he went away terribly vex'd.

The Count, who was still in Ambuscade in the same Place, having observ'd him as he took Coach, perceiv'd he was not satisfy'd ; and as he partly guess'd at the subject of his Discontent, the jealousy he had entertain'd upon so long a Visit, vanish'd immediately :

immediately: But another disquiet succeeded to this; The Cardinals coming had interrupted the Conversation he had with the Dutcheſs, and he knew not how to renew it. At length as he wou'd as ſoon have choſe to dye as not to be truly inform'd how he ſtood in her heart, he reſolv'd upon going again into the houſe, thinking he might with ſafety do it, nobody knowing that the Cardinal had bought all his Merchandize.

The Dutcheſs was no ſooner inform'd of his return, but that ſhe return'd into her Cloſet with him, where without his entreating her to tell him the Occaſion of the Cardinal's Viſit, ſhe gave him an Account of it word for word. He interrupted her when ſhe came to ſpeak of the Citizen's Wife of *Sedan*, and he own'd to her that he had ſeen one, that ſo he might eclipse himſelf,

self, as he had done, under Colour of some Intrigue with her. The Dutchess being not minded to shew the inclination she had for him, ask'd him on what account he said that, and that it had been good if he were to justify himself; but that for her part, she did not enquire after what he did. These words made him almost mad, and after having complain'd of the little acknowledgement, she had for him, he set on foot again the Discourse of the Picture, asking her if she would have the Cruelty to keep it. He said a thousand soft things to her upon this occasion, but which the Princess did not yield to, so that seeing he lost his time, he would have taken leave of her. The Dutchess seeing him in Despair at her refusal, was very much perplex'd how to reconcile her Virtue with her Love, and seeking a Medium to
all

all this, she bid him stay a moment longer, during which, making semblance of musing on something else, she took her Picture out of her Pocket, and fell a confronting it again with the others. The Count knew not what this meant, and said nothing more to her, either thro' Affliction at her Denyal, or for that he found himself oblig'd to quit her. But this Princess being willing he should go away with more hopes; Prince, said she to him, *I mean to make you a Present in lieu of that you ask of me, 'tis a Stone that is said to have a mighty virtue for the stopping of Blood. It must needs be precious to you who are so often engag'd in the midst of Battels, and who may hourly have occasion for it.* Upon these words she went into her Chamber, as it were to fetch it, and purposely leaving her Picture among the others, this was a secret hint
to

to him, that there are certain things which the Ladies will not give ; but which they'd be sorry should we not take.

The Count, who had continually his eyes upon this Picture, seiz'd on it at the same time, and putting it very preciously into his Pocket, he resolv'd not to be so honest as to restore it. In the mean while the Dutchess return'd, holding in her hand the Stone she had mention'd, and casting her eyes, without making semblance of any thing, where she had left the Picture, she was overjoy'd to see that he had had the wit to improve the Occasion. For in short, she had been afraid that the force of Love might make him do a thing which Novice-Lovers impute to a great respect, while their Mistresses impute it to a great Blockishness. The Count after having seiz'd on what he desir'd, most willingly receiv'd what she

She was content to give him,
 which otherwise he should not
 have much valued, & being afraid
 farther Discourse might open the
 way to some pique, he went away,
 after having assur'd her of a Love
 that was proof against absence,
 nay and against her Cruelty. The
 Lady not daring to discover to
 him what pass'd secretly in her
 heart, contented her self with
 wishing him a good Journey, but
 when he was gone, she found her
 self over-whelm'd with a pro-
 found sadness. The Cardinal's
 Confident having observ'd it in
 dressing her, suspected there was
 something in the wind, and the
 Toy-Merchant's second Visit,
 with the private Conversation
 the Dutches had had with him,
 making her Conjecture that he
 was peradventure some Messen-
 ger from the Count *de Soissons*, she
 was no sooner over the Service she
 was oblig'd to pay at her Lady's
 Toilet,

Toilet, but that she went to the Cardinal: She declar'd her suspicions to him, and that Minister understanding how that pretended Merchant return'd again to see Madam d'Elbauf, he sent for the Count de Fiesque, and ask'd him if he would be faithfull to him in a Command he had to lay upon him. The Count after having made him answer that his Eminency wrong'd him in questioning it: *Goe then this very moment and take Post, the Cardinal renew'd, and endeavour to get before a Conrrier the Count de Soissons has here. If he be departed when you take Horse, overtake him before he reaches Rheims; if you go first stay there till he arrives; for in short, he can take no other Road, but above all remember that your fortune is at stake in acquitting your self well of what I require.*

The Count did not fail to assure him that he would do his Best.

Best, Nevertheless he was at a very great loss how to come off with Honour from this affair, which put him under a Necessity either of losing that Ministers favour, or that of the Count de *Sossion*, who was his friend. To reconcile so difficult a thing, he repair'd immediately to an Officer of his Acquaintance, and having open'd his heart to him, he begg'd of him to serve him in that Occasion. The Officer told him he needed only to Command. Thus the Count having acquainted him with what was to be done, the Count took Post, and Enquired on the way if there was no Courier before. He was answer'd in the Negative, which made him go more at his Ease, and he arriv'd at *Rheims* in the Dusk of the Evening, an hour after the Officer, whom he had caus'd to put on such another suit of Cloaths as the Merchant

was

was describ'd to him to wear,
 arriv'd, and was no sooner il-
 lighted, but that he was seiz'd.
 He ask'd what they meant to do
 with him, and the Count having
 told him that, he must return to
 Paris, he protested that he should
 remain responsible for his Delay.
 But all he said was meer Grim-
 mace, the Count made no sem-
 blance of hearing him, and had
 him kept in sight, under a safe
 Guard 'till the next Morning.
 These Precautions made the
 Guards believe that he was
 a Prisoner of Importance, and
 this was what the Count study'd
 to insinuate into them, that so,
 when they were arriv'd at Paris,
 they might give the Cardinal an
 account of his Zeal in Executing
 his Orders. In the mean while,
 instead of going to Rest he went
 out of the Inn, and staid upon
 the Avenues by which the Post
 was to pass, he heard a Courier
 coming,

coming, that had much outstript his Postillon. He bid him stop when he came near him, and that he had something of Consequence to say to him. Now it was just the Count *de Soissons*, and fancying he knew the Count *de Fiesques* voice again, he made a halt, standing however upon his guard. *De Fiesque* notwithstanding it's being dark could perceive that he had Cloaths on of the colour express'd to him, and not doubting but this was the Person he had order to seize: *Draw near*, he said to him, *I have something of Consequence to say to you*. This repetition confirming the Count of it's being the Party he imagin'd: *Is it you Count de Fiesque*, he said to him, *and by what Adventure do I find you here?* These words let the Count *de Fiesque* know that it was not only the Courier he sought, but also the Count *de Soissons*. Thus being no longer able to retain his joy?

gained

o

Yes

Yes Sir, 'tis I, he said to him, *wish-*
out flattering my self I may assure you
that I have newly done you a Signal
piece of Service. Upon these words
 they drew near each Other, and
 after a more particular Examina-
 tion they Embrac'd with no less
 fondness, then if they had not seen
 one another in a thousand Years.
 Those Embraces being over, the
 Count *de Fiesque* acquainted him
 with the Order he had received
 from the Cardinal, and how he
 had put another man in his room,
 that so he might not lose his Cre-
 dit with him. However that he
 must advise him not to change
 Horses at *Rheims*, that they might
 not mind his Passage, and that the
 Cardinal should not have matter
 to reproach him that he should
 have secur'd him as well as the
 Other.

The Count having found he
 had reason, took leave of him,
 after having express'd a mighty
 O 3 sense

fence for the service he had done him. *De Fiesque* return'd to the Inn, and the Count *de Soissons* staid for the coming up of his Post-boy, whom he gave some money that he might not be obstinate for staying in that Town. In the mean while *de Fiesque* having staid the time, or much theerabouts that the Counts passing must take up, departed from *Rheims* with the Guard that conducted the Pris'ner, and being come to *Paris*, he put him into the *Bastile* according to the order he had from the Cardinal. This Minister understanding the Success of his journey, went immediately from his Pallace, to go himself and Examine the Prisoner; and as he did not doubt but that it was the Toy-Merchant, whom he had heard no talk of since, which however he must needs have done, had he been really a Merchant, since he was to receive
 of

of him the price of his Shop, he entred *Elbauf* Hall, which was on his way. *Madam d'Elbauf* who did not delight in his Visits, was surpriz'd to see him, but she was much more so, at his discourse to her. I own to you, *Madam*, said he to her, as soon as he had taken a Seat, that you and your Toy Merchant have deceived me, I like a silly fool was Sham'd upon, but this is my Comfort that my silliness is of no long Continuance: But that disguised Merchant shall rue the Cheat, and I am come on purpose to acquaint you, that I have Lodg'd him in the Bastile, where I shall treat him as he deserves.

Madam d'Elbauf chang'd Colour at this Compliment; Nevertheless making reflexion at the same time, that a Woman ought never to own a thing of that Nature: Secure who you will, she made him answer, what is that to me, and I would feign know, how

far you would have me concern'd
 in't? How! Madam, Cry'd the
 Cardinal, & ye pretend to make me
 believe that you are not concern'd
 in a thing, when I see you are a
 Principal Party in the Plot? You
 don't think me so simple, sure, as to
 believe it, you may indeed, deceive
 a Husband, but not a Lover. I
 have already told you the one has
 more piercing Eyes than the other,
 and since you will not sincerely own
 the Cheat, within a moment I shall
 tell it you from one end to the other.
 In saying this out went he, and
 so to the Bastile, where he had
 the Prisoner brought before him.
 He being instructed in all he was
 to say, did not wait for the Car-
 dinals speaking to him, and as
 soon as he saw him, he preven-
 ted him by Complaints, beseech-
 ing him to do him justice upon
 those that had taken him up. The
 Cardinal at first, imagin'd he
 made such a noise only to elude
 the

the accusation he had reason to apprehend ; Nevertheless he began to be diffident when he had view'd him, that possibly they had been mistaken, principally when he had ask'd him who he was? what he did at *Paris*? and whither he was going, when that he had been caught running Post? This man answer'd him upon all, and the Cardinal remaining satisfy'd that this was none of the Person he sought for, withdrew very much out of Countenance, nay and highly incens'd at the Count *de Fiesque*, whom he tax'd with not having done his duty. He sent for him at the same time, and vented his anger upon him. *De Fiesque* endeavour'd to insinuate to him, that he had done what he could, and excus'd himself upon the resemblance of Cloaths that had deceiv'd him ; but his Eminency not relishing his Excuses, look'd fowr, nay,

and would not see him for some time.

During these Transactions, the Dutcheſs was under mortal Apprehenſions occasion'd by ſeveral Reaſons. The ſtrongest proceeded from her Preſumptions of the Counts being a Priſoner, and for that ſhe was afraid the Cardinal might underhand, publiſh how he had diſcover'd him. Wherefore ſhe durſt not ſtay at home, for fear ſome one ſhould come to tell her this ſad News. But in ſhort, the Count *de Frefque* gueſſing at her anxiety, thought it would be much better to let her know that he was Privy to the Count *de Soiffons* Loving her, than to leave her any longer in pain. For this purpoſe, he went in queſt of her every where, where he imagin'd he might find her; and having found her walking in the Evening in *Luxembourg Garden*; *Madam*, ſaid he
to

to her, d'ye know that I am full
 out with the Cardinal, and that a
 friend of yours is the Cause of it?
 The Dutches not knowing what
 he aim'd at, blusht at this Dis-
 course, and Mr. de Fiesque feeling
 her Perplexity, was willing to
 spare her the pains of an answer.
 He pretended, added he, to cause a
 man to be secur'd, whom he imagin'd
 came to see you, from the Count de
 Soissons, and having cull'd me out
 for this feat, the Engagement I
 have with that Prince did not per-
 mit me to Obeey him. I did indeed
 encharge myself with the Commission;
 but with design to do the Count Ser-
 vice. I caus'd another man to act
 the part of him whom I was to se-
 cure; and after having secur'd him,
 which was no difficult matter, since
 he went to deliver himself up where
 I had bid him, I posted myself
 upon the Highway, to give the o-
 ther notice that he should out of
 hand make his Escape, and that he
 should

should tell the Count de Soissons the Service I had done him. But I was much surpriz'd, when, instead of the Party I expected, I found it to be him himself, and as it has been buzz'd about that he was taken up, and that it is impossible but that it must render you uneasy, I am very glad I can disperse your Disquiets.

The Dutchess not knowing whether she might confide in him, gazing upon him before she would utter her mind, to endeavour to discover whether he was sincere or not, did at length Phancy she perceiv'd something that was for her turn. However meaning to shrift him further: *Are ye in good Earnest,* said she to him, *and can ye be so Unmodish as to be sincere?* The Count very seriously affirm'd the thing to her, and the Dutchess no longer questioning it, own'd to him how that the Count de Soissons came to see her, but made
 great

great asseverations of her not having any esteem for him, I do not require, *de Fiesque* repartee'd, to be your Confident in that matter; nor shall I ever require to be further your Confident than you of your own motion shall please to make me. I am nevertheless the Counts and your Servant, and this is what I am proud to assure you of: But let him say what he would, the Dutcheffs would never own any thing to him; and he did not think it, seeming by further arguing as it were, to wreck her secret out of her.

In the mean while, the Cardinal, who had much ado to digest what had befall'n him, had still new matter of disquiet, by an Intimation given him by the Count *de St. Chaumont*. This Lord in his return from *Germany*, met the Count *de Soissons* in his return to *Sedan*, and having known him again, notwithstanding that Disguise, he ask'd him
whence

whence that Change proceeded, and whether it lay in his way to do him Service. But as he was of the like Temper with all the Great Lords of the Kingdom, who with Emulation strove to make their Court to the Cardinal, he was no sooner at *Paris*, but that he inform'd him of his Rencontre. That Minister was much surpriz'd, when he perceiv'd by the Description of the Person, that it was the Count himself he had seen at the Dutchesse. He was mortally angry at himself for not having known him, and recalling his features into his memory, he could only attribute his mistake, to the little care he had taken to view him. In the mean while, tho' extreme was his vexation, he would not take any notice, even forbidding the Count to speak to any Body of what he had told him. For he pretended to catch the Count in
the

the same Snare, wherefore that he might the sooner lure him to undertake to see *Madam d'Elbeuf* he sent a Privy-Seal to that Lady, for her to retire to *Villemareuil*, Any other would have taken such an Order for a Disgrace, and it's well known that most Ladies look upon the Necessity of withdrawing from Court, as the greatest misfortune that can befall them; but she having her reasons to Love Solitariness, departed from *Paris* with the greatest pleasure imaginable.

This News was quickly carried to *Sedan*; but at the same time it arriv'd, *Mr. de Fiesque* gave notice to the Count *de Soissons* that this pretended Exile was only a Snare, cunningly laid to surprize him: that the safest for him was to stay where he was, and that in case he stood in need of a Confident he offer'd him his service. The Count *de Soissons* would have
been

been glad, the Case had stood so
 with him, for it's a sign a man's
 in no ill terms with his Mistress.
 However as he was unable to
 bring matters to that pass, he
 thank'd him for his good will,
 and according to his advice he re-
 solv'd to be upon his Guard. In
 the mean while he continued
 his Visits to his Mistress of *Se-
 dan*, and that woman taking for
 marks of Love, what she ought at
 most to have only attributed to
 his Civility, she became so
 charm'd with that Prince, that
 her Passion shew'd it self in all
 her Actions. The Count observ'd
 it several times, and as it would
 ill become a Man to be cruel, he
 so caress'd her, as made that
 poor woman believe that she was
 really belov'd by him. Nay and
 there came something more of it
 than I have yet said ; for she pro-
 ved with Child, which however
 was not presently discover'd, for
 the

the Count being afraid of it's coming to the Dutcheſs's ears, recommended to her above all things carefully to conceal it.

While theſe things occurr'd at *Sedan*, the Dutcheſs having no news of the Count, was extremely amaz'd at it in her ſolitude. What ſhe had done did in her Opinion merit a greater remembrance; for in ſhort ſhe could not imagine, but that he had ſenſe enough as to think that ſhe had purpoſely forgot her Picture, that he might have the opportunity of taking it. Now her niceneſs upon the point could not reconcile it ſelf with the Tranquillity he was in after ſuch a favour, often ſaying in her ſelf that ſhe was much miſtaken if he was not unworthy of it. As theſe thoughts poſſeſt her mind, & which ſhe could not communicate to any body, ſhe ſought out the moſt ſolitary places, there to indulge her penſive humour. Moſt commonly

commonly was it in the Hazel Arbour, I have before mention'd, and being there, the let her sorrow so prevail upon her, that she gush'd out into abundance of tears. The Court was then return'd to *Monceaux*, the Cardinal having thought expedient to be near at hand to her abode, that he might the better surprize the Count *de Soiffon*, in case he came to see her. In the meanwhile, being glad also to see her himself, he pretended to go a hunting, and straying on purpose from his People, he came to *Villeneuve* incognito, where he knew the Dutchess to be in the Arbour. He entreated her Confident, being the same who had told him where her Lady was, that she would shew him the way to the Arbour, and seeing it at a distance, he bid the Confident go back, and he stole up to it as softly as was possible.

Before

Before he entred the Arbour, he must needs peep thro' the leaves to see what the Dutcheſs was doing; but he ſaw her not there, and, indeed, ſhe was already gone out. He thought fitting to attend her coming there a moment, and that perhaps ſhe was not as yet come; Thus mizing he ſtay'd at leaſt a quarter of an hour, during which the Dutcheſs was walking in a ſhady Alley, a hundred Paces diſtant. Juſt in the time ſhe was there, it happened that the Count *de Siffons*, after having ſecretly left *Sedan*, was come into this Grove, where after having taken ſome turns, he directed his ſteps into this Alley. By chance the Dutcheſs had her back turn'd that way whence he came; Thus not having perceiv'd him, ſhe continued to go on, and being weary of walking in that Alley, ſhe went on towards the Arbour. The Count, who upon
the

the first blush knew her, followed her thither step by step, nay and so close, that it is a wonder that she did not hear him walking after her. In the mean while, she was strangely startled at finding the Cardinal there, and instantly going out again, her surprize was still much greater, when she saw the Count *de Soissons* before her. As for his part, he was not so much at first, and was just opening his mouth to tell her that he had not been able to continue absent any longer, when the Cardinal's presence, who rush'd out to run after the Dutchess, lockt up his tongue as to all matters of that nature. Now the Cardinal was no less amaz'd than they, and the first thought that came into his mind was, that the Count and the Dutchess having made an Affignation, he followed her into the Arbour, when his presence had interrupted their Designs. As for
the

the Count he on his part imagin'd that the Dutcheſs knew of the Cardinal's coming, and that repairing to him, ſhe would by no means ſtay in the Arbour, for fear of being found out there by ſome or other. Thus you ſee two men jealous to the utmoſt extremity, and as they both hated one another, hard words preſently paſs'd between them.

Madam *d'Elbæuf* above all things dreading the being made a ſubject of the publique talk, begg'd of 'em to curb their Tempers for her ſake, and as ſhe did not manifeſt more diſtinction for the one than for the other: this ſo piqu'd the Count *de Soiſſons*, that he forbore ſaying any thing diſobliging to the Cardinal, and made his Reſentment fall upon her. *You have reaſon, Madam,* he ſaid to her *to be ſollicitous for a Man with whom I find you at an Affignation. Not that you fear the prejudice*

prejudice this may do you, for if it were so, your Conduct would be different, but you apprehend that being a Priest and a Cardinal as he is, his Reputation must be ruin'd in the World, if what is here transacted came to be divulg'd?

These Reproaches went deep into the Dutches's heart, and were the more sensibly afflicting, for that it was then no season for her to make a due Justification. Thus having only giv'n a General answer, the Count did so imprint it in his head, that what he had newly said was true, that after having added some other reproaches to those, he went away with a most desperate sorrow. Then was the Dutches at a terrible loss, her heart would by no means have had him gone away with such thoughts, but on the other side, it was contrary to all Decency to retain him in the presence of a Man, whom it became her to distrust

trust more than any Person li-
 ving, and this Consideration be-
 ing the strongest, she let him go
 without saying a word to him.
 If the Cardinal had not had a
 thousand things in his head, see-
 ing this he would have triumph'd
 tho' he had not any share in the
 Sacrifice, but besides his believing
 that he had not any more reason
 than the Count to be satisfy'd,
 fear began to seize him: It came
 into his Head that the Count
 would lye in wait to Assassinate
 him, and this apprehension kept
 him with the Dutches, tho' he
 design'd at first to have gone a-
 way presently, with intent to
 have had him taken into Custody.
 By this means the Count found
 no obstacle in his return to *Sedan*,
 where he was no sooner arriv'd,
 but that all People were surpriz'd
 at the Melancholly he labour'd
 under. As they presum'd he then
 came from his *Sedan* Mistresses
 Country-

Country-house; those who had a Right to speak to him familiarly, askt him whether she was Cruel to him; but how could they imagine that, since according as she grew big, it was impossible for her, notwithstanding all the Care she took, so to conceal it, as to hinder it from being the publick discourse. And indeed it was not only at *Sedan* where she began to pass for the Counts Mistress, but also throughout the whole Kingdom, where the report of her Condition was quickly spread abroad.

The Dutchess would not believe it at first, imagining it to be a Calumny invented by the Cardinal; besides the journeys he had undertaken to *Paris* and *Villemareuil* with so much danger for him, was a strong Proof, that she it was he lov'd. But at the long run, after having a thousand times taken his part in her heart,

she

she was forc'd to acquiesce upon
 a Letter she receiv'd from her
 Husband, by which he let her
 know the Truth. Her spight
 made her Phancy at first, that far
 from being concern'd at this news
 it ought to be gratefull to her,
 since it helpt from her mind to
 banish a thousand thoughts that
 were contrary to her repose, nay
 and to her Honour. But she did
 not long persist in these senti-
 ments, and that Princes infidelity
 affected her to such a Degree, that
 after having revolv'd a thousand
 things in her head, she dwelt
 upon revenge, which flatter'd
 her more then all the rest. Now
 imagining that the most just of
 all the measures she could use, was
 to take her Husband off from his
 Interests, she went to the Cardi-
 nal, to whom she offer'd to do
 what he before had propos'd, the
 Cardinal surpriz'd at so unex-
 pected a Compliyance, endea-
 vour'd

your'd to dive into the reason, & with his Wit was not long without discovering it. Seeing that nothing but spight caus'd her to make this step, he would not all at once grant her some advantages she demanded of him in favour of her Husbands return, and only endeavour'd to put this matter into negotiation, so to create a jealousy in the Count, to whom he expected some friend or other would not fail to signify these frequent Interviews. And indeed, the Count *de Fiesque*, seeing so many goings and comings of Madam *d'Elbans*, accordingly writ him word of it.

The Count was easily persuaded of the Truth of what he writ to him, after what he himself had seen, and this news still augmenting his Melancholly, he became so chang'd that his friends could hardly know him. The only solace he found was the writing a

Letter

Letter of Complaint to the Dut-
chess, who on her part having
reason to be Jelous made him so
bitter an answer, that far from
minding to excuse her self as to
the Love he attributed to her for
the Cardinal, she left him to be-
lieve all he pleas'd. In the mean
while the Count *de Fiesque* was
not the only Person that took
notice of the frequent visits the
Dutchess made the Cardinal;
One of her Husbands friends was
for his sake in like manner allu-
rum'd at it, and tho' we ought
never to give such intimations,
he nevertheless advertis'd the
Duke of it, whom he proffer'd to
steal away his Wife, and bring
her to him. The Duke who was
cur'd of his Jelousy, found it re-
vive upon this notice, he took
that friend at his word, and as the
thing could not be done without
a great deal of noise, he impar-
ted the Design to the Count *de*

soissons. This was an accumulation of Grief for that Prince to whom such a secret was a fresh proof of his unhappyness; nevertheless as the Duke who was bitterly incens'd against his Wife, had manifested at the same time some ill design upon her, as soon as ever he got her into his hands, a remaining spark of Affection made him believe, that he should highly oblige that Lady if he gave her notice of it.

Madam d' *Elbeuf*, having had no desire save for the rendring him alone jealous, was very much surpriz'd when she came to know that her design had operated as well upon her Husband as upon him, and as she knew the Duke to be of a Turbulent Spirit, and capable of pushing things to the utmost Extremity in his first fury, she thought Convenient to avoid his first Motions. For this purpose she stir'd not abroad otherwise

therwise than well attended, which the Dukes friend being mightily amaz'd at, he signify'd to him, that their design was discovered and that it was impossible to accomplish what he had promis'd him. The Duke knew not whom to tax with this; Nevertheless seeing he could not be reveng'd on his Wife, he resolv'd to be so on the Cardinal, and knowing that without the Count *de Soissons* he could do nothing of himself, he did in such manner animate him against his Eminency, that they agreed together to take up Arms to drive him from Court. *Mr. de Bouillon*, who was his Eminency's declar'd enemy, promis'd not only to joyn with them, but likewise to cause several Potentates to declare in their behalf. The War being thus ready to break out, the Cardinal who could make use of the Royal Authority to reduce them,

did not much trouble his head about their Projects, and being more solicitous to know how he stood in the Dutcheſs's Opinion, than for any thing else, he went to ſee her on the pretence of concluding her Huſbands Affair; but going about to ſpeak to her of Love, he was ſo ill uſ'd by her, that he went away very much out of Countenance. He imagin'd, notwithstanding all that had happen'd, that the Counteſſe de Soiſſons was ſtill in as good terms with her, as he had ever been, and that he was the Cauſe of his being ſo ill uſ'd. This Opinion, together with the Deſigns which that Prince was upon the point of proclaiming, did ſo exaſperate him, that he reſolv'd to have him rid out of the world, let it coſt what it would. For this purpoſe he not only ſent a conſiderable Army around Sedan, but alſo contriv'd to engage an

an Assassinate. Money, the usual source of the greatest Crimes, not failing him for the bringing about his Design, he found one of that Prince's Guard, who promis'd to do so horrible and so abominable an Act.

In the mean while the Kings Army advancing under the Conduct of the Mareschal *de Chatillon*, and the Count *de Soissons* not being willing it should be said of him, that he had not dar'd to stirr out of the Walls of *Sedan*, went out to meet him with some Troups that he had rais'd at his own Cost. The two Armies mett two Leagues thence, and engaging in a Battel, the Count *de Soissons* being animated with Love, fought with so much Courage, that he put the Royal Army to the Rout. But when that this Prince imagin'd that nothing could any longer hinder

hinder him from giving the Law to his Enemy, the wretched Guard, watching an occasion to do his feat, follow'd him to the corner of a Wood, where seeing him all alone : *Return, Sir, return*, said he to him, *the Enemies stand firm still at a Musket's Shot hence*. The Count knew the Guards voice, whom he had allways seen by him during the Battel, and thinking that he spoke in good earnest, he turn'd his head about, and lift up the Viser of his Helmet, to view where the Enemies were. But this Traytor fir'd his Pistol at him, and having hit him where the Count had expos'd by lifting up his Viser, he render'd himself worthy of the Reward that had been promis'd him, by the greatest and most enormous of all Crimes.

This News being brought to
the

the Dutchess, it so over-whelm'd her with grief, that she plainly perceiv'd that the Jealousy that had spirited her against him, had not extinguish'd her Love. Nevertheless having many measures to keep in the World she was forc'd to constrain her self. As to the Cardinal, she could never win so far upon her self, as to give him a good look; and tho' he studied to disguise that Death, which he endeavour'd to have it believ'd that it happen'd after quite another manner, she ever look'd upon him as the Author of that Homicide. In fine, tho' some time after her Husband made his Peace at Court, his Presence could not afford her any joy. Where ever she went, she still bore in her heart so sensible a sorrow for the Death of that Prince, that after having languish'd some years,

years, she dy'd, to the great grief of her Husband, who all his Life long was Ignorant that it was the Count who had possess'd her real Affections.

to keep in the World. He was
told to continue her self. As
to the Cardinal, he could not
see him to see upon her self, as
to give him a good look, and

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The End.

The first of these is the fact that the
 second of these is the fact that the
 third of these is the fact that the
 fourth of these is the fact that the
 fifth of these is the fact that the
 sixth of these is the fact that the
 seventh of these is the fact that the
 eighth of these is the fact that the
 ninth of these is the fact that the
 tenth of these is the fact that the

THE
PRINCESS
OF
Montferrat,
A
NOVEL;
Containing
Her HISTORY
And the
A M O U R S
OF THE
Count of SALUCES.

LONDON, Printed for R Bently and
M. Magnes, in Russel street in
Covent Garden. 1680.



TO
Her GRACE
THE
DUTCHESS
OF
ALBEMARLE, &c.

May it please your Grace,

D*edications are now become so necessary, that such Books as appear without them, meet with the same Fate as Men abandoned by their Tutelar Angels, Scorned and Neglected, not thought capable of entertaining,*

The Dedication.

ing, nor worthy to be lookt upon; but when addressed, the more illustrious Patronage is, the greater is the Opinion of them, and the more kindly are they received. These reasons have caused several to present you, Madam, with Works of this kind, and have Obliged me to make your Grace an Offering of this Amusement. I could never have hoped to have procured Pardon for this Presumption, if that your goodness were not known to be infinite, and that your Grace being generally acknowledged to be the best Judge of these sort of Producti-

The Dedication.

Productions, I fancied it would have been injurious to your Prerogative to have offered them, and sought elsewhere for Protection, and that it had been as great a Crime, as for a Subject to have done homage to any other than His true Sovereign.

These, Madam, were the incitement, to the Ambition of having your Grace at the head of this Translation, whose only name is a perfect Elogy, and though without the Attendance of those vast Advantages of Birth and Fortune, which your Grace possesses in the highest Degree,

The Dedication.

would still have been the greatest and most admirable Person in the World, by what You have received from Nature.

Writers now flock to You, Madam, as to the Fountain of all Perfections, not only to be own'd and countenanc'd, but also to copy and admire those Excellencies, which the Most Famous Princesses of the World have been celebrated for, and which so abound in Your Grace, that there needs no more to the Composing the Compleatest Panagyrick, than to say, the Dutches of Albemarle, in which Words
are

The Dedication.

*are comprehended all those
Extraordinary Qualities,
which all the Earth have
ever had in Veneration. So
glorious a Prospect firing me
with the Zeal and Pride of
laying this Piece at Your Gra-
ces Feet, I humbly beg it's ac-
ceptance, and leave to declare
the most Profound Respect,
with which I am,*

May it please your Grace,

Your Graces

Most Humble, and Most

Obedient Servant.

E. S.

The Education.

are comprehended all those
Extraordinary Qualities
which all the Times have
ever had in Veneration. So
glorious a Prospect of
with the X and Y of
laying this Piece as I am
as best I humbly beg it
appears, and I am
the most Profound Respect

with most 55 JUL 6

My humblest respects

Your Obedt

Most humble and Most

of Obedt

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(9)

THE
PRINCESS
OF
Montferrat,
NOVEL.

LEWIS of *Montferrat* was
a Prince who with the
qualities of a great *Hero*,
so abounded with those
of a gallant Man, that he was
the Inclination of Ladies, as well

as

as the esteem of brave Men. He was only heard spoken of in the World; and never honour, nor vertue had a better Example. In the mean time with so many reasons that that Prince had to be content with himself; he was not, as People imagined. There wanted something to his felicity which rendred him as all other Men. He had Married a Wife of an Illustrious Birth, of a Merit as great as her Birth, and far more than can be expressed; But by whom after ten Years Marriage, he had not had a Child, and that displeasure alone infected all that there was agreeable in the Glorious State of his Life. Vows, Prayers and Alms were not spared, the *Italians* are much given to them: At last Heaven seemed to be moved, and sent him a Daughter as Fair and as Perfect,

as if she had come from Heaven it self. This good Prince, signalized his Joy by a Fortnights Feast, which he ordain'd through all his Territory ; but which was cruelly interrupted by the Death of the Marchioness, that happened a few days after her being brought to Bed. There was never seen in so little a time so much Joy and so much Grief as in the Heart of that Prince, who passionately loving his Wife, payed very dear by so sensible a loss, for the Present Heaven had just made him. He would have abandoned himself a thousand times to his despair, without the extream tenderness he had already conceived for that Infant, whom he looked upon as a Succour that had been sent him from above, against the misfortune that was to happen to him. It was without doubt

doubt the only thing that could render him capable of some reason, and make him survive the Death of so aimable a Princess.

Brisida, it was thus, they called that Child, who had promised so much Beauty the first days of her Birth, made appear, with the succours of some Years, a thousand times more than could have been hoped. All seem'd to augment in her from moment to moment, and the Charms of her Person, that would not have been said, at the Age of ten or twelve Years, that they could have mounted to a higher point of perfection, encreased after in such a manner, that every day one found in her some new Subject of Admiration. Her gate alone had at that age something so great and so agreeable together, that

that she drew the Heart as well as the Eyes of all the World. I design not to draw her Picture, I could not, if I would, she had a thousand things which cannot be described, as her Eyes, her Complexion, her Neck, her Arms, her Hands; all in fine had in her an extraordinary perfection, and a Beauty very difficult to be imagined. Yet all these Charming visible qualities were nothing, when they were compared to those of her Soul, there was found in her a vivacity of Wit, and at the same time so solid a Judgment, that she surprized the clearest Wits. She was never seen to be deceived in any thing; and her Penetration proceeded to divine the greatest Secrets. In fine, if ever Soul appeared fair by the bright marks of Vertue, it was certainly that of that young Prin.

Princess; the noise of her Beauty ran far, and near: Nothing was spoken of in Forreign Courts but *Brisida*, and all those who had seen her, and understood Beauty, did agree that there was not a finer Person, nor nothing so rare to be seen in all *Italy*; that fine Country, which has almost always been the first Pilgrimage of those who have the least loved travelling, became in the time of that Princess a common Road of People, who had the least Curiosity: And *Rome*, that famous City, never invited so many People by all its famous Antiquities, as *Cassal*, by the Beauty alone of *Brisida*. It was the place where she resided, as the ordinary residence of the Marquess of *Montferrat*. There was hardly a young Prince or Lord in *Europe*, who thought not himself obliged

in

in Honour, to make thither a Voyage, as a necessary point to the reputation of a well-bred Person; and Monarchs, who could not so far dispence with themselves, took care to send thither their Limners, to have the Picture of that fair Princess. From thence it came, that the Court of *Montferrat*, which had been formerly one of the least of *Italy*, was one of the most numerous, as well as the most gallant of *Europe*. The Marquess, a Prince who very well understood himself in all things, entertained People there, with so much Sweetness and Generosity, that it was still a new Charm to invite Strangers thither.

So fair a Princess, Heiress of a State as that of *Montferrat*, was without doubt a brave Match for what Prince soever. Several
had

had already aspired to her: but the Marquess, who extremely loved her, or rather, who loved nothing in the World but that Daughter, was not able to part with her so soon.

Amongst all the Illustrious Pretenders, was seen *Lewis of Bavaria*, Count Palatine of the *Rhine*, eldest Son of the Elector of that Name. This Prince who might aspire to so fair a Conquest, made appear in that Court an extraordinary magnificence in all things, and made his Love much talked of. He was handsome, well made, and had Wit: But there was seen in him a kind of sufficiency and contempt of all others, which made him not much beloved, especially by the Princess, who could not hinder her self in the least Rancounters, from showing him how little Inclination

clination she had for him. This Prince was not at all discouraged, he had more Ambition than Love, and that first Passion is not used to turn things to its disadvantage: he dayly invented new Parties of Hunting, Dancing, Masquerading, Turnaments, and other the like Divertisements: wherein he always wone the Prize, as well of Gallantry as of bravery, spending at a rate that ruined all those who would imitate him. All these advantages, rendered him fierce and proud, he being likewise naturally so, inso-much that he made himself insupportable to all the World. But Fortune, who sometimes pleases her self with reverses, to abate the pride of those who too much flatter themselves with their happy Successes, made him meet with a Gentleman more strong than

than himself, and who cruelly traversed him in all his Designs.

It was at a famous Turnament that this began, and of which the Princess was to give the Prize. The Count Palatine had already done all there that could be expected from a Gentleman, so perfect as he. There was no body more came to dispute with him the Prize, and the Princess was upon the point of delivering it him; when they saw a Man enter into the place, whose admirable Countenance, and the good Air he had on Horse-back, made all People at that instant judg he was no common Person. The Count stopped for sometime to behold him, and found, as well as all others, he had something extream Warlike. He had no other Train with him than a Gentleman of the Horse, and a Page; who

who carried his Lance. He was set out after a rich and superb manner. His Arms glittered, and had a marvellous effect in the Sun, who being upon the end of his Carreer, seemed only to spread his Rays for the better sparkling of the Jewels he had about him. The time pressed them to engage, and making only a half turn of the Lifts, as a defiance to the Count, who prepared to receive him; he bowed his Lance, and let his Horse go, who came thundring upon his Enemies with an impetuosity that never had had the like. The Count Palatine did almost the same thing on his side: and being met with a check, which resembled something more furious than that of two Men, their Lances broke upon their Breasts, through the two terrible strokes they received.

ceived there. But their Force, their Address, or their Fortune were not equal: for instead, that the Unknown did only shake a little in his Stirrups; the Count Palatine, after having wavered some time in the Saddle, could not keep himself there, but fell upon the Ground. An advantage so considerable over a Prince, who was already the Conquerour of all the others, cast the Assistants into so great an astonishment, that they all shouted. It was not known, who this valiant Man was, he came into the Lists with his Helmet down, and all People had a desire to see him. The Marquess de Montferrat, fancied that he was *Philippo Mario Visconti*, a Prince much renowned for the fine Actions he had done, and who had already been seen in that Court: and in that Opinion, seeing

ing him approach to salute him ;
 You only hide your self from us ;
 My Lord, said he to him, to
 make your self more admired, and
 the more agreeably surprize us ;
 But we are already so accustom-
 ed to all those glorious Actions
 you do every day, that how un-
 known soever you would appear,
 you would still be discovered by
 what you perform. This Gentle-
 man who never in his Life had
 been at *Cassal*, although he was
 pretty well known to the Prince,
 well perceived he was mistaken,
 and lifting up his Helmet, he let
 him see instead of the Son of the
 Duke of *Milan*, *Gaspard de Sa-*
luzes only Son of the Marquess of
 that Name ; whom the Marquess
 having seen several times at the
 Army, was not in much trouble
 to know. He immediately em-
 braced him, he carressed him
 with

with the greatest tenderness in the World, and presented him to his Daughter, accompanying that honour with a thousand things he said to his advantage. *Brisida* gave him the Prize of the Turnament, with so much the more pleasure, that he had won it from a Prince, for whom she had naturally but little kindness; and to whom she had some regret of doing that honour, insomuch that there was then an agreeable change in her mind, which by the arrival of that Prince, passed all of a sudden from Vexation to the Joy she had of not being in that pain: And perhaps it was to that disposition of contrary Sentiments, that *Gaspar de Saluces* owed all the good reception she made him; for it is true, that she received him, not after her usual manner, and with that severity, she

she was accustomed to receive all those of the like rank; but with a sweetness and ways so engaging and so generous, that it seemed, she would in some fashion acknowledge the kindness he had just done her.

That amiable Princess who had Charms enough, without producing new ones; at that instant so powerfully surprized the Eyes and the Soul of that young Hero, that he remained almost without Motion; his Courage abandoned him, and he lost his very Speech : But his silence, his Eyes and all the actions of his Person spoke for him, and made the Princess know a part of the Joy he had in seeing her. The Marquess, who began at first to speak very obligingly of him, gave him time to come to himself a little, and his Wit, as the Son
kreak-

breaking out from under some
 Clouds, taking new Forces, did
 flourish so many several ways, af-
 ter that small Eclipse, that they
 were as much charmed to hear
 him speak, as they had been asto-
 nished to see him fight. He gave
 his hand to the Princess to accom-
 pany her to her Apartment, whi-
 ther all the considerable Persons of
 that Court, having follow'd them,
 were ravished to consider him
 more nearly. The Marquess came
 afterwards ; and seeing him sur-
 rounded in with all those fine
 people, he thought, armed as he
 was, that a longer entertainment
 might incommode him ; and that
 it would do him a kindness, to
 disengage him. It is in a Doub-
 let, My Lord, said he to him ve-
 ry gallantly, and as a Gentleman
 at the Bed-side, that the Ladies
 would see you. You will there
 find

find perhaps more dangerous Enemies than in the Lists, wherefore you had best prepare yourself for it. It is true, My Lord, answered the Count of *Saluces*, those Enemies are to be feared you speak of; but since there is no honour to resist them, one may find a Comfort in being Conquered. After these Words, which he expressed with a very passionate action, he took leave of the Princess and retired. The Marquess offered him an Apartment in his Palace, which he civilly refused; for that he well knew that they daily expected there the Queen of *Sicily*, and the Duke of *Savoy*, who were two persons of a Rank to leave little place left.

In the Evening there was a Ball; and the Count de *Saluces*, Who would not let slip so fair an

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occa-

occasion of seeing the Princess again, who had charmed him, prepared to appear there one of the neatest. He succeeded therein to a Wonder ; for besides that he was naturally so in his Person, all that he had, and all that he put on, had an Air gallant and suitable. He came then to the Ball, where he was expected with much impatience, for all the World had a desire to see if he had as good a meen in his Cloaths, as in his Armour. There was a noise through all the Hall at the same time he appeared, that the Ball was something Interrupted : They pressed one another, some to see him, some to make him place, and made a sort of Confusion very agreeable for him. He was dressed after the *French* way, which is a Nation which gives Modes to all others,

and

and that Dress perfectly well became him : But it was neither the Richness, nor the Novelty of the Trimming which most drew the Eyes of the People ; it was the Grace and the Air of his Person, which Charmed the Hearts of those who looked upon him. Never was Man better made than he ; he danced, and it was with that he quite Surprized those who had not yet been won with the Qualities that had already been taken notice of in him ; for it was impossible to acquit ones self better. The Ladies, and especially those who had the Reputation of Beauties, and pretended to Conquests, formed in admiring him a thousand Designs upon his Liberty, but it was the Affair of *Brisida* ; and a Fear reserv'd for her Charms. He was so much Transported

with the Pleasure of seeing her, that he was hardly himself.

The Count *Palatine*, who had not yet appeared at the Ball, came there a little after him, in Masquerade, accompanied with some Persons of the Court, who like him sparkled with the Gold and Jewels they had upon their Cloaths. This Count no sooner saw *Gaspard de Saluces*, than that he conceived a cruel *jealousie*, which with the vexation he had already had, of being conquered by him, in the sight of *Brisida*, finished the rendring him one of his most Mortal Enemies. He had a Fierce and Imperuious Spirit, incapable of Suffering any thing that was above him, especially from those he esteemed his Inferiours ; Restless, Suspicious, troubling himself with all things, and in his actions more passionate than

than any Man : Otherwise, as I have already said, well made of his Person, and brave to very rashness. He quickly perceived the change there was for him in the Minds of the Ladies, that all was turned for the *Count de Saluces*, and that that New Comer would have the better of him in all things, and in effect it was yet more true than he believed it. No body was took notice of but *Gaspard de Saluces*; and they all disputed who should do him the most Honour.

These were cruel blows to the *Count Palatine*, to whom they had already rendred the like Complaisancies; and who had flattered himself that any other than he could not merit so much. The Masque he had very conveniently taken, helped him to hide the effects that Sight produced in his

jealous Mind; and not desiring to be long the Witness of the Glory of his Rival, he went from the Ball, leaving for some time the rest of the Company much in pain, who knew not what was become of him.

The Ball ended; and if there had been a Prize to have been given, without doubt the *Count of Saluces* would have won that of Dancing, as well as that of the Turnament. He went away loaded with the Praises of those who could give them, and who knew how to give them. The Princess was one of the first who rendered him that justice; and she looked upon him so obligingly in seeing him depart, that that little favour did much help towards his passing, with more Tranquillity, the rest of that Night, than he would have done. It

It is true, that it was not to be expected that he could pass it without disquiet, being full, as he was, of the Idea of *Briseida*, which however he would not have drove away for the most agreeable Sleep of the World ; at least, if it had not represented her to him in all his Dreams.

It is thus that Love is used to insinuate it self into hearts. It begins by a Flame of Joy, which spreads it self through all the Body, and with which a Lover is so Enchanted, that he believes there is no greater felicity in Life, than that of Loving. Those Excesses however give too much Pleasure to last long, with a Passion so violent, and which is seldom without trouble. *Gaspard de Saluces* had too clear a Wit to be long dazzeled with such Illusions : and coming by little and

little to make Reflection upon what his Hopes were founded, so much joy he had felt in his Soul, to have seen *Briscida*, he perceived his Errour, and that he had no reason to rejoice; and as if he had from thence foreseen a part of the Misfortunes, which were to happen to him from that fatal sight, he could not retain some Tears, which fell from his Eyes, and which made him take the Resolution, of Opposing a budding Passion, which could not but render him very Unhappy. But it was not an Affair so easy as he imagined, to efface the Image of *Briscida* in a Heart, where it had already took Impression.

What can I pretend, said he in himself, from the Ardour I find my self transported with? What can I hope from a Princess, to whom

whom so many other Princes, greater than I, pretend? Who Love her, who Serve her; and who have not yet been able to obtain any thing from their Services, no more than from their Love? Though I should be, continued he, more happy than they have been, what proportion is there between the State of my Father, and that of Montferrat, that should make me be preferred before so many Rivals? and what appearance is there that a Princess, Severe and Ambitious, who regards no body, should dain to cast her Eyes upon me? No, no, my Heart, thou must undeceive thy self, though thou wer't made for Briscida, she was not made for thee; and it is in vain that——

He could not make an end. His heart gave the Lie to all he had just thought, and he thus Replied. What is Love so terrible, that

it must be shunned with so much weakness? Thou sayest that Briseida is above thy hopes, that thou canst not pretend any thing from her after so many other Princes; well then, content thy self with loving the most Amiable Princess in the World. How many is there of those who are above thee, who are reduced to the same necessity? She can be but one Mans, and there will be still Unhappy ones enough to comfort thee for the same loss.

This was the discourse of a passionate heart, that argued not very right. Love is only nourished with hopes; and this only pleasure of Loving is not capable to content a passion so full of Desires. He would have comforted himself with the Misfortunes of others; but it is in Love that this happens, where all is regulated
only

only according to ones self; where one would be always the possessor. The *Count of Saluces*, who was not ignorant of one of these Truths, although he had never yet been in Love, concluded from thence that he loved but weakly, since his heart gave him Counsels so little suitable to Love. I should be likewise surprized, said he, after a little Reflection, that having always been so difficult to engage my self, I should have rendered my self at the first sight of *Briseida*. Am not I at *Cassal* the same that I was in all the Courts I have been? and of so many fair Ladies I have seen, has there been one that has made me sigh, but as much as I pleased? I ought to know my self better, continued he, still deceiving himself more, and not to take Sentiments of Esteem, which are perhaps some-

something extraordinary, because the Object is so, for Sentiments of Love.

How different is a Lover from what he was wont to be, when he knows not himself how he is Embarassed in the middle of all those Winds which Fear and Desire raise ? He argues according as the one or the other of those two Passions represents itself to his Imagination : Sometimes it is Desire that Commands ; and sometimes it is Fear. He takes their Counsel by turns : he Resolves, he Wills, he Repents, he Advances, he Retires, he Takes, he Leaves ; In fine, never more Designs, and never less Execution.

Gaspard de Saluces, after having been thus almost all the Night, agitated with all these different Tempests, seeing the
Day

Day come, would rise to go seek some solitary place where he might dissipate them. *Cassal* is in the best Situation of the World, for places proper for Amorous Pensiveness. There is all round it a thousand agreeable Walks, whether along the *Po*, which washes it's Walls, or in the Fields, which are the finest that can be seen. But nothing is so Charming as the *Park*, which besides several Natural Beauties, has a Thousand Adornments of a vast Expence that the Marquess has made there, there are Green Arbours, Grotto's, Terraces, Walks, Fountains, and in fine all manner of Ornaments, which certainly render it one of the finest Parks in the World. The *Count* in going from his Lodging passed by Chance before the Gate of that Park, and finding

ing it open, without knowing what it was, the conveniency more than any thing else, invited him to enter, and walk there. He went from Alley to Alley without stopping, nor almost taking notice of the Beauty of the place, so possessed was he with his Ideas; and he came at length to a Circle of Trees, which was one of the finest things in the place, and where all the great Allys met and ended. It is not without trouble one gets in: Because there is no Door but what is composed of a double Row of Trees, whose Bodies are interlaced with those kind of Shrubs which serve for Natural Walls. There is seen in the middle of this Circle a Fountain, out of which there comes many Water Spouts, which Sprinkle the Borders; and
all

all round several Green Arbors, where you hardly see day. There was only this place that was capable of making our new Lover something recollect himself from his profound pensiveness, and it was in one of those Arbours that he would go and sigh, without other Witness than Darkness and Silence. He was followed thither by the Idea of *Briseida*, which so possessed his Mind, that overcome with the thoughts he had upon this Subject, as much as with the ill Night he had passed, he fell asleep upon a Grass Couch, where he had seated himself. A little Repose was without doubt a great comfort to him, if in all that time his mind had not been disquieted with a thousand troublesome Dreams, which denounced him as many Misfortunes. It seemed to him, in
fine,

in fine, that he saw the Princess, who reached to him her hand, to draw him from a Precipice, where he thought to have been lost, and told him with a clear and intelligible Voice, You pretend to my Heart, Count; I consent to it; you shall have it, but it will cost thee thy Life. She had hardly pronounced these words, when he saw the place where he was converted into a Sea of Blood, from which he endeavoured in vain, as they do in Dreams, to get out; and swet with Labour. Thereupon he awaked, all afrighted with the Circumstances of this Dream, of which he had still so strong an Idea, that he seemed to see *Brisida*, that Precipice and that Blood after the same manner it had been represented to his Imagination. He would immediately

ly

ly quit the place, that in making him see the most amiable Princess of the World, inspired him with so terrible Visions ; but he was hardly at the Door, than that *Brisida* presented her self to his sight, only followed by one of her Women, and in an Undress, who walked in the space that there is between those Arbours and the Fountain. A rencounter so unforeseen, with what he had just Dreamt, put him into a perfect Confusion. He remained as in an Extasie, without Speech, without Action, without the least Motion, his Eyes fixed upon that Charming Princess, but in a posture, which with the trouble and the change there was upon his Face, would have made one believe that he was going to expire. *Brisida* appeared no less surprized than he ;

he ; and was some time without knowing what Resolution she should take ; but the Rules of her Devoir, from which she was not used to swerve in the least, having made her know to what she exposed her self, obliged her to return, after having saluted the Prince ; who as if his Senses recovered his first Forces, by the Degrees she went from him ; Ah Destiny ! cryed he, lifting up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, since you have thus ordained it, I defend my self no longer, I will die for the Love of her. These Words were pronounced with so much of transport, and with a Voice so high, that the Princess who was not yet got out of the Circle of the Trees, heard them, and could not hinder her self from turning her Head towards him : And she

saw

saw him in the Posture I have just told. That Action was not remarqued by the Count, from which he might have drawn favourable Conjectures for himself; but the consent he had just given his Heart to abandon himself wholly to the Love of *Briseida*, made his Mind a little more calm; and he returned home, less burdened with Grief than he went out.

He only employed himself all the rest of that Day, in thinking of the happiness of that Adventure. He knew not if it was the Princesses Custome, or Hazard, that had made him meet her there; but be it as it would, he still rejoiced at it as a piece of good Luck, and considered her Arrival as that of the Sun, which was come to dissipate all those sad Clouds, with which those Horrible

ble Dreams had obscured his Mind. Not but that, as the Sentiments of Lovers have their Turns and Returns, he found he had Committed some Faults, which vexed him, as having let the Princess go away, without speaking to her, not to have been the first to have ceded the place, to have Interrupted her Solitude; and in fine a thousand other the like Subjects, of which he Accused himself, as of great Crimes. Lovers are thus Ingenious to trouble themselves sometimes. Yet when he came to make Reflection upon the manner she had beheld him, it seemed to him, that it was with an Air favourable enough; and that her Eyes had nothing of a displeased Person; As in effect he had reason; and if he had not been strongly possessed at her first Appearance; and

and that he could have judged with his usual Penetration, he would have seen all that he could hope of the most happy Presages for his Love, for it is certain that that aimable Princess, having not been able to be the Mistress of her self in that Occasion, almost suffered to be seen, all that there was in her Mind of Trouble, Emotion of Joy and of Fear, and a hundred other different Motions, which that sight excited in her Soul ; and which made her change Colour two or three times ; she had already passed a very cruel Night, full of Sighs and of Tears, that the Combats, Reflections and Reproaches had torn from her Heart. All this costs dear to a Soul, that never knew what was disorder of Reasons, nay nor disquiet of Mind.

The

The first time she had seen the *Count de Saluces*, she found something so great and so particular in him, that she took an extream pleasure to consider him from one end to the other. Afterwards the Combat he had against the *Count Palatin*, the Victory he had gained over him, the Pleasure he had therein done her ; All these things, I say, so Glorious, and so Favourable for him, had made some Impression upon her, or at least formed Admirable Dispositions to a particular esteem, which were quite Established the Evening he came to the Ball. Sentiments so new produced too extraordinary Effects in her mind, for her to be long time without perceiving them ; but far from striving against them, she would Authorise them by reason. What, said she in her self, if there be a
 Man

Man who is above all others by his Merit, can one hinder ones self from having something more for him? Do not I see, that all the considerable Persons that are here, follow that Maxime, that they all Commend him, they all Court him, they all Honour him, and treat him after a different manner from all others? But her Mind, which was not capable to suffer it self to be long abused with such weak Enticements, taking Forces from her Reason, which still held firm; What is it that I do, replied she a moment after, with contrary Sentiments? I give him Arms to conquer me. Is it thus that one strives against a Passion that would render it self Mistress of my Soul? And thou, my Severity, what's become of thee? Thou basely abandonest me; but no, continued

ed she after a Moment of Reflection, what can I fear? I have perhaps an esteem for that Prince, but which will never come to Love. I am not a Fool: And all his Merit as great as it is, cannot blind me to that point, as to make me forget what I am, and what is my Duty. If I render him Justice, I shall render it likewise to my self. There is some difference between the *Count of Saluces* and the *Princess of Montferrat*; and my Heart, which hardly considers those who are it's Equals, will not easily stoop to him, whom it sees below it.

Brisida deceived her self, Inequalities do nothing in Love. A Heart mounts or descends, as it pleases that Passion, and it is not often known which will have the better. There needs only
some-

sometimes one simple Charm, or nothing, to serve it for Weight. But it was, that that severe *Princess*, (seeing her self hurried whether she would or no, whither her Inclination drew her) would have hid her Weakness from her self, not to be obliged to resist him.

A certain Joy seiz'd her as soon as she saw him come to the Ball, mingled with I know not what fear, that she would not that any other but her had felt the like; and she in some manner trembled at the Marks of Esteem the other Ladies gave him, and as if she was already affraid of losing him. But that which most lively touch'd her, and which made her bethink, her self, was the displeasure she felt when the Ball was ended, and that she saw him upon the Point of Retiring. She
C then

then feared the Sequel, quitted the Company, lest the change there was in her Mind, might be discovered by her Countenance.

As soon as she came to her Apartment, she retired into her Cabinet, where a number of Sobs, of Sighs, and of Tears, overwhelmed her at the same time. She asked her self the reason, without being able to find it, and was so much the more afrighted, that she began to learn the custom of these tender Sentiments. Her Woman, who knew not what she did thus long alone, and who saw that her Hour of going to Bed was long passed, went and knocked at the Door of her Cabinet, to ask her, if she would not be Undrest; that noise made her Recollect her self a little, to think of the Condition she

she was in, and not being willing to appear before them in that disorder, she was there still some Moments before she went out, endeavouring to settle her self, and told them at her return to her Chamber, that she was not well. They put her to Bed, where she hoped to have at least the Liberty of thinking and labouring to cure her self of a Disease, which already pressed her so much, as to make her afraid of the Consequences. But herein, she deceived her self; for Night, Solitairiness, and Thinking, are not good Remedies for such a Passion. Never so many sorts of Disquiets as assailed her in her Bed. Persons of that Character suffer extremely in such like Conjectures.

Briseida had never been in Love: She knew nothing more of Love than what she had read in Books: But it is easy to become knowing in it, when one is once engaged. I had best imagine, said she to her self, that it is nothing but Esteem, what I feel for the *Count de Saluces*: I have esteemed several People in my Life, but never after this manner, and my Heart proceeds too far: from whence should proceed the trouble that the sight of him alone gives me? Why always thinking of him? And these Sighs and these Tears that I find stealing from my Heart, what do they not tell me! Ah! It would perfect my ruine to conceal it from me any longer. Thou Lovest, base Heart! Thou that didst so highly value thy self for being insensible! Thereupon she reproach-

reproached her self, endeavouring to call back into her Mind all that was most capable to turn her from the Precipice she saw her self led to: but to no purpose; for all her Efforts did only discover more clearly to her her Weakness, and the more engage her.

Love makes more way in such great Souls, than in those that are weak, because it makes use of all, and neglects nothing to conquer them entirely. Day came at length, after so terrible a Night; and not being able to stay in Bed, where far from getting rest, she was assailed by so many different Pains, she rose to go and take a little Air, and try to soften her ill Insolitude. She called *Dorisa*, one of her Women, in whom she most confided, and bid her dress her. *Dorisa*, much surprized at
C 3 this

this Design, answered it was yet very early ; and that there was no Body up in her Apartment ; but seeing that this did not change her Resolution, she did what she was Commanded, and gave her the Cloaths she would have ; and without any other Attendance, they both descended the Balcony that had stairs into the Garden, and from thence they went to the Park, which was a Place more Retired, where the Princess, who at that Hour would not be seen by any body, had a Mind to walk. *Dorisa* followed her, much in pain, to know what Disease the Princess had, who was not used to do thus at the other times she was indisposed. This, I say, embarrassed her ; and she would gladly have been able to have penetrated into the secret ; for to have imagined that her Disease lay

lay in the Heart, and that there was Love in this Change of Humour, she knew her too well to dare only to conceive the least suspicion. Nevertheless it was that. It was Love which having made *Briseida* lose her rest, led her to the Park, and Conducted her to the same place, where was the *Count de Saluces*. But with what Astonishment was she seized, when she saw him come out of the Arbour. But a Moment before, she had said to her self, My God, what would become of me, if I should now meet him; and she no sooner saw him, than that she believed Heaven concerned it self in it, and that it would be to no purpose for her to defend her self.

She was some time without knowing effectively, what was become of her self, and if then,

as I have already said, *Gaspar d de Saluces* had had the Liberty of his Sences, and that he had observed her, he would have seen in her Face and in her Action the most sensible Marks he could have hoped of his Happiness. For in the first Moment she suffered her self to be transported with the Pleasure so charming a surprize gave her : And she was hardly come to her self, when remembering what she was, and what Modesty required, she forced her self from a place so dangerous to her.

But at the Exclamation this Prince made, she could hardly restrain her self from stopping and answering him. That Day was less cruel to both Parties, than the Night.

The

The *Count* despaired of nothing; and the *Princess* content with having comprehended by his Words, as well as by his Action, that he Loved her passionately, was much delighted, and it eased the pain that her Reason gave her of the too advantageous Sentiments which she had for that Prince.

In the Evening the Marquis had advice by an Express Courier, that the Queen of *Sicily* was but fifteen Miles from *Cazal*, and that she hoped to make her Entry the Day following. All the Foreign Princes and Lords who were in that Court prepared themselves to accompany the Marquis *de Montferrat*, who was to go meet that Illustrious Queen. They had all great and Magnificent Equipages, which they yet endeavoured to aug-

ment in that Occasion, where there was only required Pomp and Show.

The *Count de Saluces* who had been at *Cazal* but one day, with a Train of a Knight Errant, was the only one of whom nothing extraordinary could be expected; and yet, in the little time he had, it may be said, that he surpassed, not only all Expectation, but all that a greater *Prince* than he could have done in several Days. It is true, that it was not so much to do Honour to the Queen, as to please the *Princess*; and as he had the finest Mien of any Man in the World, there was no body made such a show as he.

Marguerite of Savoy, Wife of *Lewis de Anjou* King of *Sicily*, of *Naples*, &c. Being to go to the King her husband, who had newly took possession of those
King-

Kingdoms, designed in leaving *Provence*, where she retired, to see her Brother, Duke *Lewis* of *Savoy*, with whom she was to Confer about Affairs of Consequence; and *Cazal* was chosen for the place of their Interview. Not but that he would have willingly had a place less out of his Sisters way, or some City in his own State; but she had thus desired it for Reasons, of which the most Important was, she had a desire to see *Briseida*, of whom she had heard so much talk. That Queen pretended much to Beauty, and she had already a long time desired with an Extream passion, to have some pretext to satisfy her Curiosity, that she might her self judge, if all that was said of that fair Princess was true.

Women

Women do not usually do one another too much Justice upon that Chapter, and are the first who are deceived in what concerns themselves. This Queen was certainly one of the most perfect Beauties; and there was none but *Briseida* who could dispute with her the first place. She had after her a great Train of People; and 'tis to be imagined her Equipage was something very Magnificent, she being to make therewith her first entry into those two Kingdoms; and haughty as she was, she had forgot nothing for the making it the most Glorious.

The Marquis had no sooner met her with all those *Princes*, than that she alighted out of the Coach where she was, more to shew her self, than for any other reason of Ceremony; and she
mount-

mounted upon a fine Barb, which she managed with the best Grace imaginable : She had upon her Head a Coronet in form of a Helmet, covered with Diamonds, and shaded with a number of Feathers, which had upon her a most Charming Effect : All people were ravished to see her ; and those who had fancied there was only *Briseida* in the World, were ready to unsay it, and knew not who had the advantage. She, for her part, was no less charmed, to see with the Marquis so many young handsome Lords, with Equipages and Trains so rich, so neat, and so pompous : She easily judged that they were persons of the first rank, the most part of whom were invited to *Cazal* by the Beauty of *Briseida* : She considered them all, the one after the

the

the other, and asked their Names of the Marquefs. *Gaspard de Saluces* was one of those, who was the least set off with Gold and Jewels ; yet whose Gracefulness immediately drew the Eyes of the Queen, and of whom she first informed her self ; she took notice that he was extream thoughtful ; but his discourse appeared not less agreeable.

When she was about two hundred paces from the City, *Briseida* met her, with all the Principal Ladies of the Court splendidly drest : That interview was fine, and had something very singular between two such Beauties as they were ; for they caused admiration in one another, and without doubt jealousy. There was a Triumphant Chariot prepared for the Queen, which had followed *Briseida*.
They

They both mounted into it, and enter'd the City with the sound of an infinite number of Trum-pers, and a terrible noise of Ca-non. But *Gaspar de Saluces* had neither Eyes, nor Ears, since he saw *Briseida*; and though the Queen looked on him, and spoke to him, his answers were not like what they had been, and had his Eyes still fixed upon that Di-vine Princess.

She came at length to the Pa-lace where she was regalled with a noble Collation, after which the Maquers conducted her to the Apartment he had prepared for her, being the neatest and richest that ever had been there. One part of the Night passed in Ceremonies and Compliments usual in such occasions, after which all retired to leave the Queen in the liberty to go to

to Bed. All people confessed she was one of the Fairest, and one of the most amiable Princesses that was under the Heavens; but there was none so well persuaded as the Marquess *de Montferrat*; and though in an age something advanced, Gallant as he was, his heart was not impenetrable to such fair Charms. The Count *Palatin*, in whose mind Ambition would have rais'd a revolt, did likewise agree to this truth. That engaging sweetness he found in the Queen, and which he called the true Charm of Souls, was in his Opinion capable of causing greater perfidies than he meditated. *Bri-seidia* was a haughty Princess, that treated with a coldness that proceeded to contempt. She had not favoured him with one obliging look in two months he had

had served her, and sighed for her; and he saw that a Queen full of Charms, and of whom the Conquest would be the most glorious in the world, honoured him at the first sight with a thousand goodnesse; Vanity at least made him think so.

It is after this manner that these proud Minds treat Love: They appear in the beginning all full of ardour; but it is a fire which goes out at the lure of another that that passion which rules them counsels them to follow, in the hopes of a better Success. The Marquis and this Count found themselves possessed with esteem for the Queen of *Sicily*; but with an esteem, which in so little time had advanced too far, not to be quickly converted into Love. Thus esteem ordinarily goes be-
fore

fore, or rather Love masks it self with the Figure of esteem, the better to seduce us. The fair Queen likewise on her side felt something new in her, which she knew not how to name; and which hindred her from sleeping: It was neither for the love of the Marquess, nor for the love of the *Palatin*, she hardly thought of them. So much honour she had received, so much pomp, so much magnificence that had been made for her, in some manner contented her proud mind; but in the heart, she felt I know not what, which troubled all the joy so glorious a day ought to have given her. *Briseida*, and the Count *de Saluces*, were as two Stars, which in entring *Cazal*, foretold her a thousand Cruel pains she was to suffer there.

The

The Beauty of that Princess, which she found yet more perfect than she could have imagined, gave her troubles she had never tryed for any Woman ; and so many Charming qualities she had observed in that young Prince, terribly allarmed her Heart, which she feared to lose and to lose to no purpose, near so fair a Princess. She had brought with her *Julia*, Daughter of Count *Palamedes*. Who she tenderly loved, and who lay ordinarily with her. That Maid heard her often sigh and turn incessantly in the bed ; yet durst not ask her what she ailed ; but at length the disquiet she had getting the better of her Moderation : *I know not, Madam* (says she to her) *whats the matter, but either you are not well, or something vexes you, that is not to*
come

come to my knowledge. The Queen only answered her at first with a great sigh. She wisht, without doubt, that Julia would divine her Disease, without obliging her to declare it: But seeing her self pressed more than once, and having all manner of Confidence in her, she could not conceal from her any longer, that she had her mind something embarassed. Have you well considerd, Julia, (said she to her) the Princess of Montferrat? How do you find her? Is she not the handsomest Person upon the Earth? It is true, Madam, (answered Julia, something surpriz'd at that Question) that she appeared to me pretty, as in effect she is: But I shall do her Beauty no injustice, if I say, that I know as perfect, and which, without lying, is much more Charming: For

you

you know, *Madam*, that to be pretty, and to please, are two things ; and that one may possess the one, and want the other ; and that misfortune is happened to the Princess of Montferrat ; who being otherwise a perfect Beauty, has not, at least in my Opinion, that which most touches Peoples hearts, which are particular Charms, which often have the better of the greatest Beauty.

Would to God, *Julia*, said the Queen to her, embracing her very tenderly, as being pleased with what she had just said, that all the World were as thou art.

I confess, *Madam*, replied *Julia*, that the Princes would not touch me : But should she be to the Eyes of all others wholly different to what she is to mine, and to say more than is possible to say, that she had as many Charms

Charms as you have, that Reputation of Beauty does it at this present give you so much disquiet that you lose your rest ; and though that Princess were as fair as you, should not you be still above her, one of the greatest Queens upon the Earth ? I ask your pardon, Madam, pursued she seeing the Queen gave her no answer, if I dare tell you, that this surprizes me from a Wit as reasonable as yours. If you knew your self well, you would judge better of your self, and would not trouble your mind about an advantage which no body dare dispute you. I avow, answered her the Queen, that I am extravagant, in having so ridiculous a suspicion : But what will you do if I cannot help it ? Leave me as I am, or say nothing to me : For I should fear to fall perhaps into a worse

worse Estate than that in which you see me. *Julia* replied no more, and kept silence some time. She knew not what to comprehend from the ill humour of the Queen, which was so unusual. She judged 'twas not the Beauty alone of *Briseida*, which caused so great a change; though it was a very nice point, for a pretty Woman: In so much, that she believed, and with Reason, that there was something more in her Mistress's mind, which she would have gladly known. I will not, Madam, said she to her some time after, enter further into your secrets, than you will permit me to dive; but if I was suffered to tell you what I think, I know you so well, for the Queen of the World, who gives the best Judgment of things, that I cannot

not believe, that it is only the Beauty of *Briseida*, that has so possessed you for these two or three hours, that you do nothing but sigh: Give me only the liberty to question your sighs, they will tell me perhaps the Truth of a disease you endeavour to disguise. I heard those sighs, continued she smiling; and if I understand them, they were not sighs of Envy. *Julia* was not deceived; and that which made her speak thus boldly, was, that she knew the fair Queens heart, which was not the most insensible of the world: As she had an infinite deal of Wit, she had well foreseen, that of so many handsome young Princes there was in that Court, there might be some one who better pleas'd her Mistress than the others. The Queen could not deny it in the

the end : But she at the same time assured her, it was nothing but pure esteem, and not the least sentiment of Love. So pure an esteem, replied the cunning *Julia*, would make me sigh, Madam, as you do. Perhaps, replied the Queen, blushing a little, that there is some tenderness mingled, but do you believe that one cannot have tenderness without having Love? That is true, Madam, replied *Julia*, who had no mind to contradict her therein, but that is very nice. After that she pressed her no more, well imagining, that the Queen, who could not sleep, would not fail to renew the discourse, to tell her her self all she desired to know.

How loth soever a Woman is to make an amorous Confession, it must be allowed, it is a

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very

very great ease to the Heart, when one can find a Person in whom to put Confidence, and who is capable of such kind of secrets: One is so full of these beginnings of Love, that there is no greater pleasure, than to discharge ones self a little, upon some one who knows how to use Compliance. The Queen sigh'd more than ever, to the end *Julia* might return to the assault. That Maid knew it, and saw very well what she would have. But either out of malice or revenge she would not understand her; at length however, as out of pity, she renewed. Well! Madam, said she to her, you will not grant that it is Love. Alas! the Queen answered sighing, it shall be all that you will. Why then, said *Julia*, do you make so great a mystery of it to me?

Do

Do you esteem me, or rather do you love me so little, that I must needs force this secret from you? Do not wonder, *Julia*, replied the Queen; I would not know it my self. Do you believe it so easie to confess ones weaknesses, that there's no need of being pressed to it? It is not requisite to have so much pride, as I have: And I know no body but thy self, to whom I would, though it were to save my Life, make the like Declaration. *Julia* heard her; but was not of those false pretenders to discretion; who to mend their own Reputation, would have endeavoured to have given her an ill discription of Love. She was too clear sighted, not to see that the Queen failed in her Conduct. But she was neither old enough, nor of a humour to make remon-

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strances

strances to her; which besides
 would have been very useless,
 as all those are, that are made to
 Lovers: What she desired, was to
 know the name of that happy
 Conquerour: She fell to talk
 of all the Princes and principal
 Lords of that Court, to praise
 the merit and good meen of
 each one in particular, to begin
 from the Marquess down to those
 who made the least of Figure
 proper for a Lover: But the
 Queen did not seem to be touch-
 ed with the least sentiment of
 esteem for any of those she had
 named: Malicious *Julia* had
 cunningly and designedly forgot
 the Count *de Saluces*, of whom
 she had more suspicion than of a-
 ny other; not only because that
 Prince was made after a manner
 that it was hard for any sensible
 Woman to see him, without
 having

having for him advantageous sentiments ; she had likewise remarked, that the Queen had with her Eyes examined him more than once with a great deal of pleasure ; she was not mistaken, and what she expected hapned, for the Queen impatient, that after all she had said to the advantage of the one and the other, she spoke not of him whom she thought above all ; but thou, said she to her, who art so knowing in Beauty and the good meen of people, from whence comes it, that you tell me nothing of the Son of the Marquess of *Saluces* : Is it, continued she, with a little blush which flew into her face, that you have not observed, that there was not one of those you have named, who had so good an Air, nor was so well made, as he, and if thou hast heard part of those

things, he said to me from the beginning, prithee tell me, if one can have more wit than he has. That is true, Madam, answered *Julia* smiling, but I was willing you should say that your self, hoping you would acquit your self better than I. Ah! *Julia*, cryed she, I knew what you would say, thou haste discovered all; I care not, I have told you too much not to let you know the whole. You must not, replied *Julia*, make an Obligation to me of what costs me all my Address: For you see, Madam, I know nothing from you but what I am fain to divine. What will you do, replied the Queen, laughing? It is not but that I had a desire to declare to you all; but as I have already said, When one is proud and pretends to glory, one has a great deal of pain to bring any thing to

to light, that accuses us of weakness. If you knew the pleasure you did me in sparing me a part, you would not take it ill that I make you languish after such a secret. A man as the Count *de Saluces*, said *Julia*, has methinks wherewith to justify a Woman, for having some inclination for him : For it is certain he is quite differently made from others ; and I believe it very pardonable when one has some little weakness for Gentlemen of his fashion. But I find it no less difficult, to be able to keep to the sentiments of esteem you speak of, when one is so well persuaded of the merit of a man, in whom there is found so many qualities, which serve for excuse and for pretext, to pass further and to proceed to Love. The Queen answered her, that however she promised her self it, and that e-

steeming that Prince, as she esteemed him, she had made for him all the paces she could make, and that there would be nothing more. I now know, continued she, that there are men of a certain Character, who have a strange Authority over the minds of Women: For in fine, to have made me sigh from the first time I saw him, is what I never would have believed, though he had come from Heaven. I said however, not long since, out of I know not what Spirit of Prophecy, that if for my misfortune I should ever meet a man, as I imagined him, made just as the Count *de Saluces*, all my Spirit could not hinder me from having a kindness for him. What foreknowledge, *Julia*, and how we are made each one to have his weakness: However, added she

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seeing she was not interrupted, I will see I am faulty in not faulty in not defending my self better than I do. For in fine, what will all this come to ? If I love, am I sure of being beloved ? The Count of *Saluces* came not to *Cazal* for the love of me, and it will not be for me that he will stay there. He knows not the sentiments I have for him, nor shall he know them if I can help it as long as I live : What delight can I expect from this whimsey, and how unfortunate should I be if I should further engage my heart, and that his should already be possessed by *Briseida*. It is true, I have been told, he has been but four days in this Court. But I have seen him so pensive, that I fear I am come too late by four days, or too soon, to have any thing but trouble.

This, *Julia*, this is all my disquiet; and if thou comprehendest it well, thou wilt find, that it is the greatest, with which a nice Soul, as mine, can be oppress'd. Help me, if thou lovest me, my dear *Julia*, to get light into this affair: Let us observe both the one and the other, for I shall not be at rest, till I am well assured what there is in it. *Bri-seida*, perhaps will not distrust me, and that we may discover this mystery, I will seem to have so much Confidence in her, that she shall be forced to put some in me; and she will tell me, without doubt, the sentiments she has for that Prince.

Thus the Amorous Queen passed the Night with *Julia*; she was not so much to be pitied as *Bri-seida*: A heart which can so easily render it self, is not sensible
of

of half those ills, that another which defends it self induces: She permitted her self all things; nay, and took delight, fair as she was, in imagining that the Count *de Saluces* was going to be her Lover. But the Princess of *Montferrat*, whose virtue a little more severe, did not suffer her to entertain her self after the Queens mode, had not the least sweetness to comfort her for the ills she suffered; by so much the more cruel, in that she was obliged to conceal them; and yet could not Conquer them; they kept her Company Night and Day, and left her not a moment of repose. The Beauty of the Queen of *Sicily* did still produce new troubles, which gave her cruel alarms; and this in truth was that which then most disquieted her. She would not have
been

been in so much pain perhaps without *Gaspard de Saluces*. It was for the love of him, above all, that she had a desire to have the better of the Queen of *Sicily*; and in that design, she was no sooner up, than that she took a thousand Cares, to repair the bad effect of the two Nights she had past so ill: But whether she found her self not so handsome as usual, or that it appeared to her thus out of the great desire she had to be more than ordinarily, she could never content her self, and went again to bed, under pretext of some indisposition, an excuse always ready for Ladies, when they find not in themselves Beauty enough to appear in the light. The Queen on her side was busied to the same end; and to lay inevitable snares for the
 Counts

Counts Heart. She consulted sometimes her Glass, and sometimes *Julia*; and saw no body enter her Chamber, of whom she did not ask, how they liked her that day. She was dressed like an Amazone, which was then the mode, and the most advantageous for her, as the most dangerous to the Eyes of men; and if ever Woman shewed Beautys in that Habit, it was certainly that charming Queen. The Marques was the first who came to make a mortal Essay; and so many Charms, whose power he was already but too sensible of, brought him into that confusion that he had hardly the force to speak to the Queen some disordered words. She to whom the like Triumphs of her Beauty had already hapened, did only smile; and being willing

ling to encourage the Marquess by flattering him: It cannot be said, my Lord, said she to him after a very obliging manner, that you are not very exact in doing the honours of your Court; for from the evening to the morning, you forget nothing to oblige your Guests. Ah, Madam, answered the Marquess sighing, if there was nothing, but what you see, you would be but little obliged; and I should have but little to do. The Queen, who immediately comprehended, by the passionate tone with which he spoke, what he meant, had no mind to make him explain, for fear of engaging herself too far in a discourse of which she would not understand the least. Not but that at another time she would have made it her divertisement to have a Gallant

as the Marquis; but in the beginning of a passion the least amusement is a burden, and does only help to incommode. Wherefore she fenced it off by making him a thousand questions upon indifferent things, till that the *Palatine* came, who perplex'd her no less than the Marquess, who was as confus'd as she: For already spurred on by his passion, and not knowing when he should find so fair an occasion of declaring it, he could not help the being vexed at the other for coming so unluckily to incommode him. But the *Palatine*, who had the same design with the Marquis, was no less disappointed and out of humour, than he. They both made several Compliments to the Queen, who suffered them with patience enough,

nough; yet would have been glad to have been rid of them, to the end the Count *de Saluces* coming, as she expected him, she might entertain him in particular; that uneasiness made her turn her Head every moment towards the Door, as any one entred the Chamber; still hoping that it would be him. At length, being overcome with impatience, or rather some motion of Jealousie seizing her; being told the Princess was not well, she suspected the Count *de Saluces* might be with her; without ground however, those liberties not being permitted in those Countries, especially at the hour she fancied. But of what suspicions is not an Amourous mind susceptible! in fine, she was not at rest, till she had prayed the Marquess to lead her
to

to his Daughters Chamber, to learn from her the news of her health.

Briseida saw her enter as a Sun, that came to vie with her in Beauty and in Brightness. There past Compliments between them which lasted some Moments; after which the Conversation was general. At length came *Gaspard de Saluces*, who immediately drew the Eyes of all the Company: He had this in particular and usual to him, that wheresoever he came he made himself considered above all the others. The Princess blusht at her first seeing him, and if the Queen had took the pains to have observed her then, as she had resolved to do in all Occasions, she would easily have discovered a truth, which she might have read in the Princesses Face; but per-

perhaps it was better for her she did not. It is true she was so confused her self, with her own disorder, that she had not time to think of examining that of others. It was she whom *Gaspard de Saluces* first saw at his entrance into the Chamber; and who so strangely amazed him with the Force of her Charms, that he would have been surprized without the succours of *Briseida*. The Queen observed it with a great deal of Joy, but she did not long enjoy that pleasure; because he had no sooner turned his Eyes towards the Princess, than she saw her Charms defeated. Ah cruel adventure for so fair a Queen, who had despised the Conquest of several Kings: She was vexed to the very heart; yet she had so good Opinion of her self, as not to yield to any Other; and that

a Woman always flatters her self very easily in what concerns her Beauty; she returned to the Charge; she Ey'd him, sigh'd at the same time, she cast her Eyes upon him, smil'd upon him, spoke to him very obligingly: So many advances ought to have produced some effect, but it was little or nothing. The regards of that happy Lover past over her as lightning, but fixt upon *Briseida*, and it was perceived they were not removed from thence without pain. Ah my God, what vexation! She would then, if she had been able, have cast away all the advantageous thoughts of him; but a heart cannot easily retire, it must march on with Love, and when once you have made the first step, it seldom suffers you to look back: She for some time kept
 silence.

silence, entertaining her self with
 the unhappy state of her tender-
 ness. *Heavens! what have I*
done? (said the poor Queen,) *I*
have given my Heart for nothing:
I have put it into the Hands of a
Man, who is possessed by another,
and what is most shameful for me,
is, that I am not able to take it
back: Yet perhaps I am deceived
 (added she a moment after) *the*
too much Passion we have for
things, makes us often mistake;
and Love is always ingenious in
giving us trouble, the Art
knowing Hearts by the motions of
of the Face, is not the most cer-
tain in the world; and the most
able have been sometimes therein
deceived. She had time to make
 all these Reflections, although
 she was in Company; the
 mind goes much faster than
 the Sences; and there being a
 great

great many Persons concerned in the Conversation, it did not languish for some moments of thoughtfulness or absence of mind of the Queens. *Ah Heavens!* it is but too true, renewed she sometime after, having surprized the mutual looks of the Princess, and of the Count, what do I here? I only serve for a witness of the happiness of their Hearts. Where upon she rose of a sudden, Saluting and taking leave of the Princess, she took the pretext of going to Mass; but in truth it was to carry with her the Count, to whom she gave her Hand to Conduct her, while that the Marquess and the Count Palatine were retired into a Cabinet to discourse in particular about some affairs. It was a cruel Honour to Gaspard de Saluces, that the Queen did

did him, because knowing how
 to make use of occasions better
 than any man, he would not
 have failed in that, to have en-
 tertained the Princess, whom he
 would have found almost alone,
 by the Queens Absence. He
 was however to dissemble that
 little displeasure, by so much
 the more sensible, that he left
 behind him the Count *Palatine*,
 whom he considered as the
 most dangerous of all his Rivals.
Briseida was as little pleas'd as
 he with the Queen, whose A-
 ction, besides the jealousy it
 gave her, did not seem to her
 according to the Rules ; be-
 cause it was for the Marquess her
 Father, to have rendred her that
 devoir, whom she might have
 waited for a moment. But the
 Impatient Queen had only fol-
 lowed the only motions of her
 Heart,

Heart, which at that time did not permit her to regulate herself according to the forms of the World.

What good meen soever the Count *de Saluces* put on, she had at first took notice, she had made him no Compliment in drawing him from the Princess; I well see, My Lord, said she to him smiling, I do you a diskindness. In what, Madam, answered her the Count at the same time? much surprized she had divined so rightly what he had in his Soul: is it not, because the Grace you do me will make several jealous, and procure me Envyers? You do not esteem perhaps enough, replied she, that Grace, to fear it will have that effect. The most Ambitious of all men, replied the Count, would place it above all he could

could desire; and you would have a very ill opinion of me, Madam, if you should believe—— I will believe, interrupted she him, all that you will but tell me seriously, if it will make amends for the pleasure, I should have done you in leaving you with the Princess. I ask your Pardon, Madam, answered the Count, with a confused Air, if I say, I know not what you mean. Ah! Count, replied she sighing, I perceive, I proceed farther than you would have me; and that you do not judge me capable of being in that your Confident. You are in the right, pursued she, and I assure you, I am less fit for that with you, than with any person in the World: The Rank you hold in the World, Madam, answered the Count, does not
 sus-

suffer any one soever to treat you after that manner; but though you were a person as others, what Confidence could a man make you, that has been here but two days; and who had never any other passion, than what honour inspires. There needs so little time, replied the Queen with a languishing tone, to change the affairs of a heart, that I know people who came since you to *Cazal*, and yet find themselves perhaps worse. And for honour, continued she, I am certain it is of no force against Love. *Gaspard de Saluces* was going to repartee to this, and perhaps would have acquitted himself but ill; but to his good Fortune, the Marquess and the Count *Palatine*, who had had notice, that the Queen was going to Mals, joyned her at the same

E time,

time, and accompanied her to the Palace-Chappel; where during the Devotion, *Gaspard de Saluces* did nothing but think of what the Queen had said to him. He was extremely surprized; and knew not after having examined all the discourse, what interest the Queen should take in his Sentiments, to oblige her to take the pains, as she had done, to discover them. He perceived there was more than curiosity in it; but he was not vain enough to believe, she had been thereto incited by any motion of jealousy, or by any interest of Love.

Those people who have the most merit, are usually those who flatter themselves the least. Not but that the Count was so clear sighted, as to observe that the Queen treated him a little better

better than the others ; that she considered him, that she might have some particular esteem for him, which managed with a little care on his part, might one day procure kindness ; but it was a perfidy he would not think of ; having no design to take care, but only to merit the esteem of *Briseida* : Yet as it was something very glorious, the having some part in the mind and in the favour of so Great and of so Fair a Queen : He could not hinder his mind from being sometimes possess'd with those thoughts. What would there be in it contrary, said he then, to the Sentiments I owe the Princess, if the Queen of *Sicily* had some little esteem for me, and I a great deal of respect for her : She is a person above all I can pretend to ; My heart is

E 2

wholly

wholly *Briseida's*, and there is no danger of the least Treachery. A more perfect Lover, or at least a Lover better instructed in the Maxims of Love, (for he already loved the Princess, as much as one could love,) would have been scrupulous, only to wish that the Queen esteemed him; and would never have bethought himself to render her greater respects, than those that were due: But he was a Novice, who fancied that to be all in Flames for the object he loved, was all he had to do.

The Devotion ended: Yet the Queen being still accompanied by the Marquess and the *Palatine*, she was hindred from renewing the discourse she had begun with the Count *de Saluces*: They conducted her to her Apartment, where Dinner was brought

brought up at the same time, and served after the most sumptuous manner that is possible to be imagined ; and where all the Principal Lords of that Court dined with her ; as she had desired ; to the end there might be the Count *de Saluces*, who could not dispense coming : She was to pass the After-noon in seeing the Palace, which was certainly a fine building ; but of all the Curiosities the Pictures were of the greatest value. The Queen loved them much and understood them perfectly : And therefore stayed a long time to consider them, and discoursed of them with the Princes after a very skillful manner, knowing at the very first of whose hands they were. The Marquis who could give a better reason than the others, as being better infor-

med than any body in what concerned all those pieces, was he who maintaining the chief of the Conversation, and did not fail, when he met with some stroke of Love well represented, to make of it a particular application; at which the Queen did only laugh, as a Gallantry of old time. From the Gallery of these Pictures they went to the Garden which the Queen was desirous likewise to see; and in truth it very well deserved the being seen by so fair a Princess, for it was one of the finest Gardens of *Italy*. Thitherto the Conversation had been General, and less with the Count *de Saluces*, who was become pensive, than any body; but in the Allyes and Grottos she saw, she hoped Fortune would furnish her with occasions of finishing the discourse she had begun

gun with him in the morning :
 But then came *Briseida*, as if it
 had been to traverse that design.
 She was just got out of her Bed,
 and was glad, in keeping compa-
 ny with the Queen the rest of the
 day, to go walk with her : The
 Queen received her with that
 dissembled joy, in which Wo-
 men excell; and judged she
 should not have it in that Gar-
 den, all the pleasure she had pro-
 mised her self, or at least it would
 be attended with a great deal of
 vexation. The Marquis, who
 conducted the Troop, lead them
 towards a Fountain, that was
 in a very agreeable place :
 which he had chosen to favour the
 Queen. He helped her to walk
 on one side, and the Count *Pa-*
latine on the other; insomuch
 that the Princess fell to the
 Count *de Saluces* share, who did

not receive that honour without trembling, though with the greatest joy imaginable. She was in an Undress, as a person who was something indisposed ; but great and true Beauties never appear better than in their naturals, and when they borrow nothing from art ; they are neglects which the *Italian's* call Artifices,

*Le sue negligence sono le sue
Artifici.*

There was seen in the person of the Queen a Love all glittering with pomp, filled with Flames and Darts, with which he fir'd and wounded all thole that durst regard him ; and in *Briseida* a tender infant which toucht, but after a delicate manner ; and the poyson was by so much

much the more dangerous, in that it seem'd sweet and innocent; and that it was not mistrusted: Not but in that negligence, there was found the Pomp and Majesty there is in the Infants of Kings. But it was not this that had the greatest effect.

The Count *de Saluces*, who fancy'd to have view'd *Briseida* in her greatest Beauty the first time he had seen her, was much astonish'd with the new Charms of that day, nay his admiration pass'd astonishment, and I am not able to express the Joy with which he was transported. He lost his very sight; and sought for himself, as a man that knew not what was become of himself. There are few people, who can rightly comprehend these sorts of Extasies, at least without having been as much in Love as

E. 5 the

the Count *de Saluces*, and with a Beauty as that of *Briseida's*. He was sometime without speaking to her: She on her side, was much the same, and all their entertainment was made in looks, more eloquent a thousand times and more persuasive than the finest words imaginable. The Queen, who walked before, being uneasie and jealous of what passed behind her, between those two Lovers, gave very little attention to all the two Princes said to her, who had the honour to Conduct her. But it was to no purpose she listened, it was a mute Language, into which she could not penetrate: She was perceived to be in a continual agitation of mind, which made her turn her head every moment to observe them, and said in passing some words of raillery and

and of kindness to the Princess, to engage without doubt the Count *de Saluces* to answer her. The *Palatine* little contented with this procedure, would willingly have been angry if he had durst; and suffered extreamly in the ill Figure he fancied he made. But the Marquess, who was a little more in love than he, had likewise a little more complaisance for the Queen.

They came at length to that Fountain, which was certainly a wonder of Art. There was seen a naked Man, who cast water from several parts of his body, and round him in a Basin there were Women, making several postures, in getting off their Smocks. The entertainment was composed of Musick, of a Ballad, and of a Collation; but all so gallantly and so well order-

ordered, that the Queen highly commended the Marquess, and would have been extremely satisfied with him, if he had given her a little more liberty than he did, and have let her walk all alone, or at least with whom she pleased; for it was what she sought; but he followed her over all that Garden, with an application which fatigued her, she passionately desiring to discourse with the Count *de Saluce*, and not being able to do it, as I have said, by reason of the Marquess, she would at least hinder the Princess from having that pleasure and advantage above her, and went still to interrupt them as she saw them together.

The *Palatin*, who observed by the Queens Face, that the Marquis acted a troublesome part,

part, would not imitate him, but amused himself in laughing with *Julia*, believiug it no time lost that was spent in gaining that Maid, which might be a means to come into the Queens favour. That Charming Princess had an Air of Liberty and Gayness, that procur'd Pardon, for what would have been Criminal in others. *Italy*, is a Country of Formalities for the actions which pass in publick, but the most dissolute in the World, for those that pass in particular. The Queen, who thought her self above all peoples talks, would not take the trouble to constrain her self; she talked, laugh'd, flattered, sometimes this, and sometimes that, and managed her self not in the least: But above all, she had a design upon the Count *de Salu-*
ces,

ces; with whom she longed to speak in particular, if it was only to make the Princess jealous. The inseparable Marquess had two or three times made her lose an occasion; but at length, a Labyrinth furnished her with the most favourable one imaginable. It is true, that it was requisite to be a Woman, and a Woman in Love, to find so good an one without premeditation. Come, said she, with a brisk Air, *there is a Labyrinth, which appears to me very proper for a Play I have imagined; I will go hide myself in it, and the first of you three, speaking to the three Princesses, who shall find me, I will give him the Scarf I wear on my Arm.* Thereupon, without staying for their Answer, she ran to hide her self in the Labyrinth, whither the Marquess followed.

followed her presently after ;
 and bless'd a thousand times
 Love for a Play, which seemed
 to him, to have been only inven-
 ted to render him happy : For as
 he had frequented the place,
 he did not believe that that Scarf
 could fall into any other hand
 but his ; and that he thus might,
 the occasion being so fair, dis-
 cover his passion to the Queen.

The Count *Palatin*, in whose
 Heart, the inequalities of the
 Queen had not wholly extingui-
 shed the flame of his new passi-
 on, found his hopes revive at
 the proposal of that Play, in
 which he hoped to make better
 use than any body of the jun-
 cture, if he was so happy as to
 gain the Scarf. The Count *de*
Saluces, who was only of the
 Party, because they engaged
 him, was not very hasty to do
 as

as they did. He was not willing to dispute with them that prize, having before his Eyes, all that he desired in the world, which he would not have quitted for a Scarf, nay, not for all the Queens of the Earth. The Prince's made him several raileries, and told him two or three times, laughing, that if he delayed any longer, he would come too late; not but that she was extremely ravished with the little earnestness he seemed to have, but she thought her self obliged to make upon him that little War, to which he answered after a manner, that made her know the little part he took in that Play; and that he was not of it, but because he could not excuse himself from it.

The Queen expected him with the impatience of a Lover.
That

That Labyrinth was made after a manner, that at each turn there was an Arbour so covered with boughs, that you could hardly see any light. She staid in the first she found, and had already seen the Marquis and the Count *Palatin* pass by, who run after her with an unparral-
 lelled Ardour. The Count *de Saluces*, whom she infinitely longed to see approach, came not. That Prince walked with a neglect, which ill answered the Queens desires. Must I, said she, looking through the branches which composed that Arbour, give my self to day so much pains to oblige a man who despises his own Fortune, after a manner so cruel and so shameful to me. Ah Heavens! continued she sighing, I see what *Briſeida* costs me: I left him with her
 and

and he cannot quit her ; wherefore I must go and reproach him. But what a Fool am I, renewed she a moment after, I should give her wherewith to Laugh and Triumph over me ; and if I can, I will only give her trouble and jealousy. I hate her already as my greatest Enemy ; and I know not what I should do, if I was perswaded he loved her : He will not come——In saying that, she saw him advance, but with an Action so pensive and so indifferent, that she would then have rather chose that he had not come at all ; and she begun seriously to repent of all she had done for him. Does he deserve, said she in considering that negligent Air with which he walked, not the heart which I have but too much given him, but the Scarf I prepare for him ?
Should

Should not one say, that he would give time to his Rivals to carry it from him? How he goes! Is it Love that guides him? No, no, Cruel Consequences of the action of that Unthankful! fear nothing! You are but too true; I will not suffer myself to be longer abused by my too great passion: I perceive that he has not the least sentiment of tenderness for me; and that he thinks of nothing but *Briseida*, whom he has left against his will.

Notwithstanding she had all these reasons to be dissatisfied with the Prince, perceiving he pass'd without seeing her, though she had placed her self at the entrance of the Arbour, where she was yet she could not help calling of him. What advances for a Queen, and a heart

heart must needs be strangely seiz'd by Love, to resist so much Confusion. Count *de Saluces*, said she to him blushing, Is it thus you seek me? What do you dream of? Ah, Madam, cryed the Count, much astonished to see her, you surprize me, and I did not think my self so happy. Yes very happy, without doubt, replied the Queen; but to whom do you believe you owe this happiness: It is true, replied the Count, that it is not to Fortune, at le ast without I call thus the Grace you do me; which is certainly very great; and your Goodness——Yes my Goodness, interrupted she, allow one has a great deal for people that do not deserve it. I should easily, answered the Count, agree to what you say, Madam, at least in what concerns

cerns me: If I was to have deserved that goodness by my Cares and by my Services, the time having been so short since I had the honour to be known by you; but if a great desire of rendering you them by all the actions of my life, joyned with the extream respect I have already for you, might be considered as meritorious: I should not despair of one day rendring my self worthy. You might hope sooner, replied the Queen, in whom the Counts last words had something sweetned the bitterness of heart; some people are more able, continued she, than others; I know not of which number you reckon your self; but I very well know that I have done to day for you, what I never did for any body. Nothing could be said more obliging, dan words so advantagious from the mouth

mouth of so fair a Queen ought to make some impression upon the Spirit of the Count; but the time was too short, since he had quitted *Briseida*; yet his action had something so passionate, since he was fallen in Love with the Princess, that his least word seemed to be full of Love. Thus the Queen who could not so well penetrate into the bottom of his Heart, entertained some hopes, and was contented with this tender out-side. How easy it is to deceive our selves? when one loves, one gives a favourable interpretation to the least appearances, and one takes all for kindness. That Charming Queen contented with those of the Count, gave him her Scarf: but after the most gallant manner possible, and would needs tie it her self on his Arm. The Mar-

Marquis and the Count *Palatin*, run at the noise there was made in the Arbour, and came both there almost at the same time, and found the Queen tying the Scarf on the happy Count *de Saluces*. The Marquis could not see the Fortune of his Rival without conceiving a cruel jealousy; but the Count *Palatin*, more malicious, and naturally more mistrustful, immediately guessed into the truth of the adventure, extremely vexed to see that the Count *de Saluces* every where triumphed over him.

The Queen was not at all confused at their sight, and preventing what they might say; you see, My Lords, said she to them, I am true to my promise, and that it is not to no purpose that one has taken pains to seek me. We see it

it very well, Madam, answered the *Palatin*; and what is more, that one needs not, when you please, go very far to find you. They are the usual hits of Fortune, replied the Queen, who quickly comprehended what he meant: and if made us buy what it gives us, we should be but little obliged to it for its presents. One attributes sometimes to Fortune, replied the Count, favours which do not belong to it: Yet it is true, continued he with something of sweetness, that it would be more easie to comfort ones self for having failed on that side, than of the other which I imagine. The Queen who perceived whither these words tended, had no mind to answer him; but turning towards the Marquis,

quefs, whom ſhe ſaw penſive and melancholly, ſhe gave him her hand with a ſmile, which was ſome comfort to him in his miſfortune, and they went all together out of that Labyrinth.

Brifeida amused her ſelf during that time with gathering Flowers in a plot, of which ſhe made a Noſegay for the Count *de Saluces*. It was a gallantry, ſhe thought her ſelf indebted to him, after the trouble he had ſhewed to quit her to run after another; which obligation ſhe was reſolved to repay. But what a vexation and what a ſurprize was her, to ſee him return with the Queens Scarf! She bluſhed, and her jealouſie then excited ſo great a diſorder in her Soul, that it almoſt ruin'd all that Love had there advanced. *I am played upon,* ſaid ſhe,

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the

the Traytor abuses me by his Actions and by his looks; he had reason not to be in haste; the Queen had given him the word; and he very well knew where she was, otherwise he would not have found her so soon.

Yet to render Justice to the Count, there was seen in his Face, and by the air with which he carried the Scarf, the joy he had. The Princess notwithstanding all her anger, observed it; and to tell the truth, that manner of indifference, too visible in the Count, was a great succour to her heart. But the Queen, who had that time prepared her self to observe her, had no sooner seen her change Colour, than that she was assured of her tender sentiments for that Prince; and therefore considering her as her declared Rival,

val, she took pleasure in augmenting her trouble. You see, Madam, said she to her, with an air of raillery, that the Count *de Saluces* is a lucky man, he was the last that run after me to seek me; and yet is the most fortunate. That happens sometimes, the Princess answered her smiling; but I know not from whence it comes, that he appears not very proud of so fair a Fortune; for he seems not to have the more joy. The Queen had remarked it as well as the Princess, for the Love of whom she believed the Count affected that Coldness. She would willingly have seen, what he would have answered to that himself, but finding he did not speak, not to remain without an answer: I am, said she, regarding him with an obliging air, so

to content, with what he said to me thereupon in particular, that I willingly pardon him the moderation he shews in publick. Discreet people, continued she, are used to do thus. It is to be very much, replied the Princess, and perhaps a little more than ought. *Briseida* in that little dispute she had with the Queen, doing the business of the two amorous and discontented Princes, they did not interrupt her; nay they desired that the discourse might have proceeded; but I believe neither the one nor the other found pleasure in it, and therefore had no desire to pursue it.

They went out of the Garden in the same order they walked thither; that is to say, the Marquis and the Count *Palatin* led the Queen, and *Gaspard de Salu-*

salutes the Princess ; this last resolving to make better use of his happiness, than he had done in the beginning of the walk, especially seeing the occasion was going to escape him, asked the Princess, for whom she had prepared that fine *Nosegay* he saw in her hands ? It was for yourself, answered she him, if you had been less happy than you are. I am on the contrary, replied the Count, the most unhappy of all men, not to have merited it, since you designed it me. Is it not enough, replied she smiling, to have a Scarf ? It would be too great a fortune in one day. That Fortune, Madam, replied the Count, has not been favourable to me, if in giving me a Scarf, it deprives me of a present which comes from you, What ! said the
 Prin-

Princess, prefer some silly flowers which wither in a day, before a favour, as that, which comes from the hand of a Queen; Count, you are not sincere. Or rather, replied he, I am not interested enough, to suffer myself to be tempted by the richness of a present; and if things are only to be valued, as one esteems them; I am sure I lose in this occasion; and not to leave any thing for you to guess thereupon, added the Count blushing, I assure you, I would have given a thousand Scarfs, such as this, for one Flower of that Nosegay. It is too much, my Lord, said the Princess to him, ravished with Joy to hear him speak after that manner, and one would gain well by you; if one would believe you; But continued she, giving him the

the Nolegay, one ought to be as generous, as you are disinterested; and since you have so much kindness for Flowers, I will make you a present of these.

The Queen, who continually turned her head on their side, no sooner saw the Nolegay pass into the hands of the Count *de Saluces*, but to revenge her self on the Prince's, Well, Madam, said she to her, had I not reason to say, that the Count *de Saluces* is a lucky man to day. I should perhaps have fancied so, Madam, answered *Briseida*, if I could have made him as rich a present as yours: But what passes in two or three hours cannot make the fortune of such a man as he. Whereupon begun a new dispute, in which the Marquis and Count *Palatin*

to oblige the Queen; were of her side, and the Count *de Saluces*, who was obliged by honour, if he had not been by Love, to take the Princesses part, maintained it so agreeably and with so much Wit, that they were the strongest. *Julia*, since the inclination her Mistress had taken for that Prince, studying him in all his actions, was not put to much trouble to remark that he did not answer the tender sentiments she had for him. She was extremely vexed, and would have tore from him that heart, he so unjustly possessed; Yet she resolved not to say any thing to the Queen, because it would rather proved mortal, than cure her. We are never willing to be undeceived of the errors of our hearts; but she designed to disabuse her by little and little. It was a return very difficult,

difficult, and the Queen more passionate than ever, for that ungrateful man, would not so much as suffer, her to speak of him without it was to take his part. Lovers must be always flatter'd in what they Love, otherwise they are not pleased.

The Charming Queen of *Sicily* was desirous on the Contrary that *Julia* should be so Complaisant as to deceive her, as she deceived her self; and that she might make her believe, that she was beloved by the Count *de Saluces* as she loved him, in the recital she made her of what passed in the Labyrinth, she formed the most agreeable adventure imaginable, and made that Count say to her a thousand obliging things he had not said. Assurances and Oaths he had not thought of, motions of

Fear and Passion he had not had :
 All which only rais'd *Julia's* pi-
 ty, she knowing the Contrary
 of all the susceptible Queen told
 her, and that the Count might
 have had a great deal of respect,
 and that he might shew her as
 much of esteem, but that he
 was not sensible of the least in-
 clination for her. The day af-
 ter there was a great Ball, and
 the Count *de Saluces*, who be-
 gun to perceive, that the Mar-
 quess and *Palatin* were jealous of
 him, and in love with the Queen,
 had a mind to divert himself to
 their Costs; and to vapour that
 Evening with his fine Scarf. Ne-
 ver favour caused so many bu-
 stles as that : The Marquis was
 not able to see the Count *de Sa-
 luces* without being jealous;
 but his Daughter was much
 more cruelly troubled. She be-
 lieved

lieved that if the Count *de Saluces* had so little valued that Scarf, he would not have made a show with it that day. There was only the *Palatin* who floting between the inclination he had for the Princess, and that he begun to have for the Queen, that is to say loving nothing, was not extreamly troubled, only his presumption gave him some vexation at the vanity of his Rival; but having observed some alteration in the Eyes of the Marquis, he went to him and told him in his Ear, that they had been both foold by the Queen; that she had had a desire to favour the Count *de Saluces*; and that they had served for a pretext to her giving him the Scarf. If I could believe what you say, answered the Marquis, in whose Soul these words had destroyed,

the

the little reason there was left, I believe the Gallant would not long enjoy his good Fortune in my sight. Take the pains, pursued the *Palatin*, to observe them, and you will see the Intelligence there is between them. Once more, added he, seeing what he had said made him pensive, that Scarf was destin'd before it was given, and it was to much purpose we run for it. The Marquis remained sometime without speaking, and I believe the Reflections he then made, were cruel Reflections for his heart. He already lov'd the Queen more than one could love, and he thought himself played upon by a young man who apparently was his Rival. He was ready to shew his jealous resentment, but he could not without bringing upon himself all the trouble, especially with a Queen, who, when necessary knew how to make her self

self considered as such; and who would have laugh'd at him for it. In fine, after many thoughts and designs which pass'd about this in his mind, taking a resolution, he told the Count *Palatin* that he would hear the Queen upon it, and afterwards take such measures as were requisite, and that he was going to mask himself to do it with the more liberty.

The Count let him go, being ravish'd in his Soul to have given an occasion of breaking between his two Rivals, to have the better share on his side. With the Ardour the Marquis went from the Ball, he could not long delay his Return to accomplish his design. He appeared dress'd after the Turkish Mode: His Shape made him immediately be known. He board'd the Queen, who fell a laughing, and ask'd him, what news from *Constanti-*
nople?

noble? That the choice, Ma-
 dam, answered he softly in her
 Ear, you have made at *Cazal*
 is something unworthy of you,
 and that the Count *de Saluces*
 is all the care of the fair Queen
 of *Sicily*. That answer check-
 ed, and made her blush. What
 is that news, replied she, after
 some effort, gone already so far?
 I had hoped, continued she, to
 have obliged the Marquis of
Montferrat, in making use of
 him in so agreeable a confidence;
 but since it is no longer a secret,
 I shall not conceal it from any
 body: And to perfect the rail-
 lery, she called, without giving
 him time to answer, the Count
de Saluces, who approaching:
 Speak to that *Turk*, Count, said
 she to him in quitting that
 place, he has news to tell you,
 which perhaps will surprize you,
 and

and you will see that you are not unhappy at *Cazal*. The Count fell a laughing. He knew not the business; but approaching the Marquis, whom he had discovered as the others; Mask, said he, if it be true what I am just told, I shall be infinitely obliged to you: For there is no pleasure in being happy without knowing it. But the Marquis outraged to the very heart, at the Queens manner of treating him, retired without answering him, and went to unmask.

At his return he found the Ball was ended, and that the Queen was retired, as likewise the Princess. He was surprized, for it was not yet late, but the *Palatin* came very conveniently to tell him the Reason. Well, My Lord, said the Count to him laughing, what do you think

think? The Queen——Ah! talk not to me of her, interrupted he, she's the blindest Princess under the Heavens, and I am the most unhappy of all men. But tell me, continued he, how comes it they are retired from the Ball so soon? It was the Queen, my Lord, answered the *Palatin*; the cause of which you know better than I. She was the first that went away; and not to disguise any thing to you, I fancy it was for the love of the Count *de Saluces*, whom she, I do not say led but drew away with her, because in truth he seem'd to go against his will; you will find them still together in her Chamber. This was perfectly mortal to the poor Marquis; he sigh'd two or three times out of despair, he lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, and of a sudden quitting

ring the Count, he run to the Queens Apartment.

They may say what they will of young people when they are in love, they are no extravagancies like those of an old man, who pretends to an art which passes his Age. That of loving is only made for Youth, and when Love engages those grizled Beards, he makes them act parts which appear by so much the more extraordinary, in that they act contrary to the Wisdom that is expected from them. The Marquis was as different from himself since his being in Love, as he was before different from all men. There was no more of that moderation he had for all things, that staid and serious Air, that smiling meen to all the World ; how Love changes people ! He was become pensive ;
out

out of humour, melancholly, impatient, having no joy, but when he was with the Queen so prompt, so violent in all he ordered, that it was difficult to serve and content him. But to return to the Queen, who finding herself offended with what that Prince had said to her, to render the raillery the better on her side, would be the first to make it publick, and turning towards the Princess, who longed extreamly to know what pass'd between her and the Marquis her Father, and why the Count *de Saluces* had been called: By what I see, Madam, said she to her aloud, and laughing out of Contempt, we are here in a Court, where Consequences are drawn from all things; nay, and maliciously, for having given yesterday a Scarf to the Count *de Saluces*,
they

they consider me to day as his
 Mistress: And you, Madam,
 added she, who gave him a
 Nofegay, will you be nothing
 to him? It is not for me, Madam,
 answered the Princess smiling,
 to pretend any thing after you.
 You quit him entirely to me
 then, replied the Queen? I have
 so little part in him, said *Bri eids*,
 that I may with ease tell you
 that I leave him to you entirely.
 It is enough, replied the Queen,
 and turning towards the Count,
 who might have heard all they
 had said upon his Chapter: You
 are then wholly mine, said she
 to him, at least if you will not
 give the lye to people very pene-
 trating, and who believe they
 certainly know it. Come, con-
 tinued she, without giving him
 time to answer, bring me to my
 Chamber, and there we will see
 to

to agree on the Conditions.

All this rillery passed with so free and so gay an Air, which was particularly natural to that Charming Princess, that there was no body but believed it to be meer Drollery. But the Count *de Saluces* had like to have spoiled all, because at the same time he was going to obey her, *Briseida* lookt upon him after a manner that made him know the Queens jesting did not please her, and rendered him almost unmoveable, without knowing what he should do. The Queen a little surprized in that he stop'd, saw that he had his Eyes fix'd upon the Princess; and that it was that which retain'd him. What vexation! she trembled for fear the affront would fall upon her, and using her utmost effort, I find myself indisposed, my Lord, said she to him

him blushing, take the pains to Conduct me to my Chamber. He had no way then to excuse himself. However the Princess was displeased with him, and retiring to her Apartment, she passed part of the night in complaining of him, and in crying, as if there had happened to her some great misfortune.

The too happy Count had hardly conducted the Queen into her Chamber, when making use of the same pretext she had done, would have retired for fear of incommoding her, since she found her self ill. She fell a laughing, which was enough to make him comprehend the Subject of her illness; but *Gaspard de Saluces* not pretending to too much understanding in that occasion, and having only *Briseida* in his Head, to whom he longed to

to return, pursued his first design, when the Queen, out of Countenance with a procedure so ungallant, told him bustling, that her indisposition was over, that she had something to say to him, and that she would tell him when it was time to retire. After that silence reign'd some time between them, apparently both much perplexed, but the Queen was much more to be pitied, and those who can imagine what a Woman suffers that loves, and who has as much honour and glory as a Queen, and yet finds her self reduced to that Estate, would find it very difficult to describe it well. She spoke at length, but without looking on him: I am going much to augment, said she to him, the reports which people, perhaps something interested, spread abroad of you and
of

of me. As you are not, Madam, answered the Count *de Saluces*, to give an account to any body of what you do, I cannot believe there are people so bold as to dare to censure you. May one, replied the Queen, rely thereon? One may certainly, replied he, with a man who knows as well as I do what we owe, Madam, to so great a Queen as you. It is true, said she, with a man so indifferent as you are, it is ill done to talk as one does. Ah! for indifferent, Madam, answered the Count, I can say that I am not: But—— No, interrupted the Queen, You are only so for me; and I am sure one will never say of you, what they say of the Queen of *Sicily*. She blushed in finishing these words, and for fear her disorder should be observed by the Count, she rose, and

and retiring into her Cabinet ;
 You may, continued she, go :
 I have said enough, and perhaps
 more than I ought to have said.
 What was now become of the
 Count *de Saluces* Wit, at other
 times so gallant and so proper
 for all things ? it appeared in this
 Conjunction, when he had the
 most occasion for it, so new and
 so childish that it was hardly to
 have been pardoned had it not
 been for the love of *Briseida*.
 That innocent Hero obeyed the
 Queen, who had no desire he
 should obey her, and returned
 to the Ball ; where perfectly to
 confound him, and to make him
 desperate, he found not the
 Princess, who was the cause of
 that sad fault he had committed.

Julia seeing him depart, entered the Chamber to know the
 news

news of that little interview. She found the Queen in her Cabinet lying upon a Couch; Who sigh'd as soon as she saw her: Come, *Julia*, said she, come comfort me for the choice I have made of the poorest Gallant that ever was in the World. Wouldst thou have said it by his meen? One must say all to him, and likewise answer all for him. My God! how innocent he is, I fancy he has never been in Love. Perhaps, Madam, answered the Complaisant *Julia*, respect retains him; and that he's afraid: What is it thou sayest, interrupted the Queen, that he's afraid? Can the bravest of all men want heart, or at least Wit, near a pretty Woman? As they were entertaining themselves after that manner, they saw the Marquis approach. The Queen immediately

G mediately

mediately bid *Julia* hide her self, to be witness of their Conversation, because after what had passed at the Ball, it could not but have something very rare. The Marquis, who at a distance Had seen *Julia's* shadow, and being prepossessed with what the Count *Palatin* had just told him, fancied, it was *Gaspard de Saluces*, who by reason of him hid himself; and stopping at the Cabinet Door; Apparently, Madam, said he to her with a disordered Air, you took no great pleasure in the Ball? No, without doubt, my Lord, answered the Queen very coldly, I there found my self incommoded, and came to seek repose here. A man as I am, replied the Marquis, may perhaps interrupt it. Any man would at this time, replied the Queen, but being in your House,
it

it is not for me to order any thing. You are Queen, Madam, and as much Mistress in my House, as if you were in the middle of your own Dominions: Wherefore that Reason ought not to make me excepted: But, Madam, pursued he, the Civil permission you give me, does it only regard you? I should retire without pain if I could persuade my self that; but as it is to favour another, you will pardon me, if you please, if you must tell it me, more than once, if you will be obeyed. The Queen did not at first comprehend the sence of these words; but having made Reflection that the Marquis might have seen *Julia*, and have took her for another: She had a mind to make him explain, to see which of the two were deceived; and still pursuing the

the same point ; My Lord, said she to him, I know not what you mean, but once more I find my self ill ; you are a Prince Gallant and discreet ; and I must confess a longer discourse would incommode me. It is then a discourse, replied the jealous Marquis, with a Prince gallant and discreet, as I am ; but not with him who hid himself behind your Couch at my arrival. The Queen could not here hold from laughing, which made him quite desperate, and not knowing what Countenance to hold in the rage his jealousy put him in, he was going to retire, but she who had too much interest to clear this mystery, and to draw him out of error, prayed him to stay, and not yet changing the tone of her voice, is any one hid here, said she, who is so dear

dear to me, as you? tell who——
 Yes, yes, Madam, interrupted
 He, I have Eyes, and the Count
de saluces is what you want,
 for any other than him you are
 incommoded. Here is more
 news from *Constantinople*, reply-
 ed the Queen: But do you
 know, my Lord, pursued she,
 with an Air a little more serious,
 that one is tired in the end, with
 all these news? Thereupon she
 made *Julia* come out, and put
 the poor Marquis into so great a
 Confusion, that notwithstan-
 ding all the disobliging things
 she said, to be revenged on him,
 he had not one word to Answer.
 It is true, he did not merit to
 be better treated, and his passion
 had done him a very ill Service.
 The Conclusion of all that affair
 was, That the Queen being
 transported with her Resentment,

told him that she would leave his Country, and depart the day after from *Cazal* ; not pretending to be come into a Court where she was to give an account of her Conduct to any body, or to be examined so strictly. She only pray'd him, for the Honour of both, that all things might be in order ; to the end the cause of her retreat might not be perceived ; and that her departure as well as her Arrival, might be in the Pomp, and with the Honours that are requisite.

The unhappy Marquis retired into his apartment, loaded with all the poysons that the like mistake was capable of making a man of his humour swallow, but the most Cruel of all was the Queens Resolution, it was that which was almost Fatal to him, and drew from him Tears, which
he

he had not shed in more than thirty years. Yet when he came to make Reflection on the Scarf she had given to the Count *de Saluces*, and of the favourable manner with which she treated him in the Eyes of all his Court, he wanted little of being Comforted for this departure: Nay, he almost desired it. Is it possible, said he then, that so great and so fair a Queen forgets her self to that point, that she manages her self so little, that she favours a young Prince, who perhaps goes only to her, because she descends to him, and that on the contrary, she contemns those who esteem her most, and for whom it would be no stain to her Glory to have all that kindness. It is thus, those old Masters of the Art Dogmatize; and thus it is they Condemn their
Mi-

Mistresses, they look upon as Criminal all that is not for them, the Rule is only made for others. At the Age the Marquis was of he might give Lessons; but those came from too ill a Principle; and it was jealousy inspired him with them: Yet they so well fortified him in the design of letting the Queen depart, if she absolutely resolv'd on it, that being the last thought he had, after having had all the Night a thousand of several fashions, he rose, and in that Resolution he writ this Ticket to the Queen, which he sent to her by one of his Gentlemen.

I am the most unhappy of all men, Madam, in having displeas'd you; but more unhappy a thousand times since you will not pardon me. You are resolv'd to depart,

depart, and to bring a Prince into despair. I say nothing to you thereupon; but since you take so much pleasure, in treating so cruelly those who love you, Madam, you must be suffered to have your will. The Gentleman who delivers you this Letter is to receive your Commands, and you have only to order whither you desire to go.

Lewis de Montferrat.

The Queen was but just awake when they brought her this Note. It was not very much her design to depart: A thousand reasons of heart, as well as of the world opposed it. She had not given a Rendezvous to the Duke of Savoy, her Brother, who was daily expected, to change so soon without reasons of Consequence, it

G 5 would!

would have caused reports ; and the *Italians* , who are a people the most speculative of the World, and who reason upon all, would have given divers interpretations to this departure. In-
 somuch that she who wanted neither Wit nor Judgment, having considered the Consequences of such a going away, had no mind to it, though the Marquis seem'd to prompt her to it. She easily guessed, that it was the effect of an amorous vexation, which would last no longer than she was willing ; and that the least of her looks would change it into a very violent passion. She would however still dissemble, and made answer to that Gentleman, that within three hours she would be ready to depart ; and that in the meantime the Marquis his Master might

might come to see her, to whom she would tell whither she had a design to go.

As the motions of jealousy are the most violent, they likewise pass away the soonest; and repentances which always follow them, come after, to torment a poor Lover; but it is sometimes too late that one repents. The Marquis *de Montferrat* had hardly sent that Note to the Queen, than that he would have recalled his Gentleman to have made another. He could not wait, without trembling, for the answer she would make him; and he accused himself of precipitation which would cost him his Life. Lovers, in the Condition this found himself, are thus subject to irresolutions, which cause them a thousand pains. They sometimes desire one thing, and then

then again another. Vexation and Jealousie inspire Designs into their minds, that Love destroys with a return of kindness ; and yet it is Love which is the Author of that jealousy and of that vexation. Thus one may say, That it is he which does and undoes the same thing according as he pleases, or that he likes it. The mind which is usually more proud than Amorous, will sometimes push its Idea to the end, especially when it concerns Glory ; but the Heart more tender than the Mind, having more inclination for Love than for Noise, will not always follow it, and it is from thence those Combats arise, they have so often together.

At length the Gentleman came, and rendered an account
to

to his Prince of the Commission he had given him, and of the Queens desire. What the Queen, cryed the frighted Marquis, is then resolved to depart, and without staying any longer to make useless questions, he ran to the Queens Apartment, where falling upon his Knees by her Bed-side, in which she still was, He begged of her, after so transported a manner, that she would yet stay some days in his Court, that she believed, that he was downright in Love with her; which made her pity him. She was a very good natur'd Princess, and who never knew how to hate any Body. She pardon-ed him: The Peace was made, in Confirmation of which she gave him her hand to kiss, which he took with an unparalleled Joy, so Charmed with that favour, that

that he could not express his sentiments, but by transports.

In the mean time as all that preparation of Coaches and Horses had made a noise at the Court, and that every Body expected to know, for whom it was; the Queen, not to give occasion to the talkers of News to reason thereupon, thought good, it being a fine day, to imploy it in Hunting: Insomuch, that the Marquis went to give Orders for what was yet necessary. *Julia*, who went halves in in all that hapned of good or ill to her Mistress, had quickly her part of the last Scene which passed with the Marquis, of which the Queen made her a pleasant History. After that she would prepare her self for hunting; but she confessed to *Julia*, as Childish as the Count de Saluces was,

she

she should have but little diversion if he was not there; as it was to be feared; because apparently the Marquis would not take care to give him notice. *Julia* took upon her self to engage him to be of the Party. One does a great many things to please a Mistress one loves extremely.

The poor Count had not rested all the night. That Nosegay of Flowers he had received from the Princess, had not filled him with so much joy, as the regards she had glanced on him, when he conducted the Queen to her Chamber, had frozen his Soul with fear; and as he had hoped to settle all right by a quick return; he was severely punished in not finding her still at the Ball. He retired to his Lodging mortally afflicted; and casting

fling himself upon the Bed, he
 passed the Night without suf-
 fering himself to be undrest,
 having *Briseida* always before his
 Eyes ; and likewise sometimes
 the Queen. He could no longer
 doubt of the esteem the Queen
 had for him: So many goodnes-
 ses had shown it enough to him ;
 and as it was not for a young
 man as he to be cruel to a Person
 of that Rank, and of that Beauty,
 he was in a deadly Confusion,
 when he thought of the manner
 so ungallant, with which he went
 from her that Evening. What
 will she say of me, said he to
 himself ; for whom shall I pass ?
 Will she excuse me for the love
 of *Briseida* ? No, no, I do not
 meritt she should have so much
 indulgence for me ; and I believe
 she now hates me, as much as she
 before esteemed me ; is this bree-
 ding ?

ding ? She made it apparent that she had no mind I should quit her, and I have done ill in doing it ; though she had commanded me. I ought to have followed her into her Cabinet, there to have entertained her some moments, and have done what at other times I should for Women much below, and of a much less Beauty, than that of that Charming Queen : Must the Love I have for *Briseida* render me the most ridiculous of all men ? As it will render me perhaps the most unhappy. Ah too lovely Princess, cryed he thereupon, in making a stop by a kind of reflection, why cannot you love me, as I love you, or why cannot I love elsewhere, as perhaps I am beloved ?

With what passion soever a heart is engaged, there are certain-

tain moments wherein one takes pleasure to think one is beloved; especially when it is by some Subject that deserves thinking on, as was the Queen of *Sicily*, and if once a certain vanity thereon gets the upperhand of us, it is very difficult to be quit of it. It is almost as strong as an inclination, and causes as great effects. The Count *de Saluces* was wholly *Briseid's*. There was not in his Soul the least design of infidelity; but as one is not always Master of ones thoughts; he could not keep himself from some small return, when he thought of the Complaisances so fair a Queen had for him; and if that is called perfidy, it must be allowed me, that it is of those that the least repentance may procure to be pardoned; and which never deserves

serves Death. It extreemly im-
 ported him, that no body
 should perceive the passion he
 had for the Princess, which
 the Marquis, who begun to have
 but little kindness for him, would
 without doubt have opposed, not
 only because of the inequality of
 Parties; but because other Prin-
 ces pretended to it, who were
 much above him. Insomuch
 that that reason and several o-
 thers more, obliging him to
 keep his love secret, he thought
 that an amusement with the
 Queen, since she already offered
 it, might be of great use to him.
 But it was an affair very nice,
 and to which *Briseida* apparent-
 ly would not have agreed. The
 Queen of *Sicily* was not a per-
 son made after a manner to
 serve purely for a pretext, and
 the Mistress who had trusted to
 it.

it, would have been abused without doubt: It was not a proposition to be made to a Maid of wit as *Briseida*. It is true that the Count was not yet come to that, he had hardly made her know by his actions and by his looks that he loved her. But in *Italy*, where they have not so many means of explaining themselves as in other places, all speaks, and looks make more way than in any place of the World, nay and sometimes conclude. Yet as one is often deceived in their truth, they do not always rely on them; and they have need to explain themselves otherways to be well understood. *Gaspard de Saluces* passionately longed to come to that, to be able afterwards to act in concert with the Princess, and to make use of the Queen, as she should

should judge it convenient. The beginnings of esteem he had already received from the Princess, flattered him with some success; and fortifying himself thereupon the rest of the Night, by many amorous reasons; for it is easie to persuade ones self what one desires; he got up in the morning with the design of seeking an occasion to see her, and speak to her; when this Letter was brought him.

More Care is taken of you than you merit; perhaps if you deserv'd it, one should not be put to so much trouble. But with such as you nothing is of Consequence. All are going to hunt, prepare your self to be of the Party, for it is desired you be there; and without troubling your Head to divine from whom these Notices can come,

con-

content your self with knowing that it is from one of the most lovely Persons of the world, who would have a great deal of esteem for you, if you knew better how to value such an esteem as hers.

It was Julia who writ to him this Letter upon the Queens account. He read it again and again, several times ; he sent for him, who had brought it, who was a Footman without Livery, to know to whom he belonged ; but seeing that his pains were useless, he did not press him any more ; but made this answer to that Ticket.

I know not whether I have much merited the honour, or the reproaches that are made me ; but I am full of Confusion ; and there

there are but very few things I would not do, to repair the one and to render myself worthy of the other. It is not to be doubted but that I will be of that party; and if there be means to justify my self, of what I am accused, I shall be extreamly obliged to those, who will shew me the persons, to whom I have failed; and perhaps what shall be done for me in the future will take other Motives, than the little Consequences it may be of; I was never to my remembrance, reduced to that extremity: I hope to correct my self, and to give a better Opinion of me, than is bad at present.

This shows that the Count answered well enough to the gallantry that was made him. He fancied it came by order of the Queen; for there was only she

she in that Court, who could
 cause him to be writ to after
 that manner, and he was wil-
 ling in some manner to repair the
 ill Figure he had made the night
 before, of which one had but
 too much reason to make him
 reproaches. In the mean time
 the Hunting seem'd to favour
 him, in the design he had to en-
 tertain the Princess with the af-
 fairs of his heart ; but as he
 was mounting his Horse, he
 was told she would not be there,
 and that she was indisposed.
 What a despair for this Prince ;
 he took this unfortunate disap-
 pointment, as a deadly Omen
 to his Love ; and that he should
 succeed in nothing ; and with-
 out troubling himself with what
 he had writ, he returned to his
 Chamber, where he walked a
 long time, thinking what Reso-
 lution

lution he should take; for he long'd to speak that day to the Princeſſe; his Gentleman of the Horſe, who was an old *French* Domestick, growing impatient with expecting him, would go ſee what hindred him from following the Queen, who was departed with all the Court an hour before. He found him in the poſture of a man, who raved, all ſad, all penſive, at which he was much aſtoniſhed; for this was very new to the Count de *Saluces*. He knew not what to ſay to him; but the Count, who ſaw him troubled without doubt at the Condition in which he found him, and having occaſion for him, knowing his experience of the affairs of the World, was willing to truſt him with his ſecret, and to tell him the pain in which he was.

H *Richard,*

Richard, thus was the Gentleman of the Horse called, after having seriously intoned to his Master, told him, that he did not find he had so much reason to be afflicted, though he should not speak that to the Princess; and that if he would write to her, he assured him that he would himself deliver the Letter. The Count believed, in the impatience he was, that it was the shortest and easiest for him; and relying upon the address of *Richard*, in a time the Conjunction was so fair, that all the Court was abroad, he was willing to hazard a Declaration by Writing; which he made in these terms.

If a Man, Madam, who should dare to love you, and to tell it you, deserves Death, I ought not to hope

hope for your pardon; for never any body was so guilty as I, of a Crime so Charming. I know all, and have considered all, and a thousand reasons forbid me such a piece of boldness, but my heart has not listened to them; and Love more strong than all the reasons of the world, has took so great an Empire over it; that should it dye a thousand Deaths, it would not unsay it. Order thereupon, Madam, what you shall think fit; if you please, it shall dye, that bold Heart, but it is not possible for it to cease to Love you as long as it shall have one moment of Life.

The Count de Saluces.

This Letter finished, Richard took it, and prayed his Master to rely on him for the Success of that affair, and that he would

H 2

quickly

quickly bring him good News. The Count mounted on his Horse to go to the Chase, and his Gentleman of the Horse went to labour on his side to succeed in the Commission he had took upon himself. It was an enterprize something bold, in a Country where they are not pardoned; but the passion he had to serve his Prince, would have made him hazzard much greater.

The Queen impatiently expected the Count *de Saluces*, who came not; and wearied with not seeing him, in the time she had been a hunting, she incessantly said to *Julia*; Well! Well, do you see how he comes? you did not write to him obligingly enough, or rather the Princess has made him change his design. *Julia* endeavoured to Comfort her,

her, and told her that the time was not passed, and that some affair might have retained him, and that she believed him too well bred a man to fail to come, after having promised it. The Queen was not at all of a humour to divert her self with Hunting, so long as she was in that disquiet whether he would come or not; and that change of humour was so remarkable in her, who used to be in a Continual mirth, that the most indifferent perceived it: The Marquis and the *Palatin* interested in that affair, did all that was possible to dissipate that extraordinary melancholly; but they succeeded so ill, that on the contrary they augmented her ill humour by their importunity, especially the Marquis, who thought to do wonders. The

Count *de Saluces* at length arriv-
 ed to render her her former joy.
 She manag'd her self so little,
 that she quickly let all the world
 see the pleasure she took in his
 arrival, and there needed not
 very much penetration to di-
 vine the favourable sentiments
 she had for him; hitherto she
 seemed as if she could not open
 her mouth: but since the arri-
 val of that Prince, her wit spark-
 led in all kinds. She propos'd
 a thousand sorts of Divertise-
 ments, of Courses, of tilting, of
 Shooting; and would always
 be, or speak for the Count *de*
Saluces against all others, from
 whom indeed that happy Lo-
 ver always carried the Prize:
 It may be imagined with what
 Eye the Marquis and the Count
Palatin saw all this: Into what
 despair they were brought by
 the

the empressments the Queen had for that young Rival; and into what rage to see him the Conquerour of all. I know very well, that that day perfected the rendring them his most mortal Enemies; and the Marquis yet more than the *Palatin*: Because Jealousie had a greater influence over him. In the mean time that happy Rival seem'd to have but little joy in what caused the despair of others, and at which the proud Count *Palatin* was the most outraged.

The Count *de Saluces* mind run all upon the Success the enterprize of *Richard* would have. How long are the moments in those occasions, when one expects the sentence of Life or of Death! but of a Death by so much the more cruel, that

the Life would be the most happy that can be imagined. The Gentleman of the Horse came not: He would have had him gone as fast as his mind. He had accompanied him with his Idea as far as the Palace, from thence he had made him enter into the Princesses Apartment; yet without being able to imagine how: He had seen him speak to her her self, and had made him say things the most touching and the most passionate for him in the World: After which the Princess had took his Letter, was moved, and had made him an answer, such as he could desire. By ill luck these imaginations lasted not long, for the Comedy changing Face, they found themselves quickly destroyed by contrary visions, which represented to him as if
all

all were lost ; that *Richard* had been discovered and seiz'd ; and above all that, that the Princess had ill received his Letter, and that she made no answer to it. Of what tranquility was capable the Soul of that poor Prince, amongst so many different Winds, good and contrary, with which it was agitated, during the expectation of *Richard*? He arrived at length to render it calm. His Prince, who continually turned his Head that way he was to come, had no sooner perceived him, than that a trouble, mixed with fear and joy, seized him, and did not quit him till he had learnt from his Servant all he was to tell him.

He stole insensibly from the Company, and gain'd the *Po*, near which they hunted, and whither his Gentleman of the

H 5 Horse

Horse followed him. Well, *Richard*, said he to him, when they were in a place, where nobody could either hear, or observe them, tell me quickly what I am to hope? Hast thou succeeded? say, Must I live or dye? Conceal nothing from me. What are the Sentiments the Princess has for me? My Lord, answered the Gentleman of the Horse, you ought not to despair of any thing; but I believe you would be more happy without the Scarf you wear. Ah Heavens, cryed the Count, should this Scarf be the cause of my misfortune? It is at least all the reason, replied *Richard*, which was made use of not to give an answer to your Letter. Learn me, replied sighing the impatient Count, how all this is passed? For I do not comprehend

it.

it, and if it is onely that Scarf which makes me unhappy, I shall have quickly reason to rejoyce for my good Fortune.

My Lord, you must know, continued *Richard*, that having seen you on Horseback to follow the Queen, I drest my self like a *French* Courier, and made one of my Friends conduct me to the Palace, where I am not much known: I said I came from *France*, that I must speak with the Princess to deliver her Letters from the Dauphins Daughter, with whom all the World knows she has a Commerce of Friendship; immediately I was suffered to enter, and was conducted to her Chamber, where I found her very pensive, and very melancholly, lying upon a Couch. There was onely with her one of her Women, who

who likewise kept at a distance. I approached her, and presented her your Letter; she eyed me, and whether I appear'd troubled in entring, or that she had some foreknowledge, she seem'd not to take it without trembling, nay, and changed Colour in reading the superscription. Without doubt the Character appeared to her New; and I saw her Ballance, if she should render it me, or if she should open it. I expected at least that she should ask me from whence the Letter came; but she contented her self with looking on me once again, without saying to me any thing, examining me seriously, as if she would have read in my Face what she should believe. In fine, Curiosity, or perhaps something more strong, mastering so much irresolution,

solution; she broke it open, and kept her Eyes on it above a quarter of an hour, with motions, which, if I may guess at by those of the Face, were not disadvantageous to you. After that she went into her Cabinet, where she was more than an hour; I believed it was to make you an answer; but calling for me, and speaking softly to me, You are mistaken, said she to me, rendring me your Letter; this is not addressed to me. Hold, carry that Letter to the Queen of Sicily, for it is to her without doubt it is written. I am too old, Madam, answered I her, to commit such a fault; it is to you my Prince sent me: And in the Condition I left him, I should rather chuse to dye, than to carry him back that Letter: For the contempt he would see you make

make of it, Madam, would
 cast him into utter despair.
 Well then, leave it with me,
 said she, being hardly able to
 hold from sighing, and for an-
 swer tell him, that the Queen
 would take it ill, that wearing her
 Scarf he should write to me the
 things he does : and that for my
 part it is yet worse ; and that I
 pray him it may be the last time.
 In finishing these words she dis-
 missed me, and shut her self up
 in the same Cabiner. This, my
 Lord, has been the success of
 my Voyage, which I do not
 find unhappy for a beginning ;
 but if I durst take the liberty to
 give you advice, being told in
 the World as I am——It is done,
 interrupted the Count, as
 long as I live, I will never
 wear any Scarf, but from the
 hand of *Briseida*. Thereupon
 he

he fell to undo it from his Arm ;
 when the Queen, who had not lost
 sight of him, since he was separ-
 rated from the Company, tur-
 ned that way, and came just in
 time to see him unty it ; but
 with an importment and a fu-
 ry, as seem'd to her, against that
 poor Scarf, that she was mortal-
 ly vexed : And upon the point,
 that *Gaspard de Saluces* was go-
 ing to give it to his Gentleman
 of the Horse, she advanced from
 under some trees, where she
 had stopped to see what he did :
 It is to me, said she to him,
 seizing it her self, that it must be
 restored : For in truth you are
 not worthy to wear it. The
 Count more surprized than he
 had ever been in his Life, to see
 and to hear the Queen, thought
 she had heard all the Conversa-
 tion he had had with *Richard*,
 and

and was upon the point to avow to her that passion he had for the Princess, to oblige her by that ingenuous Confession to pardon him the action she had seen him do upon her Scarf: But the Count *Palatin* arrived, who finding in the posture of the Count *de Saluces* something of a man much surprized, and in the Queens Face vexation and choler, holding the Scarf in her hands: The *Palatin*, I say, interpreting the thing quite otherwise than it was, and advancing to speak, because both surprized at his arrival said nothing more. Certainly, Madam, said he, the Count *de Saluces* must have committed some great Crime against you, that you take from him a Scarf Fortune had so liberally given him. Others would have made better use

use of it. You take too soon,
 answered *Gaspard de Saluces* the
 Queens part, not to see that it is
 for your self you speak; but it is
 enough, pursued he, that you
 had it not, to believe at
 least you deserve it not so well.
 That is a thing disputable, the *Pa-*
latin repartee'd with a smile full
 of haughtiness, and——No, no,
 interrupted the Queen, who saw
 whither these words tended, It
 is for me to decide. Hold
 Count, continued she, giving it
 to the Count *Palatin*, but do not
 presume any thing from this
 present. I make of them, as
 things only obtained by ha-
 zard; and those are not the good
 ones. Though this, Madam,
 answered the Count *Palatin*,
 was such a one, it would be e-
 nough for me, that I received it
 from

from your fair hands, to be infinitely proud. This discourse was again interrupted, by the arrival of the Marquis, who with the gross of the Troop ranged himself by the Queen. She fore-seeing this, would cause reports, and that it would be surprizing to see it in the hands of the Count *Palatin*, after having seen it on the Arm of the Count *de Saluces*, was willing to give some colour to this affair, and therefore to prevent rumours, I come, said she laughing, from punishing a deserter, who has separated himself from the Troop without leave. It seems to me continued she, with the same tone of raillery, that a man whom I had made my Knight, in giving him my Scarf, ought to be more assiduous with me, or at least not to quit me without first
let-

letting me know. There were
 several Repartees upon this,
 which made a kind of Conver-
 sation, in which several Lords of
 the Court were engaged for the
 Count de Saluces's part; he de-
 fended himself so weakly, and ap-
 peared so cold to all that railery,
 that it was apparent he was but
 little concerned at his disgrace:
 On the contrary he appeared to
 be more and more of a better hu-
 mour, whether it proceeded from
 the kindness he believed the
 Queen had done him, in having
 acted thus; or that he did it, not
 to let his Rivals have the plea-
 sure to imagine he had any re-
 gret at what had hapned, as
 they did not fail to believe;
 though he laugh'd and raillyed
 as the others. The Queen alone
 was deadly vext. She knew
 not what reason could have
 moved

moved that Prince to do what
 he had done to that Scarf, after
 having worn it two days in the
 Eyes of the all World. She easily
 fancied there was some mystery
 in it, into which she could not
 penetrate, and that all the ill
 came from that man with whom
 she had found him discoursing.
 The mind of a Woman goes ve-
 ry far when she is touched to the
 quick, especially of a jealous
 Woman: she had a thousand
 imaginations upon that affair:
 She made a hundred designs to
 discover the Intrigue, and took
 care to have him spied, whom she
 thought the cause of all that mis-
 fortune, to know whom he was, to
 whom he belonged, from whence
 he came, and what he would do,
 during the Chace. But as it
 was already Dinner time, the
 Marquis made towards that side
 where

where he had prepared a magnificent treat, where all the Company came; and the Queen was there treated after an extraordinary manner, considering it was in the middle of a Field.

They had hardly took away, when one of those she had set to observe the Count de Salucesman, came and told her, that it was his Gentleman of the Horse, who was to return to *Cazal* to carry a Letter that his Master had just given him; but that he knew not for whom it was, and that he could draw nothing more from him. The fair Queen lost no time, her jealousy gave her not a moment of truce, and calling for one of her Gentlemen, in whom she much relyed: She bid him take with him three or four of her Guards, to disguise them, and to go watch in the way to *Cazal* for

a man, that he, speaking of her
 Spye, should shew him, to seize
 and search him, without doing
 him any hurt, and to take all the
 Papers and Letters that should be
 found about him. The Gentleman
 executed very punctually the
 Queens Order. He went and hid
 himself in a Wood, that was half
 a League from Casal, through
 which Richard was to pass; who
 no sooner appeared, than that
 four Horsemen, making shew of
 going towards the City, seiz'd
 him by surprize, demanded his
 Purse, and found not about him
 any other Paper than a Letter;
 the Gentleman immediately car-
 ried it to the Queen, while that
 the others drew poor Richard in-
 to the thickest of the Wood to
 keep him till new Order.

of this nature. Although the
 of the new Order. draw of

THE
PRINCESS
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A M O U R S
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OF THE
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(1)

THE
PRINCESS
OF
Montferrat.

PART II.

IT was a great satisfaction to the jealous Queen, when she saw him return, she had sent to rife the Count *de Saluces's* Gentlemen of the Horse. She infinitely long'd to know the

A 2

News,

News, and retiring into an Alley, she took the Note he brought her, and which was all the prize they had made. The Queen immediately opened it, but she had hardly finished reading it, when the Marquess who was not yet disaccustomed from his importunate manner of following her, had like to have surprized her, and in the disorder he saw her, fancied that it was some affair of consequence, and that what was wrote to her, displeased her extremely, he prayed her, thinking to oblige her, that if it was not some Letter of Gallantry, she would impart it to him, since she could not at all doubt but that he was much concerned in all that regarded her. It is a Letter of Gallantry, as you say, answered the Queen, so that I believe myself dispenced from shewing it
you.

you. You oblige me ; Madam, answered the Marquess. I believe that I oblige you, replied the Queen, and more perhaps than you can imagine : and one day, continued she, if I am in a humour to shew it you ; you will find I have reason. After what manner soever it be, said the Marquess, it is true that I should unwillingly see the Gallantries that are written to you, Madam, which you will not suffer the least word of from me ; but I am not the more happy ; because I imagine my self less in your favour than others are. It would be to no purpose you should guess, replied the Queen, you would never divine what it is ; and yet it is, as I have told you a Letter of Gallantry ; nay, and from a man, whom if you have any esteem for me you ought to

fear. The Queen took pleasure in puzzling him, and did but too well succeed : for all that she said to him, put him into a trouble and in an uneasiness, at which she could not, notwithstanding all her displeasure, hold from laughing. He would willingly then have had a longer discourse with her, to endeavour to have learnt more : but there was no way to have it in particular, because the Palatine who had already appeared at the other end of the Alley, having joyned them with *Julia* and some Lords and Ladies of the Court, the conversation was general. This Prince having given, as well as the Marquess, his hand to the Queen to help her to walk, took notice on the side he was, that there was a Paper that stuck out of her Pocket, & he had a desire through the
pure

pure curiosity of a Lover, to know what it was. To take it was not very difficult: they having very few people near them and those that were did not observe them; Insomuch that he took it very cleverly, without either the Queen or any body else perceiving it. He immediately grew impatient to read it, and only now sought for a civil pretext to retire, without giving any suspicion of what he had in his hands, when the Count *de Saluces*, whom the Queen was ever where to seek, as the Marquess sought her, not being to be found, to be of a Play she would make, the Count *Palatine* said, he knew where he was, and that he would fetch him. Thus being at liberty and finding himself alone, he would see what that Paper was; and found it

to be a Letter, written by a mans hand, and in these terms,

Such a passion as mine, Madam, cannot be addressed but to you, because you only can inspire the like. 'Tis the Princess of *Montserrat*, that I adore, and if I could have believed that the Scarf, which I had on my arm was to have been contrary to my Vows, I would never have accepted it. But thanks to Love, Madam, that obstacle is removed. I have just restored it to her who gave it to me: too fortunate, if there was no other obstacle to my happiness; and that after this little sacrifice I might hope that my passion would not be disagreeable to you.

This was the Letter, that had been taken from *Richard*, and which the Count *de Saluces* wrote to the Princess, upon the answer

answer she had made him, and which the Queen in the hurry she was to hide it in her Pocket, at the arrival of the Marquess, while she was areading it, had only put it in half. It was too intelligible, to leave any thing for the Count Palatine to divine, who thereby knew all the mystery of what had passed near the *Po*, between the Queen and the Count *de Saluces*, and that his heart was wholly and only *Brisacida's*. He ought in all appearance to have been very glad, having the sentiments he had for his new Mistress, to see he had no longer a Rival in the person of that Prince, but his mind was turned after such a manner, as that all things made it uneasy, and loving nothing; he was jealous of all that thers loved. Yet the difficulty which he saw in the enterprize

of the Count *de Saluces*, and the little likelihood there was he should ever succeed was some comfort to him. But that Letter already supposed an answer, which was a favour, which he himself could never have pretended to, from a Princess so haughty as that of *Montferrat*: and his mind proceeding still farther, he did not at all doubt that several other Letters had preceded it, and that there had already been an amorous declaration, which without question had not been ill received; and a hundred other imaginations, with which he wracked his mind, without reason and to no purpose. It must be confessed that there are Souls very capricious. He resolved to take order in it, & took upon account of revenge, the unjust design he had to ruin him

him with the Marquess, by the means of that Letter. One thing surprized him extreamly, and which at once destroyed all these first Ideas, it was how that Letter could come into the Queens hands, for there was no appearance that either the Count *de Saluces* or the Princess would impart it to him. This surpassed his reach, and made him more than once doubt, if it was not a supposed Letter, and that the Queen, who was, perhaps jealous of the Princess by reason of *Gaspard de Saluces* had caused it to be expressly made to breed a quarrel. Thus those sort of people as are capable of all manner of ill, treat such as are the most innocent. They are easie to suspect others of the ill things which they themselves should be capable of. Be it as it will, that
 thought

thought got the better of all the others. He was not willing to go halfs with the Queen, and to serve her in shewing that Letter to the Marquess; he would only keep it to divert himself as he should find occasion: nay and would have shewed it to the Count *de Saluces*, if he could have been thought so much his Friend as to have been able to have perswaded him, that the Queen had a design to ruin him, to the end to make a difference between them, but it was what could not be hoped from his part since the Count had no reason to believe him.

At that time came the News, that the Duke of *Savoy* was but ten or twelve Leagues from *Carral*, insofmuch that they mounted on Horse-back, to return the sconeft they could for to be there
in

in time to receive him ; and the Marquess having found at his arrival that all was ready, went with the Count *Palatine* and all the Court two Miles to meet him. The Queen found her self something fatigued with hunting and therefore dispensed her self from doing the like. The Count *de Saluces*, who was well known and much beloved by that Duke, would not fail to render him that Honour and that Devoir ; yet in the disquiet he was for his Gentleman of the Horse, believing to have time enough to go to his house, while that the Marquess gave some Orders, he went thither to know if there was no news of him ; but found that he had not been seen since he had followed him to the Chace. He was much surprized ; and knew not what to think of this delay, unless

unless he had not been able to procure speaking to the Princess, and easily judged he could not then be at the Palace since all the Court was returned. He feared some misfortune had happened to him in the way, or that having seen him come a second time to the Palace and being very jealous in that Country, they had seized him for some reason he could not comprehend. In fine, his mind furnished him with a thousand Chimera's, which troubled him, and into which he could not penetrate. All is feared, when one has reason to fear all. However he still pursued his way, not to lose the occasion of meeting the Duke of Savoy, whither he did not at all doubt, but that the Marquess was already gone, when that the same Foot-man that brought him a Letter in the morning,

morning, gave him this.

What reason soever One has to be more angry with you than ever, one has a mind to see you, and to give you such advice as you ought not to contemn. Come to the Park, for it is at the Fountain of Nymphs you are expected, and your excuses shall be made to the Duke of Savoy. The service of Ladies is preferrable to all things; which you know too well to fail.

The Count needed not to think much from whence that Letter came. He was much vexed he could not do as the others: but he was not to ballance, and he must have had but little Gallantry, and little Civility, what affairs soever he had, to refuse an assignation which came from so good a part. In the mean time his heart which he then was used to consult upon all things, seem-
ed

ed to oppose it; but after such a manner, that he took it for an ill Omen; and if he had followed his presentiments, he would not have gone to the Park: so much he feared to do any thing contrary to his desires. He was forced at length, notwithstanding all these secret advertisements, to do what honour required of him; and as there was mention made in that Letter of some advice they had to give him, being full as he was of the affair of *Richard*, who came not, he fancied they might have something to say to him upon that, for it must needs have been some important news, that they hindered him from going to meet the Duke of *Savoy*; and especially the Queen, who was concerned to have all people at his entrance. He very well saw that this thought had

no ground; but likewise there was nothing upon which they could give him advice so necessary & so pressing. A man, who has but one affair in his head, and which extremely concerns him, fancies that all the World has nothing else to speak to him of. In fine it was this reason at least as much as his honour, which engaged him to go see, what was desired of him at the *Fountain of Nymphs*.

The fair Queen of Sicily after the too visible and the too cruel neglect, that *Gaspard de Saluces* had made of her Scarf, had been but too well confirmed by the Letter she afterwards read, that *Briseida* was the cause of all her misfortunes, she could not digest the preference that ungrateful man made of the charms of that Princess before hers. He too well explained

explained himself in the Letter, to leave her any thing to doubt of in that, that (it is the Princess of *Montferrat* I adore) was a decisive sentence after which there was no appeal. Any Woman was to have been pitied in such a conjuncture; but for so beautiful a Queen, and who had such lovely qualities, it was certainly something very cruel. What! after so many goodnesse she had had for that Prince, to see her self payed with contempt, she who had despised all the Earth: this would have terribly afflicted any heart; and I know not how hers could support it so well. She only feigned that she found her self fatigued with hunting, to have time to recover her self from the disorder her Soul was in; that she might be capable of some joy when she should receive

ceive her Brother. Nay she durst not read over again the Count's Letter, for fear of renewing her grief, & that the second perusal of a thing she would never have been willing to have known, might not trouble her more than ever. *Julia* who saw her in that humour, proposed to her, in waiting for the arrival of the Duke her Brother to take a turn in the Park to endeavour to divert her self. The Queen had not dared to say any thing to her of that Letter, because that that Maid, who was no great favourer of the Interests of the Count *de Saluces*, would have had too strong arms against her, and would have killed her with reproaches, and not have it pardon- ed in her; after that Letter, the least sense of esteem for that Prince, though *Julia* had much complaisance

complaisance and a great deal of respect for her, the Queen however feared, she being of a free-humour, to tell immediately what she thought, and the amorous Princess having no mind, that truths should then be told her, which were to her, to her misfortune, but too well known. She had taken care to make her a History of that Scarf, to endeavour to justify the Count; but *Julia* was not one easie to be deceived, especially by the Queen whom she had known so long. She was in the right not to be for that Prince; because she foresaw a part of those troubles her Mistress was to suffer by that blind engagement.

They had not made two or three turns in the Walk, when the Queen told her, that she was in so melancholy a humour that
 she

she knew not how she should receive her Brother without making him take notice she was sad at heart, which would not be pleasing to him. But what is it, Madam, answered *Julia*, that can afflict you to this point? You are in a Court, where from the greatest to the lowest, all the world admires and honours you. You are going to see a Brother who passionately loves you. I know nothing that is contrary to your desires ; Is it not that you your self cause your troubles, for I do not see you have the least reason to have any? How easie it is for thee to talk thus, replied the Queen sighing, who free from troubles and cares, never knewest what it is to---? She stopped there. Yes, to Love, said *Julia*, is it not that that torments you? ———
 leave me, interrupted she, say nothing

thing to me more ; but if my re-
 pose is dear enough to thee, as I
 do not doubt but it is, send imme-
 diately for the Count *de Saluces*
 to whom I have something of
 importance to say, and which I
 shall have no sooner told him
 than that all my ill humour will
 go away : and not to disguise
 any thing to thee, continued she,
 seeing she ballanced to obey her ;
 I shall tell thee, that it is to un-
 deceive him, as I have undecei-
 ved my self. My Brother is up-
 on arriving, I should not have
 time to speak to that Prince this
 evening, and I should be troubled
 should he go to sleep with the
 ideas I know he has of me. I
 will explain my self for the last
 time with him ; and give him as
 much esteem of the rest of my
 conduct, as he may have lost by
 the little complaisances, I have
 had

had for him. Go, *Julia*, do what I bid thee; and you will see me in a better humour than ever. *Julia* declared to her, that she verily agreeably obeyed her, since it was upon the occasion she told her; because that in effect, she could do nothing more for her honour, and that she would go write for him. Be assured, added the Queen, embracing her tenderly, that Love has not taken such an Empire over me, but that reason yet finds its place; let only the Count *de Saluces* come, and a moment after I render my self to thee free from all passion and all care. But take notice of one thing, that as I treated him but ill lately at the Chace, you write not to him after a manner, to make him fear, that it is to quarrel with him again, engage him gently to come upon some important

portant advice one has to give him.

Whereupon *Julia* went and writ that Letter, and sent it to the Count, whom it found upon the point of leaving his Lodging to go meet the Duke of *Savoy*. The fair Queen was with *Julia*, near the *Fountain of Nymphs*, which was a place very agreeable and convenient to shade one from the heat of the Sun, which however began already to go down. They both waited for the Gentleman with a great deal of impatience; but very differently, for *Julia* hoped that all would be broken off; but she was deceived: The Queen no sooner saw him appear, than that she sent her to meet him; and she entred, as if she had fled him, into an Arbour that was near the Fountain, I know not, my Lord, said *Julia*
to

to him, what you will think of all this in a Country where the least liberties, that are taken with men pass for Crimes. Such persons as you, Madam, answered the Count, are above all that one can say, and if any one is to be out of countenance it can be only me, for having never merited the honour that you do me. Come, replied she laughing, it shall be with the Queen that you shall dispute this, she expects you hard by, to speak with you. The Count went thither and entred trembling into the Arbour, as a Criminal, who goes to present himself before a Judg, who had reason to be irritated against his insensibility. Well ! Count, said the Queen to him, as soon as she saw him, do you come again to insult the too much esteem one has for you. I come rather, answered the
 B Count,

Count, with a great deal of respect, to know what you please to command me. I received a Note, wherein is mentioned, that there is here some advice to be given me; and I am just told that you desired to speak with me. That is true, replied she, and you shall judg if I am not much your friend, after the neglect you shewed of a Scarf that I —— Ah, for neglect, Madam, interrupted the Count — No, no, interrupted she again, that is not now to be disputed, I only desire of you, that you deal with me as a friend, and that you really tell me what passes in your heart. I know that you Love: you are not now to conceal it from me as you have done; and according to the confidence you shall put in me, I shall see what I ought to do for you. This discourse,

course with the assurance the Queen spoke it, much surprized the Count, who at first discomposed, knew not if he ought to trust her, with that secret, or still to dissemble, for to penetrate farther into the design she had, and which made her thus inquire into the News of his Heart. He took a middle way to all this, and confessed to her that he was really in Love; that respect had hindred him from telling it her the first time she had questioned him about it : but he did not name to her the person he loved, to let her perhaps imagin that it was she her self. The Queen better instructed than he thought she was, but little contented with such a confession, was desirous he should have put more confidence in her. I know, said she to him, more of your affairs than

B 2

you

you imagin. It is not enough to tell me that you love, nay, and that you love the Princess, for to tell me any News. You are troubled, continued she, seeing that he blushed, but you have nothing to fear. Any other Woman than I would have revenged her self on her for what you have done, in regard of my Scarf; but I do not love you enough to do that. In a word, it depends on me to ruin you, or to serve you: treat me like a friend and I will do what I ought: Nay, I will go continued she, making him a sign not to interrupt her, farther than you can desire of me; for I must needs confess, that notwithstanding all your unjust proceedings, I have not lost the esteem I had for you; I will let the world believe you are in love with me, as they believe already, although they

they have no reason. I know, that nothing can be of more Service to you in the Design you have, than that fiction; and though it is a part, very unbecoming a person of my rank, yet I will pass by that Scruple: One can never do too much for ones Friends. The Marquess, who without doubt would not approve the love you have for his Daughter, will not be jealous, but upon my account; and will be glad to see that the Princess entertains you sometimes, to give him time, to be alone with me. In fine, added she, if the offer I make you, is advantageous for you; I know that a Queen cannot have more Complaisance; but I know not if you will have so much Confidence in me, as you ought to have to merit it. I can in this

moment try you in asking you how far you are come with the Princess. The Count Charmed with so extraordinary a goodness, was upon the point of falling upon his knees, to give her due thanks : Yet what ever she could say to him, He had no mind to discover to her so fully the sentiments of his heart, as she desired. He did not believe so ample an explication was necessary ; and that excess of goodness was too surprizing, after the just indignation she ought to have had against him, not to suspect her of some disguise. He did not deny, that it was the Princess whom he lov'd ; but he added, that he saw so many Oppositions in so rash a design, that he had hardly dar'd yet to speak of it. How ! said the Queen, does not the Princess know that you love her

her. I will not say, Madam, answered the Count, whether she, knows it or no; but it is true, that I never spoke to her of it. Take care, Count, replied she, you do not abuse my goodness. I swear to you, Madam, replied he, that without my Eyes——Your Eyes, replied the Queen, interrupting him with an air of disdain, and what is it you writ to her. *Gaspard de Saluces* was here defeated, and remained without answer. You see, pursued she, how you begin already, to disguise to me what I know; and how little you merit all the Assurances of esteem and of Friendship that I have just given you. Well, added she, you must be let alone, and abandoned to your Destiny, which would be too happy if I helped it, after the manner I would have done: The Count thereupon fearing the

Queens Spirit more than he desired her Succours, cast himself, at her knees, to stay her, seeing she would have gone away. When *Briseida*, who came to think, or at least to be in the cool near that Fountain, saw the Count in the posture I have just related, and the Queen endeavouring to get from him. What a sight, just Heavens ! for that poor Princess, who after the Letter, she had received from that Lover, did not believe to see him the same day at the Feet of another. The Queen Charmed with so favourable an Encounter, which could not be interpreted but to her advantage. Come come, Madam, said she to her, after a gay manner, make us Friends ; for it is principally for the love of you that I would not pardon him. I am obliged to
you,

you, Madam, answered the Princess, being hard put to it to recover her self; but I should be very unfit for what you desire of me; and the peace will not be difficult to be made between you, if you are only fallen out upon my account, wherefore I'll retire. The Count who had been extreamly surprized to see her, and who judged, that in the State she had found him, she could not draw but very mortal Consequences for his Love, if he did not learn her the Subject, prayed the Queen to suffer him to follow the Princess, to have a moment of discourse with her; but she wou'd not hear of it, and now stopped him. The Count, who saw the necessity that there was immediately to clear these unhappy appearances, grew almost desperate; and told the Queen, that

if it was true, she had any good will for him, she ought to show it him in this, and permit him——We are no longer in the same sentiments; and you ought to consider, My Lord, that I have not given you a *Rendezvous* here for the Princess. The Count however persisting still in his first design, and not knowing if he should lose the occasion, when he should find the Princess, who had only *Dorisa* with her then, the rest of her Train staying in the Flower-Garden; the Count, I say, yielding to the mortal fear he had, of the effect so fatal a Conjunction would produce, was going to pass over all measures with the Queen, less fearing to displease her, than to be ill with the Princess. But she who foresaw the blow, thought to have wherewith to make him
 trem-

tremble. One moment more, said she, seeking for the Letter, which she believed to have, and afterwards I will leave you at liberty to quit me if you will. The Letter was not to be found in her Pocket. Never was such a surprise; she knew not what she had done with it: And not being willing to draw an affair upon her self, since that she could not make use of it, to revenge her self on him, she thought the best way would be to turn it to his advantage; for likewise, she judged, that if that Letter was lost, it would make enough without her concerning her self in it. Do you know, said she to him, the notice I have to give you, and for what I sent for you, there is one of your Letters which you writ to the Princess, which has been surprized: I will not tell you how,
 Nor

nor the Person who has it, but it is sufficient that I have seen it; and you know, if I have reason to render you this service, which I have done by informing you of it; but it is no matter, perhaps you will one day acknowledge the indulgences one has for you. Endeavour only to recover your Letter, or at least prevent its falling into the hands of the Marquess. The Count extremely troubled with so ill News, fell instantly to think who should be the Author of such an attempt. He prayed the Queen if she knew any thing to tell it him, but seeing it was to no purpose, he asked her leave to go & endeavour to make use of the advice she had just given him; which she very willingly granted him, turning him by that means from the design he had of following the Princess, who

who apparently was still in the Park. She was desirous to go seek her out her self, to have the pleasure of knowing what she thought of all the Adventure, and to give her such an account of it, as it might still more and more perplex her.

The Count would have been glad to have seen the Princess, but the danger was more pressing on the other side ; and the passion he was put into by the treachery that had been done him, making him not himself, rendered him incapable to think of any thing else. He run to his Lodging, where he found *Richard* who was but just arrived, and who, much afflicted, related to him the sad Adventure of the Wood, and how that four Horsemen, disguised like Thieves, had surprized him, and having search'd

search'd him under pretext of taking from him his Purse, had took from him the Letter, he was carrying to the Princess, who had then seen *Gaspard de Saluces*, with what fury he was animated ! never young Lion finding it self wounded in the most sensible part, foamed so with rage as he did. He cast a thousand conjectures upon all those who were capable of playing him so cruel a trick ; but he at length concluded it could only be the Count Palatine, whom he had a thousand reasons to distrust, not only as his Rival, but as the only one, proper for such actions, there being not one person in all that Court, who had boldness enough to undertake such a thing against him, not being able to believe that it was the Queen who had given him notice of it, nor that
the

the Marquess, whom he had never disobliged, would have come to that extremity. In fine, it was the Count Palatine ; and without reasoning more with *Richard* for further information, he went directly to the Palace, where he was told that the Duke was but just arrived ; and found the Count Palatine upon the Stairs ; he boarded him, and squeezed his hand, which was enough to make him comprehend after the words they had had, that he had something to say to him. The Palatine followed him immediately, and when they were out of the Palace, asked him what he would have. Cannot one, replied the Count *de Saluces*, speak with you alone ? He had then no body with him, one may without doubt, replied the Palatine and I expected it.

Thereupon

Thereupon he bid his people wait for him there ; and they had not gone the length of the Park on the side of the *Po*, than that, finding a place fit for the Combat, they took the measures of Honour, whether for Arms or for the advantage of the ground. The Count Palatine immediately quitted the Queens Scarf which he had on his Arm, believing that to be the occasion of the Count *de Saluces* Challenge, and hanging it on a Tree, there is our Prize, said he, we shall quickly see who merits it best. The Count *de Saluces* did not daign to answer him upon that Article, nor to explain himself farther in the fury he was. He took his Sword in one hand and his Ponyard in the other, and his Enemy having done the like on his side, it is to be believed they
were

were not long before they honoured the place with their Blood. What skill and address soever there is, when the dispute is between two brave men who have a good design and Love to do their duty, the business is quickly ended in such a Combat. Count *de Saluces* had already wounded Count Palatine in two or three places, without having received the least touch on his side, and having at length made his Sword fall out of his hand, he bid him yield his Ponyard, but seeing he was obstinate not to do it, he cast away his Sword that he might not fight with advantage, and made use of nothing but his Ponyard as well as Count Palatine. The Combat could not last much longer with Arms so short, and with which few pushes were made in vain. The
 Count

Count *de Saluces* immediately ran in upon his Enemy who being much weaker than he, especially since the wounds he had received, was quickly thrown upon the ground. But the misfortune of the Conquerour was that of a sudden using all his strength to force from him the Ponyard, and the other almost without resistance, rendring it him, he thrust it himself, in the posture he was, through his own Thigh, with which he was dangerously wounded. However in the fury he was he hardly perceived the hurt, and presenting his Ponyard upon the Throat of the Count Palatine, whom he had under him, you must either, said he, Count, lose your life, or restore me what you have of mine. You are Master, answered the conquered, and may take it. Take what?

what ? replied the Count. The Scarfe, answered the Palatine, that you ——— that is not what I demand of you, interrupted he, it is a Letter which you have got by foul play, and which you must either restore or die ; for those violences are unworthy of a Prince as you are. It is true, answered he, that I have a Letter which may be yours ; but it was without violence that I took it from the Queen, and without believing it belonged to you ; take it, continued he, restoring it him, there it is ; for my part I would have nothing to do with it, and if it was only that, that you demanded, it is to little purpose we have proceeded so far, for I should have restored it you, upon the least civility you had done me. The Count Palatine spoke to him after that manner, perhaps because

cause he was at his mercy. Be it as it will, the Count *de Saluces* content with having his Letter, left him, and would have no other advantage over him. He could not comprehend, what he told him, that he had took it from the Queen; and was going to demand a farther explication thereof, when that turning his head to the noise which people made, who came behind him, he saw the Queen her self with the Princess, and one Maid alone in their Train, who was *Dorisa*; all very sad and much affrighted at the Blood which run from their Wounds.

But for an information of this last Adventure, it is convenient I should take the Queen where I left her, who seeking the Princess, found her raving under some Trees, which apparently she entertained

tertained upon the pretended per-
 fidy of the Count *de Saluces*.
 Their discourse was not very
 long, because a moment after,
 they had notice given them of
 the Dukes arrival, and taking
 the shortest way, they went upon
 a Terrass Walk, which had a
 Prospect of the *Po*; but with
 what astonishment were not they
 struck, when they saw from
 thence the two Princes in Fight!
Briseida became pale, and knew
 not what to do; but the Queen
 something more bold, although
 as sensible as she, told her, that
 if she would, they would go part
 them, because it would not alto-
 gether become the Queen to go
 alone. *Briseida* taking courage
 from her love, as much as from
 the resolution of the Queen, ven-
 tured to follow her. They first
 sent *Julia* to give notice to the
 Duke

Duke and the Marquess of what passed : after which they got out through a little Door, which opened upon the *Po*, and which was usually unlocked ; but all was done when they arrived ; and they had no more need of being parted. The Palatine immediately raised pity in them both, to see him all covered with Blood stretched upon the Earth, with the looks of a dying man. The Count *de Saluces* was standing, having still his Ponyard in his hand, which he put up as soon as he saw them, saluting them after a manner as if nothing ayled him. Yet his wound casting out blood in great floods, put those two fair Princesses in an extream pain. They were only come for his sake ; and the pity they had of the Count Palatine did not so much touch them, as their affection

tion for the Count *de Saluces*. The Queen all moved ran immediately to the Scarf, which she saw hanging on a Tree, and would have made use of it to have bound his Thigh, for to prevent his losing all his Blood ; but he thanked her, and civilly prayed her to be pleased to give it to the Count Palatine, to whom it belonged, and who had more need of it than he. The officious Queen was touch'd to the very heart with this refusal, but striving with her self, that the Princess might not perceive it, she carryed it to the Count Palatine, who received it with as much acknowledgment, as the other had shewed indifference. It was in revenge a great delight to *Briseida*. Between two Rivals the pain of the one is always the joy of the other. This who believed
that

that that Scarf had occasioned the quarrel of the two Princes, took it kindly that the Count had refused it, nay, from the Queens hands, and especially in her presence, shewing thereby that since he was Conquerour, he would not make use of his advantage. She likewise believed, she had a great share in that affair, and esteemed no less the Count, to whom she pardoned for that action, almost all the ill, he had made her suffer near the *Fountain of Nymphs*. Which she would likewise shew him; and making use of the time that the Queen was gone towards the Count Palatine, gave him her Scarf to make use of instead of the Queens. The happy Count *de Saluces* transported with joy at such a favour, he so little expected, would have fallen upon his Knees to have expressed to her his
acknow.

acknowledgment, but his heart failed him, and he remained in a swoon in the Princeſſe's Arms, who touch'd with that new accident, had occaſion for *Doriſa's* help. By ill luck the ſame thing had juſt happened to the Count Palatine, whom the Queen could not quit in that condition; and if ever Princeſſe's were perplexed, one may certainly ſay it was thoſe two; but the Queen much more cruelly than *Brifeida*. Be-
 cauſe that ſhe had the pleaſure of rendring officious cares to him ſhe loved, and the other had only the grief to ſee her Lover lying in the Lap of her Rival, and likewise *Doriſa* binding on him her Rival's Scarf, after having reſuſed hers. What ſenſible blows, for a perſon who let nothing eſcape, and who knew the worth and the force of all that paſſes in Love.

C

Julia

Julia had made all possible haste ; and finding at first the Marquess and the Duke of *Savoy* together, she all in a fright told them that the Princes were fighting behind the Park-Wall which looks upon the *Po*. The Duke was much surprized at this news ; but the Marquess was in despair, who, besides the hatred he had conceived, since the concurrence against the Count *de Saluces*, looking upon the Palatine, as the most advantageous Match for his Daughter, fell to say such extraordinary ill things and such threats against the first, that the Duke of *Savoy*, who, as I have already said, loving him with much affection, could not endure it without replying, that he treated something too ill and cruelly a Prince esteemed by all well-bred people, and of a merit acknowledged

ledged by all the Earth. The Duke said this in the way of a Friend, and without passion. Yet the Marquess did not take it so ; although he did not shew it ; and very unwillingly received a Lesson that was made him in his own house. They still walked on , and advanced towards the place that *Julia* had told them, where they found the two Rivals in the state I related. How jealous soever the Marquess was, yet not believing the Count Palatine in love with the Queen, he saw him without regret in her Arms. ; but in what fury was not he against his Daughter, to see her render the same office to the man of the World he hated the most, as if that lovely Princess ought to have took up his unjust sentiments, nay and which she was ignorant of. He looked up-

on her with an indignation, that it seemed she had committed the greatest of all crimes. The Duke of *Savoy* the most gallant and the most reasonable of all men, was not so unjust: far from less esteeming his Sister, he commanded her and doubled his testimonies of kindness. There was only the blood which was seen lying all about and which so strongly struck the sight, which hindered the one and the other from making appear all the joy, that in another conjuncture of time, such an interview would have given them.

The Princess no sooner saw other persons take upon them the care of the Count *de Saluces*, than that she retired; and went to her Chamber to take the pleasure of crying with great torrents of Tears, that she had retained
with

with much difficulty. The Count *de Saluces*, in fainting away, had had time to put into her hands the Letter, the Count Palatine had restored him. She opened it with an unparalleled fear, not knowing what it contained ; but she found that it was the answer of what she had sent him word by his Gentleman of the Horse. She read it a hundred times, and so watered it with her tears, that at length the writing was almost defaced. Yet when she came to make reflection, upon what had passed near that unlucky Fountain, there wanted little that she did not reproach her self with her tears, her tenderness, and the pity she had had for a perfidious man ; for she found no reason that could excuse him. His treason spoke, and the Queen had appeared to her so contented

in that time, that it was not possible, as she thought, but that she triumphed over her. But why renewed she a moment after by reflections more favourable for her, should he refuse her Scarf which she presented him with so good a grace, and in a time he had the most occasion for it? And why send it to the Count Palatine, and accept mine with so much joy before her? Ah Heavens! Cried she thereupon, cause me to be mistaken, and then there may be some mystery in what I have seen that I do not comprehend. She had no mind to have reason to be angry with him, and the sad condition, in which she had seen him, was much stronger than all her resentment.

The Marquess gave order to his people to carry the Count Palatine to the Palace, and the Duke

Duke of *Savoy* being desirous to render the same office to the Count *de Saluces*, commanded his to carry him unto the Apartment which was prepared him, which was in the Old Palace. All the Court much approved the part, that Prince took of the Count *de Saluces*, being generally beloved and esteemed by all. But the Queen above all, thanked him in her mind, and much commended his procedure. She was something interessed in it ; for besides that she could not with a good grace, go see the Count in a particular house, she hoped not only to see him ; but to be able without consequence, to pass one part of the day with him, having so fair a pretext as that of seeing her Brother. There was only *Briseida* who was unhappy in that occasion ; and who, having only

tears for her part, had but an ill
 share. The Marquess her Father
 was sometime without seeing
 her, and spoke not to her but out
 of necessity, nay, and that with
 sharpness; not that he had the
 least suspicion that she loved, or
 was beloved by the Count *de Sa-*
lucés, for violent as he was, he
 would have come to the greatest
 extremities; but through the ha-
 tred that jealousy had given him
 for that Prince, he looked upon
 with horror all those who
 obliged him, and who were for
 him. What injustices does not
 Love make a man do, when it
 turns his wit and his reason?
 What irregularities does it not
 make him commit? and how a
 Lover so transported would be
 ashamed of himself, if he but
 knew himself in that condition.
 But it was to much purpose he
 had

had an aversion for the Count *de Saluces*, though the Princess had known it, she was engaged; and Love making her love him, as much as it made him be hated by her Father, she would not have quitted her sentiments to have took his. She found reason and justice in her conduct, the merit of *Gaspard de Saluces* demanded all her heart; and if she had only given that, to repair the injury her Father had done; she would have thought she had reason to act thus.

The Chirurgions having searched the two wounded Princes, found that the Count Palatine had four wounds; but that that of the Count *de Saluces* was alone more dangerous than all his by reason of the quantity of blood he had lost. This news was quickly spread over all the Court

and there were many tears shed not only by our two illustrious Princesses; but by almost all the Ladies of the Court, by whom this Prince was particularly esteemed. He was some days without receiving visits from any body; and all people pressed to come at all hours to know how he did; but they had not the same complaisance for the Count Palatine, who though he had been longer at that Court, had procured but few friends, and the Marquess was he, who took the most care to inquire of his health.

The Duke and the Queen had sent to make him their Complements, but all their disquiet was only for the poor Count. There was no talk in all that time either of Ball, or of Feasting, or of Walking, or of any other Diver-
tissement,

tisement, which were usually seen in that Court ; and though their recoveries were not any longer doubted of, and that the Count Palatine was already so well as to rise ; The Queen nor the Duke would not begin any till the Count *de Saluces* was in a condition to relish them, at least in his Chamber. They had already begun to make there some small assemblies. The fair Queen was there from the morning to the evening ; she saw him drest twice a day, and all these little cares so charming in such occasions, and so sensible to a sick man, who has such a heart as a gallant man ought to have, were too often repeated for the Count to conserve against them, that insensibility, that the love he had for *Briseida*, obliged him to have for any other than she ; the
Duke

Duke of *Savoy* the most complaisant of all men, saw these eager-
nesses that his sister had for that
Prince, and found no fault with
them. He did not doubt but that
there was some kindness in it; but
he could not blame it for a person
who had so much merit as he.
The Marquess was the only one
who did not approve it; and
who condemned the Brother as
much as the Sister. He was of-
ten in that Chamber; because
he could not see the Queen else-
where, and he was incessantly the
witness of several kindnesses
which put him in despair. Nay,
he was forced out of complai-
sance to look kindly upon his Ri-
val, and that was his greatest
torture. All his pleasure was
to go relate afterwards, all that
had passed to the Count Palatine
exaggerating to him the things be-
yond

yond what they were, nay, and beyond what he had seen, which was no great divertisment to that Prince, who having certainly more inclination to love the Queen, than he ever had for any woman in the world, relished but with very little pleasure the inclination she had for his Rival; but as he knew that the Counts heart was not an offering to her, he hoped, that the first sight of *Briseida* would revenge him on the Queen. Policy would not permit, that to ruin the Count *de Saluces* he should speak of that Letter to the Marquess, because it was to render him wholly the Queens, to take him from the Princess, and that was not to advance his design. Wherefore he took care not to commit that fault.

But we leave too long *Briseida*
crying

crying in her Chamber. That afflicted Princess was so changed in two or three days with grief, that she was no longer the same : those who knew not what there was in her heart, as the Queen did, attributed it to the manner with which the Marquess then treated her ; but there was no sooner certain news, that there was no more danger for the life of her dear Count, than that she was no longer in a condition to raise any ones pity, and her Beauty recovered its former lustre. Not but that there still remained a certain languishing which though it had not been caused by the fear one always has for a person one loves, and who is ill, the advantage the Queen had above her to see him every day, to do him little kindnesses, to speak to him, was capable to
 give

give her a great deal of trouble. What sad moments did she pass upon this account ! What cruel Ideas had she ! The reflection alone of imagining, that she was in his Chamber, gave her a thousand mortal alarms ; and she envied her that happiness, more than that of being Queen. The Count did his devoir in assuring her by his Letters ; but that was not enough. This was the first he writ to her since his being wounded.

If you have not pardoned, Madam, appearances, in what you saw, some days since, I am the most unhappy of all men, for you will have condemned me without doubt as one perfidious, and never was any one so innocent as I. In the condition I am in my forces do not permit me to make greater explanations ; but if Richard might have

have the honour entertaining you, he would tell you enough to ju. ifie me. If I am guilty for having cast my self at the Queens feet, my crime proceeds only from the extream passion I have for you, and you could not have punished me more cruelly than by going away from me; for in that you prevented my clearing all. I am only unhappy, Madam, and still to perfect my ruin, I must needs be deprived of the honour of seeing you, which is the greatest ill my wound could do me, I am much to be pitied, my Princess, if you have no pity for a Prince who only lives for you, and who would give himself a thousand Deaths, if he found himself guilty towards you of the least treachery.

The Princess received that Letter as she was walking in the Park, which was the only pleasure she had had since she had seen the

the Count. She saw *Richard*, who apparently sought to speak to her ; and made him be called to inquire the news of his Masters health. *Richard* who had waited all that day for an opportunity of speaking with her, was ravished with joy, to have so fair an one. He approached her, and gave her that Letter in a Nosegay he presented her ; and which he had prepared on the purpose. The Princess perceived it, and having dismissed him after some questions she asked him concerning the Counts health, she retired into an Arbour to read what he had writ to her. Her mind was all that day something more at ease than it used to be ; but she was not cured of her suspicions, and of her alarms ; the more she loved him, the more jealous she was of his heart, and feared to lose it.

The

The Queen was the most dangerous person, that there was upon the Earth, and the Princess had reason to apprehend her.

Richard having so happily executed his Commission, returned as soon as he could to his Master, to give him an account. He sent him the next day to the Park two hours before the time he was to be there, so much impatience had he to know what answer the Princess would give him; *Richard* went thither to please his Master, and had time to be weary, because *Briseida*, who had a mind to discourse with him, came there later than she had told him, by waiting till it was night; and that she might go thither without Train. She came in the time he least hoped to see her; and that he was going away, and having made him enter into an Ar-
bour.

bour with *Derisa*, she asked him
 what news from his Master.
Richard after having satisfied
 those first Complements, related
 to her the adventure of that Scarf,
 and the reason that had obliged
 the Queen to take it away. Af-
 ter which, what had happened
 to him himself in the Wood, in
 carrying her a second Letter; and
 how his Master having believed
 that it was the Count Palatine
 who was the Author of that vio-
 lence, had given him a challenge
 and by the victory which he had
 over him, had obliged him to re-
 store it, which he had done with-
 out pain, disavowing however so
 base an action, and assuring that
 it was from the Queen he had
 took it. As much as the first ad-
 venture was capable of giving
 joy to the Princess, so much the
 second gave her displeasure, to
 see

fee that two persons ſhe ought
 the moſt to fear, were Maſters of
 a ſecret, which alone was capable
 to ruin them. *Gaspar d de Saluces*
 had judged that ſuch a piece of
 news as that would be extreamly
 diſadvantageous to him with the
 Queen ; but he alſo believed,
 that it was neceſſary to acquaint
 her with it to prevent here there-
 in ; the more the Princeſs exa-
 mined that affair, the more ſhe
 foreſaw the dangerous conſe-
 quences. It was a very happy
 thing the having recovered that
 Letter ; but it was nothing to
 ſuch a furious ſpirit as her Fa-
 thers, and eſpecially in that con-
 trary diſpoſition he then was,
 both for the one and the other ;
 that there needed only the leaſt
 ſuſpition of the inclination ſhe
 had for that Prince, to render her
 unhappy the reſt of her Life.
 Nay,

Nay, she knew not how to comprehend, that that Letter had not yet made a noise, for having passed through the hands of the Queen and of the Count Palatine, both jealous and interested in that intelligence of heart, that they might believe she had with the Count *de Saluces*, they ought to use all their endeavours to break it, they I say, who did not lose the least occasion of giving them trouble. For the Queen, it was probable that the consideration of the Count, whom she would have lost by that means, prevented her from speaking. But the Count Palatine, who had naturally a malicious spirit, and who was beaten and ill treated in all manners by the Count, she knew not what should retain him from spreading abroad that affair, thereby to have his revenge.

She

She again asked *Richard*, if he knew not what had passed in the discourse the Count had had with the Queen, near the *Fountain of Nymphs*. *Richard* who was perfectly instructed therein, related to her all that conversation, with which the Princess was well enough satisfied; But she judged from the Queens spirit, that she would give her trouble, and that the storm would fall some day upon her when she thought of it the least. After that she would not keep *Richard* any longer, for fear of augmenting the ill adventures, and having given him a Letter for his Master, she told him certain days of the week that he might come to the Park, where he should find her, or at least *Dorisa*, in whom he might confide all things. *Richard* content with the joy he was going to give his Master,

Master, was with him before he was aware. He was received with caresses, of which Lovers abound towards those who usefully serve them with their Mistresses. He took that Letter, kist it, opened it, with an impatience, and a joy, that he could hardly read it. It was in these terms.

Do you believe to have committed so great a crime, that it was needful you should take so much pains to justify your self, I can tell you no, though I were still in choller; but after the condition I saw you in, it would be cruelty not to pardon you. I have been angry with you I confess, and though I was mistaken in what I saw, I am not yet so well cured but that I have still need of some time, but be not in pain; you would be but little obliged to me, if the impressi-
on

on such a sight was capable of making in such a heart as mine was so soon effaced. You will perfect this last work when you are in better health, in the mean time endeavour only that, I desired: and if that is not enough I command it you.

For the first Letter that *Briseida* writ him this was kind enough, and that Prince had reason, as he fancied himself, to believe he was the most happy of all men, in having received such a one from such a Princess as she was, he would have passed the rest of the day in reading it, had not the Queen arrived. She found him with an air so gay and with eyes so contented, that she believed there was some great amendment in his health. And indeed from that day he had no more Feaver; and the Chyrurgions

rurgions being come some time
 after, reported that his Wound
 was better than ever ; and if it
 so continued, the Count would
 be again on foot in eight days.
 They could not have given more
 agreeable news to the Queen,
 who came immediately to felici-
 tate the Count. She knew not
 to whom he had that obligation ;
 for apparently she would not have
 so much rejoiced. That happy
 Lover, who had then only in his
 mind the Idea of the happiness of
 being beloved by the Princess, of
 which the Letter she had written
 to him, gave him hopes enough,
 said that day to the Queen, the
 most agreeable and the most o-
 bliging things imaginable. Thi-
 therto it had been only senti-
 ments of respect, and of acknow-
 ment for so many goodneses she
 had had for him ; but flourishing
 D then

then a little more, he enlarged to Courtship it self; and his Soul was so full, that he could have done it to his very enemies. He made no reflection on the consequence; he only thought of contenting his heart, which was in so great a stock of joy, that it was necessary to be communicative if he would be at ease. There is sometimes such sorts of contentments as fill the Souls, as there is of grief which burden them, and of which there is no cure without imparting them to others. The misfortune was for the poor Queen, that she suffered her self to be charmed. She had so great a desire that the Count should love her, that she believed it upon the least appearances; but at that time she was more persuaded than ever, insomuch that she fancied, that it was time to open to him

him her heart, and that to pretend to be insensible, and to let such a man languish as the Count *de Saluces*, in the condition he was, was a perfect inhumanity unbecoming a Woman of her courage. *My Lord*, said she to him, after having suffered him to say things upon her Beauty, and upon the advantages that a Queen as she had to make her self, not only to be beloved by her Subjects, but adored by all men, as the Count had told her, *I believe there is no hazard in telling a Prince, who has such sentiments as those you have for me, that if one had the power you say, of making ones self beloved, one should not make use of it upon the generality. A heart how great soever, will have but one to fill it, but which is worthy of it; and it is what one finds not every day. I have seen*

Kings and Princes who loved me, or at least who told me so, but nothing touch'd me in favour of them. It was not yet what I wanted : It is at Caral, my Lord, she stopped there, sighing. At *Caral*, Madam, replied the Count, and who should be that happy Lover? *You may,* said she to him, blushing, *spare me the trouble of naming him.* The Count found himself more perplexed than she, with that explication. The Queen saw his motion and interpreted it to her advantage; and he saw himself constrained in the length to disabuse her; but happily for both came the Duke of *Savoy*, who after having been some time with them, carryed back his Sister to her Apartment. The Count had seen enough by a thousand testimonies of goodness, that the Queen did not hate him

him, but after what he had told her of the passion he had for the Princess, and what she had seen of it, he would never have believed, that she would have ventured to make a declaration herself of the sentiments of her heart. He clearly saw it was the effect of the manner something more obliging with which he had treated her that day : he repented it, and would have been glad to have been able to have let her know that he could not be unfaithful to *Briseida* ; but besides, that we never take pleasure in saying any thing displeasing to a person not altogether indifferent to us, as a confession of that manner would be, it ever ill becomes the mouth of a man, except he be brought to the last push. The Queen also on her side chose rather to leave him without an an-

swer, to the end he might think of it that night, than to run the hazard of not having such an one as she desired. She saw clearly that let her do what she would, he was still most sensible for the Princess ; and that he declared to her, there was more of acknowledgment than of Love. Yet as we always flatter our selves, she hoped that he would change in time, or that she should cure her self of a passion without hopes. The next day she returned to the charge, more early than she had been there yet ; and being come into his Chamber, by a familiar habit, of which nobody had any thing to say, being only observed there by her Brothers Servants, *well, Count*, said she to him, *have you not t'ought to night of the Lover I spake to you of yesterday, and is it necessary to*
tell

tell you his Name ? It is true, Madam, answered the Count, that I have thought of it ; but if you please I will not know him ; for I should be glad to be ignorant.

Is it that you are jealous, replied the Queen ? No Madam, replied he, but he is the most ungrateful of all men, and merits not the least of your bounties.

You are too hasty, Count, said she, blushing, *in condemning him, for perhaps you are mistaken,* I wish it, Madam, answered he, but if it be the wretch I imagine, I tell you once more that he is ungrateful, and that you ought to have all manner of indifferency for him. *It is impossible,* replied the

Queen, *that he should be indifferent to me, and if ever I change sentiments of him, it will be those of hatred that I shall take.* Ah, Madam, for those, replied the

Count, suffer me, if you please, to tell you, that he has never merited them ; and you would be very unjust if ——— *No, no, interrupted she, rising, I can have none else for ungrateful men ; and it is not from you, I am to take counsel therein.* But Madam ——— she was already out of the Chamber, and not being able any longer to support a conversation so disagreeable to her, she quitted him, and would not hear any more. What a day was that for that poor Queen, she went into her Chamber, where after having plung'd her self sometime into terrible vexations, which all the tears she shed could not allay, she took a strong resolution of seriously endeavouring to render her self Mistress of her heart, and to free her self from a passion she saw would be her ruin. After that

that resolution there, followed another, which was to go see the Count Palatine, without doubt to make the first jealous, and that was not the way to cure her self. She went thither, that Count was then in a condition to receive Visits; but all he could say to her that was tender and passionate, made as little impression upon her mind as upon her heart. She was so pensive, and had her mind so took up, that she let him say several things which in another occasion, she would not have suffered. For that Prince who was very bold and easie to flatter himself, taking the Queens visit for a return of kindness, or at least of some pity of the condition she had seen him in, told her not only that he loved her, but that he died for Love. And she often giving him no answer, he took

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that silence as a favourable consent to his passion; and grew still more bold in rating to her the excess of his ardour. If any one had asked the Queen in going from thence what the Count had said to her, I believe she could hardly have told it. However that Prince very happy in his idea's, as much as if he had been so in effect, really fancied that the Queen did not hate him, and that he might hope to make himself beloved. That amorous Princess knew not what to do; and having firmly resolved not to see, at least that day, the Count *de Saluces*, she was so perplexed with her person, that she was weary wherever she went, and all people put her out of humour. She had not seen her Brother, because she had had much business; but she apprehended, that if she
went

went thither, her ordinary inclination would draw her to the wounded mans Chamber. Yet at length not knowing any longer where to go, where she found not something to distaste her, she fancyed she might hazard her self there, not being yet so weak, but that she could vanquish her self in a thing of so little consequence. But she found him not within, and his Servants told her, that he was with the Count *de Saluces*. The pretext was too plausible; there was no way to give back. She believed, but little, and her heart furnishing her immediately with a thousand reasons, to carry her, she let her self be conducted thither. What she did to conserve some haughtiness, and to let the Count know, it was not to see him she was come there, was in entring to tell the Duke,

Duke, that she sought him; and that she had some Letters to communicate to him from the King her Husband, she had received that day, which was likewise true. Insomuch that her Brother made his visit shorter than he would have done, and went with his Sister to see what the Letters of the King of *Scicily* contained, which was, that he found himself very ill; and that he could have wished, either that the Queen was not yet departed from *Provence*, or that she made haste to arrive in *Scicily* where he expected her. What necessity soever the Queen saw, there was to depart, and though she had so much reason to do it for the good of her heart, she would never have resolved to have shewed those Letters to the Duke her Brother, for fear of not being able
to

to dispense her self from quitting *Caral* sooner than she desired; but the fear she had, having learned that there was also Letters for him, the King her Husband might have writ to him, the same thing, were the reason she could not avoid the communicating them to him, hoping however to defer her voyage some days, with some indisposition of command, caused by the grief she ought to have for that of her dear husband: which was not difficult for her to feign, in the ill humour she then was. Women are the most ingenious imaginable upon that point, and nothing is so easie for them to find as an indisposition.

The Duke having read these Letters, asked if there were none for him; and there was brought
to

to him a great Pacquet from the same King, in which after having entertained him with several affairs of State, he pray'd him extremely not to detain any longer the Queen his Sister, but to hasten her Voyage as much as he could, not being able to assure that he could recover his sickness, which kept him then in Bed. The Duke, who, though these Letters had not come, had a design to return to *Turin*, for the affairs of his State, had quickly concluded that it was requisite to depart, to which the Queen did not shew the least repugnance, since her duty so much obliged her to it. She only demanded two days, to prepare herself for it, assuring her self that after those two days it would come to two others, that some new accident would produce in
 01 her

her favour, and that from two to two, it would happen, either that the King would mend, or that her heart would not be so sick as to hinder her departure. Her imagination already prepared her a great divertisement in learning the Count the news of her departure, to see a little how he would receive it, not doubting, that if he had any kindness for her, it must needs appear in that occasion. She designed for her part to shew a great deal of indifference, nay and joy at it, and yet it was difficult enough for her, who was not used to dissemble, infomuch that apprehending the being betrayed by her sentiments, she fancied the best way for her was to write him word of it. It was then late, and therefore she waited till the next morning. At the same time
it

it was told her there was a Page who asked to speak with her, she knew not but that it might be from the Count *de Saluces*; but she was quickly disabused, when she saw the Livery of the Count Palatine. The Page presented her this Letter.

After having told you, Madam, a thousand times to day, that I die for love of you, will not you pardon me, if I yet write it. My soul is so charmed with the happiness of having seen you, and my passion is so much augmented since that moment, that I can still tell you as news, that I love you, without repeating the same thing. What a power have you, Madam, over a heart! And what a prospect do you shew it, when it is seized by you. Never passion went so far as mine; never Prince was so much in Love; but that which comforts me, and is the
joy

joy of my love, is, that never Princess upon the Earth so deserved to be beloved as you. The Count Palatine.

The Queen extreamly surprized, that that Prince writ to her such a Letter as this; she who remembred nothing of what he had said to her, fancied he raved, and would not so much as answer that Letter, contenting her self with telling the Page in restoring it him, that his Master would have done better to have gone to Bed, and that he ought to think more than once of what he did, when he took the liberty to write to persons of her rank, not to trouble her with such follies. The Page was faithful and acquitted himself exactly in his Commission, and repeated word by word to his Master what the Queen said. Never man was more out of Countenance, nor
more

more afflicted than he : after having had the pleasure of imagining three or four hours together, that he was not indifferent to one of the fairest Queens of the world, to see himself contemned to that point, as to be treated like a mad man. He could not have believed it ; and would have hazarded a second Letter, if it had not been so late, but he was fully resolved to do it the next day. This day was a set day of Love : for the Queen writ to the Count *de Saluces*, and the Princess also, the Count *de Saluces* writ to the Princess, and the Palatine to the Queen, and thus all these Letters succeeded.

The first was that from the Queen, she was to act the part of one sick that day ; as well to have an occasion of writing to the Count, as by maxime of the world,

world, after the News she had received from *Scicily*. She had thought of it all the night ; and to make a Letter of ten or twelve lines, one may say, she had formed in her mind wherewith to make fifty, which she at length reduced to the words which follow.

When we have once made acquaintance with persons who have merited and procured Our esteem for them, the custom of the world will not suffer them to part without taking leave : I go away after to morrow, my Lord, and if fortune should ever force you to have need of a place of refuge, you will always find one, not perhaps agreeable, but safe with the Queen of Scicily — I would have ended here, and I know not why I begin again : for I have nothing to say to you, adieu, my Lord. If I have

have any regret in parting,; it is in not seeing you entirely cured of your wound. Adieu.

Although the Queen did not too much manage her self in her conduct towards the Count *de Saluces*, she would not however have had it known that she had writ to him, and above all the Duke her Brother, who having had complaisance enough thitherto, not to condemn her, would have perhaps disapproved it, if he had seen that it proceeded so far. But that which obliged her still more to take measures, was *Richard*, through whose hands her Letter must needs pass, and who being without doubt gain'd by *Briseida*, in the Intrigue he served for Confident, it was to be feared he would not serve her as she desired. Insomuch that having studied for some invention

to deceive him, and not to hazard any thing with her Brother, she bethought her self of having one of her Pages drest in the Princesses Livery which was not difficult to procure, and having instructed him in all things, she sent him to the old Palace. That Page being cunning, as are almost all those of his Character, did not fail to go directly to the Count *de Saluces* Apartment, and when he was at his Chamber door, to know, and ask for *Richard*. He came though he was then busied with the Chyrurgions, who drest his Master, and having immediately known the Princesses Livery, he asked the Page if he had any thing to say to him; he answered, he had a Letter to give him from his Mistress for the Count. *Richard* took the Letter, bid the Page wait a moment, and carried

carried it to his Master, to whom he whisper'd in the Ear, not to be understood by the Chyrurgions, that a Page of the Princess was at the Door, who had just given him a Letter from her. The Count charmed with the goodness of *Briseida*; having no leisure then to read it, bid his Gentleman of the Horse deliver, at the same time, that which he had prepar'd for that lovely Princess, and to tell the Page, that he might return within an hour, to take the answer of that he had brought. *Richard* did not fail, and the Page return'd to the Queen with this Letter.

I should be in despair, Madam, for having committed the least Crime against you; but after what you have had the goodness to write to me, upon a seeming Crime; there wants little that I am not
glad

glad to have fail'd after that manner. Be, my Divine Princess, still in a little anger, as you are; yet if possible, let it not be long, for what Charms soever you have in that State, I tremble, and do not so well relish the sweetness, as in another. I am by half the better since you commended it me, and to be wholly recovered, there wants nothing but seeing you. Till when must I wait for my happiness? I languish for it; and it is at present the only ill I need be cured of.

The Queen perceived this Letter was not address'd to her; and that it was a mistake that the disguise of her Page had caused. We read unwillingly that Courtship, which goes not only against our pretensions; but which destroys all our hopes; and in point of love more than in any other thing:

thing : Thus it cannot be doubted, that the passionate Queen, with the pleasure she took in the mistake, had not likewise a sensible grief, to see things written, w^{ch} were so contrary to her desires ; yet the hopes of making use of them for her revenge, gave her some little comfort. It is the first recourse of Women, and is instead of all to them, when they have lost all. She did not doubt, but that the Letter she had written to the Count, did not undeceive him, and put him in mind of the fault he had committed ; but she did not design to restore it him, till after having made use of it against him. As she was in this thought, she was told, that the Princess was coming to see her : She entred the Chamber presently after. *Briseida* had already learnt the news that the Queen had

had receiv'd from *Sicily*, and had taken that pretext of making her a visit ; but that which brought her, was to know, if she was to depart within two days, as was reported ; and at which she feared to rejoyce too soon. There passed between them much of seeming kindness, and several Compliments, after which they came to an ordinary Conversation, and fell insensibly upon the Chapter of the Count *de Saluces*, for whom the Queen declared to have a great deal of esteem : She told the Princess, that she made no difficulty to confess it to her, because she knew that Prince was not indifferent to her ; and that besides esteem, she had yet something more kind for him. You know a great deal of news of my Heart, Madam, *Briseida* answered smiling, and perhaps more

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than I : I consult it so seldom, that I am almost always the last, that knows what passes in it ; so that I can give no positive answer to what you say of the sentiments I have of the Count *de Saluces*. That Conduct is rare, reply'd the Queen smiling also ; but however, give me leave to tell you, that that Heart you take so little care to consult, has perfectly instructed you with the Progress that Prince has made in it. Did the Count tell you this, Madam, said the Princess to her? May be he did, answered the Queen. No, no, Madam, reply'd immediately the Princess, I know to whom you owe your informations ; but it is possible to be deceived by such Memorials : and that Letter surpriz'd with so much violence, is but an ill security of the posture of my Heart.

Do

Do not defend your self so much, Madam, reply'd the Queen, in a truth, which is but too well known to me, I have no need of violence to know your secrets, they are imparted to me without my desiring it. Will you believe if I let you see it? then added she, shewing her the Letter her Page had brought her, see if that be not addrest to you; and say after these securities, that I am grounded upon ill memorials. The Princess took the Letter, knew the hand, saw it was an answer of that she had written to the Count, and did no longer doubt after that, but that she was betrayed: Yet to examine the Queens procedure, she could not comprehend by what motive she should show her the Count's Treachery; and that if she was so much in his favour, as to be made

a Confident of all the Letters he writ to her, what her design could be, to make her quarrel with him. All these reasons were strong enough, to make her return a little from the disorder her first vexation had cast her in ; and opening her Eyes more and more, she only saw jealousy in what the Queen had told her, and suspected her of some new Cheat in this, as well as in the other Letter. She had not yet made her any answer thereupon, having at first been hurried away with a thousand reflections she made upon that Letter ; but on a sudden taking a Face more serious and more moderate, than the Queen expected ; The Count, said she to her, writes very kindly ; and if I had not been touch'd with his merit, I should be perhaps with his Letters, since that you say, continued she, that
this

this is for me, you will give me leave to burn it; for having read it, I have nothing more to do with it. The Queen, who could not oppose that design, consented, and it was burnt at the same moment. After that the Princess spake, and was all the rest of the time of that visit, with so much tranquility and so little ill humour, that the Queen made this judgment of her; that for a young person, she was very skillful in the Art of dissembling; since she could do it in so great a subject of jealousy. Be it as it will, she had not all the pleasure she had prepared her self for, but saw her go out of her Chamber with the same joy she was come there.

The Princess was hardly at the bottom of the Stairs she was to pass, to go to her Apartment, and which was a place very obscure, that a Servant without a Livery

abording her, gave her a Paper, and told her softly, that the Count *de Saluces* sent her that Letter; but it not being *Richard*, and she distrusting her Enemies play'd her some trick, as they dayly endeavoured, she knew not if she was to take it; but it was to no purpose she ballanced upon the point; for the Bearer had hardly given it her, but he disappeared; thus she saw her self forced to keep it, and was no sooner in her Chamber, than that she opened it; but it was with trembling, and found there these Words.

I have followed your Counsels, Madam, and after having thought all the Night of what I wrote to you yesterday, I do not see, that I have committed a great Crime in writing to you how I love you, after having suffered me to tell it you a hundred

hundred times in one afternoon. If writing only offends you in Love, I renounce, Madam, all that is call'd Amorous Tickets and Tickets of Gallantry: Not but that it is something very hard, in such a Conjunction of time as this, when I have so seldom the honour of seeing you, If at least, Madam, losing on that side, you would otherwise repair it, I might be comforted, though you are unjust: But after what manner soever it happens, it is a great Grace to me, that you permit me to Love you, and to tell it you, and I promise never to write it you, if you please, as long as I live.

The Princess overjoy'd at this Letter, which had given her so much fear: She hop'd to have her revenge on the Queen, to whom she perceiv'd that it was addressed, and that the Bearer

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who

who had given it her, had took her for the Queen. But she could not divine the reason why he had told her that he came from the Count *de Saluces*. The Count Palatine, after the contempt with which the Queen had treated his first Letter; seeing that it was an effect of her inconstancy, apprehended she would make a difficulty of receiving the second; his jealousy of the Count *de Saluces*, which had not yet quitted him, making him believe, that he had contributed to the Change, made him hope at the same time, that in his name it would be better receiv'd: Insomuch that he made use of that deceit, ordering his Commissioner of that affair, to withdraw as soon as he had delivered it. It was an honest *High Dutch* Gentleman, who in a place something obscure, as
that

that was, where he met the Princess, not too well knowing to distinguish her from the Queen, whom he had seldom seen, was easily mistaken in seeing her come out of that Apartment: *Briseida* could not entirely penetrate into the subject of that false Embassy, no more than in the understanding the Letter: But was however very glad of the adventure; to make a pleasant use of it, she would let the Queen know of it, and sent her her Letter with this following.

Secret for Secret, Madam, and Letter for Letter. Destiny is very capricious to day, that you nor I can receive any thing of this nature, but by indirect ways: Let us treat one another as we would be treated: For my part, I confess, I could be very well without the pleasure one would give me

in making me a Confident; It is no pleasure, but a trouble; and if you are in the same sentiment, we shall not again be indebted to one another for the like Obligations. Briseida of Montferrat.

The Queen having read these two Letters, was not so much vexed, although she was very much, at the Princes insolence, in writing to her a second time after that manner, as she was in despair, that those follies had passed through the Princesses Hands, who might believe they had some ground; but that which still put her most in pain, was, the belief that it was possible, that that Prince had made her his Confident, to laugh at her together; and if it was not so, as it was something improbable, by what means could she have had that

that Letter, to revenge her self
 so opportunely : during all this
 trouble, which was but too great
 to her, she was told that the Gentleman of the Horse of the Count
de Saluces as'd to speak with her :
Richard had leave to enter, and
 presented to the Queen a Letter
 from his Master, wherein the
 Count, after having declared the
 extream regret he had, in not being
 in a condition to accompany her,
 and to render her at least his De-
 voires, before she departed ; he
 prayed her very instantly to send
 him back a Letter, that the Gentleman of the Horse had given by
 mistake to her Page. Of the humour the Queen was then, she
 did not find that Letter kind enough for her ; nay not Civil enough to oblige her to draw him
 out of the pain, she perceiv'd he
 was in for that Letter ; and told

Richard

Richard for answer, that he had only to tell his Master, that she had no longer his Letter, and that he might go ask it of the Princess, who would give him better reasons than she. - *Richard* cast himself at her Knees, and pray'd her, with tears in his Eyes, rather to put him to Death, than to send him back without that Letter: that his Master not believing the disguise nor deceit of the Page, was in such a rage against him, that he durst not appear again in his presence; nay, that he fear'd, that the fury he was in upon this Subject, his Disease might grow worse, and that he would be more sick than ever. The Queen who was a tender and sweet Princess, mov'd with *Richards* tears, more than with all he told her of the rage of his Master, did for his sake write to his Master,

ster,

ster, and sent him this Letter.

It was not necessary to answer your Letter ; but I pity poor Richard, who was not responsible for the trick my Page play'd him ; pardon him for my sake. Your Letter was burnt by the hands of a Judg, whom you dare not, I believe, complain of, nay nor appeal from the reason of that act of Justice ; I know not, if I have contributed towards it, it was without design. Perhaps they would give me my revenge, but they are not my Friends enough to believe that. Adieu : if I am better this Evening, perhaps I will see you for the last time.

The Queen told Richard, that that Letter would make his peace, or at least it would so well justify him with his Master, that he should have nothing more to say to him. The honest Gentleman
of

of the Horſe relying on the Queens words, return'd ſomething comforted to his Maſter, to whom he preſented that Letter, which far from appeaſing him, put him in a greater fury than ever; for that the Queen writ him word, that his Letter had been burnt. He knew her Spirit, and fear'd ſhe had ſerv'd him ſome trick with the Princeſs, to whom he ſaw that that name of Judge was addreſſed: there, there-upon paſſed a hundred terrible imaginations in his mind, and had no reſt, till he had ſent *Richard* to the Rendezvouz of the Park with this Letter.

I dye, Madam, if you do not pardon me the miſfortune that is happen'd, through the imprudence of my Gentleman of the Horſe, who gave this morning a Letter I wrote to you, to one of the Queens
Pages

Pages, who had taken your Livery to deceive him. I am informed that that Letter has been burnt. Alas! what crime had it committed! must it be answerable for the silliness of my Man; and must I be doubly unhappy? Do me more Justice, incomparable Princess; and at least let me know, that I have no part in that punishment. I have suffered enough, though I am innocent; and you cannot punish me any more without putting me to Death.

Richard went to the Park, and waited there very long, and to no purpose, for the Persons who were to come thither; at which his Master not seeing him return, grew impatient, at least as much as he. At length it was so late, that neither the Princess, nor Dorisa could come thither; and he returned to the Palace to carry that

that ill news to his Master, who suffering himself to be transported with grief and affliction drew tears from poor *Richard*, just as he was told, that a young man ask'd to speak with him: he went to see who it was, and found that it was *Dorisa* in Boys Cloaths, whom he would not have known, had not she declared her self to him. She would not stay, for fear of some misfortune, and bid him only be at one of the Clock in the Night in a Chamber she shew'd him, and where she would wait to speak with him. *Richard* gave her the Letter he had for her Mistress, and let her go, that he might presently carry that news to his Master, which though it had nothing extraordinary, would almost restore him his Life, and to *Richard* the Joy he had lost.

A little time after the Queen came, who fell a Rallying the Count upon the Letter she had seen, and at the rage his Gentleman of the Horse had told her he was in. That Prince not having his mind then enough at ease, to come to raillery, as the Queen did, defended himself so ill, that she told him he raised her pity; and that the adventure of that Letter had so disturbed his wit, that he had none left: adding to that, that she would not bid him adieu that evening, as she had resolved; since he was in so ill a humour; and that he should prepare himself for the next day, that she might see him kind and sensible, at least for that day. She quitted him after these words; and left him less satisfied with himself than she was. But the care of sending *Richard* to the mid-

mid-night Rendezvouz, having succeeded to that vexation, gave him other Idea's much more important than those. The time approached, and *Richard* prepared himself to go to that Chamber; where he found *Dorisa*, who told him, that it being reported to the Marquess, that one of the Princesses Pages had entred into his Masters Apartment in the morning, and had given him a Letter, to deliver him; that business had made a noise, and that though the Princess had justified her self enough, and that it was found it was the Queen, who had made use of that Livery, to dress one of her Pages; The Princess had been forbid the speaking with any of the Princes people, nor to suffer that any of hers had commerce with them. *Richard* then related to her, what had happened to

to him upon the mistake of that Letter and the deceit of the Page. After which having given one another signs and addresses, not to fall again into the like inconveniencies, *Dorisa* gave him a Letter for his Master, and told him that he might return the next day at the same hour. *Richard* very well satisfied with this negotiation, which would so well reconcile him with his Master, returned immediately to him, and told him why the Princess and *Dorisa* went not to the Park, and what the Marquess had forbid them, as also the consequence his Letter had had in the Queens hands; and in fine all that *Dorisa* had told him. But his conclusion was the Letter, which the Count opened with a great deal of joy after the assurances of esteem, that *Richard* had brought

brought from the Princeſſe's part;
it contained theſe words.

Do not trouble your ſelf, my Lord, if the Queen perſuades you no more than ſhe does me, you will never have reaſon for any diſquiet. She had like to have ſurprized me with that Letter, I confeſs, though I miſtruſted her before; but ſhe was not cunning enough to maintain what ſhe had but too well begun. Her ſpleen betrayed her, and ſhe did not appear enough diſinterreſſed to make me believe what ſhe told me. Afflict not your ſelf at the fate of your Letter: I will not keep any thing that ſhall paſs through the hands of my Enemies, for fear it be infectious. Take care of your ſelf only, but if it is true that they are to depart, I pity you. You loſe in the Queen a perſon who much eſteemed you; and who if it may be ſaid, merited — Adieu.

You

*You know perhaps better than I
what she merited,*

The Letters of that charming Princess gave admiration to the Count, as they filled him with Love. He only wished to be cured, that he might have the happiness of seeing her, for which he impatiently long'd. In the mean time he clearly saw, that all things disposed themselves to be contrary to him. The Queen was departing and could no longer serve him for pretext ; The Marquess had changed his sentiments of him, and was jealous in regard of the Princess; Love alone was for him ; but it was enough, for a Lover of his make, not to despair of any thing ; and assured as he was of the Princesses esteem, there was not only any obstacle but he believed he could surmount, but also no Enchantment,

ment, that he did not hope to put an end to.

This being the last day that the Queen was to pass at *Caral*, she was no sooner visible, than that there were people in her Chamber, and she passed the greatest part of it in receiving the Compliments of the most considerable Persons of that Court. The Palatin, who had yet only walked in his Chamber, went out that day, to go render his devoirs to the fair Queen. He was still so pale and so weak, that she could not see him without having pity, and could not continue in her resentment against him. But yet, as she could not dispence her self from telling him the reason she had to be angry with him, she was willing to do it with the most moderation and the most sweetness she could ;
and

and drawing him aside : My Lord, said she to him, you have not at all consider'd me, in writing to me the follies you did. I know not by what hazard they fell into the Princesses hands, whether it was you or Fortune that did thus play upon me ; but I shall tell you, that it was from her I receiv'd the last Letter you wrote to me. Thereupon the Count would have interrupted her, and have justified himself of a misfortune, he could not comprehend ; but the Queen told him, that it was not necessary ; that she would believe of it all that he would, and that in the condition she saw him, and upon the point of departing, she was willing to pardon him what had passed, provided that for the future he was more rational, and that he did not imagin she could

could love him : Not but that he had a great deal of merit ; and that she found not in him, as many fine Qualities, as could be desired in a Prince ; but withall that she counsell'd him as a good Friend, to undeceive himself, and to make use of her sincerity ; that if her esteem and her Friendship, which were two things which depended on her, had wherewith to content him, that she would not refuse them him ; but it was requisite he thereto regulated himself, and that he ask'd no more, because she could also give no more, The fair Queen accompanied all this discourse, with certain manners so Charming and so Natural to her, that though that unhappy Prince found only poyson in his Heart, in all she had said to him ; it was so well season'd, that he
could

could not hold from swallowing it without complaining. Their Conversation was not long, because that People coming incessantly, and that it was requisite that the Queen render'd some Civility to each one in particular; they were several times interrupted, and the Count seeing it was no fit hour for him, retir'd. The Marquess came afterwards with the Face of an afflicted Man, and the Heart of one in despair. The Queen told him almost the same thing she had done to the Count Palatin, but his passion had made too much way, to be able to reduce it to those terms; he said a thousand extravagancies to the Queen, which would have made her laugh had she not pitied him. He pray'd her to grant still two days, to be able to resolve to see her depart; or otherwise he

F should

should die of regret. The Queen, who was overjoy'd at that proposition, made show of being touch'd with some consideration for him, and bid him endeavour to obtain it from the Duke her Brother; and engage him to speak to her of it, and that she would not make very great difficulty to grant it. The Marquess left her to go endeavour to bring this to pass, hoping already to have gain'd his main point, since he had the Queen on his side. She was no sooner freed from all the great people, than that she went to spend the rest of the day with the Count *de Saluces*. Well! Count, said she to him, as she enter'd his Chamber, if Love had united us, we should have a great deal to suffer this day that Fate is going to part us. Having had the honour to know a Princess of
so

so extraordinary a merit as you are, Madam, answered the Count, It is impossible I can part from you without regret. What regret should you have, replied she, I leave you with so beautiful a person, whom you love, and who loves you, it would injure her, to have any regret for any other than for her. I do not believe, Madam, replied the Count, that what I shall feel for you at this parting, has any thing contrary to what I owe her: Speak more clearly, Count, said she again to him, this cannot longer be of Consequence: I am to depart to morrow; and perhaps I shall not see you again as long as I live: have you had any sentiment of kindness for me? and after *Briseida*, is there any person you have more consider'd than me? No certain-

ly, Madam, answered the Count, and moreover I swear to you, that I believe that if I had seen you before the Princess, I should have had for you the Sentiments I have for her, and for her those that I have for you. If I had two hearts, they would be easy to be shared ; yet having but one, and having given it before I had seen you, you have no reason to complain. You believe it, Count, replied the Queen, but you are mistaken, we never do our selves justice in that point : We would have merit have the better ; and we always fancy to merit more than others. Be it as it will, Prince, I love you, it is no secret to you ; but I tell you moreover, that I love you more, than you love me : I am out of Countenance I do so ; and to repair it, I pretend that you should love me, at least

as

as much. If you will not endeavour it ; and that you should fear to commit a perfidy to your fair Princess, I will do it for you : I have a long time known the way, that is to be taken to touch Hearts ; and I will be very unlucky , if I compass not yours ; I am to depart to morrow ; but I shall easily find some excuse to hinder it. Reckon this still for something, for it is only for the love of you. Adieu, and if possible, think not so much of *Briseida*, that you do not remember me a little. After that the fair Queen left him, more touched with her charming way of doing and speaking than he had ever been. But *Briseida* however triumphed still. *Richard* went to the Rendezvouz with a Letter, he found *Dorisa* there and brought back another, which ruined, all that the Queen

had advanced that Evening, nay, and made him repent of all the obliging things he had said to her, which served, as Rampards against the attaqucs, with which she had threatned his Heart.

The Marquess had given so many reasons, and shewed so many pretences to the Duke of *Savoy*, that he had at length obtained of him, that if the Queen would yet defer her departure for two days, which were to be passed in Balls, in Feasts & such other like Divertisements, which had been interrupted since the quarrel of the two Princes, which were to begin with a Ball. The Duke, at the Queens desire, would have it in his Apartment ; to the end that Count *de Saluces*, who begun to rise, might have part of the Divertisement ; but as the Count Palatin, who went a-
broad

broad already, was likewise to be there, it was thought convenient, to make them see one another first: the morning was chosen for that interview; and it passed with so many Testimonies of Friendship and Civility on both sides, that it was not doubted but that they were really reconciled: The pleasures that the Count *de Saluces* had by the Queens departure being deferred, was, that it procured him, by the means of the Ball, the happiness of seeing the Princess. He had notice given him of it by the Queen her self, who sent him this Letter.

The Ball will be to day in your apartment: I have thus desired it for your Divertisement. It will perhaps cost me dear; but it matters not. You will see the Princess there, who apparently longs for a sight

E 4

sight of you. Judge after this, if I am not extremely your Friend, since I betray my self for the love of you. Reckon at least this obligation for something, and if possible, make me not repent.

The Count made her an answer which was no less Gallant. It had been perhaps as kind, so sensible was he to this Testimony, of her goodness; but that he apprehended the consequences, and knowing the Queens Spirit, who perhaps only writ to him so obligingly to have his answer the same, that she might afterwards shew it the Princess at the Ball, he kept himself purely within the limits of Civility and of Gallantry. The Queen was not so malicious as he imagined, she had not that design; and if she had only shewn the Hand to *Briseida*, it had been enough to have put her in pain;

pain; but she would manage her self better with him, and make use of ways more gentle and more delicate to take him from the Princess, The Prince prepared himself all the morning, for the happiness he expected in seeing her, and his joy was so great, that it advanced his Health more in a moment, than all the Remedies and all the good Treatments he had. The time appeared to him very long; but in fine, the Ball began, and *Brisseida* appear'd there with all the lustre of an *April* Sun. There was seen in her, more than ordinary, a certain languishing in her Face, which she was not used to have, which was a new ray of Beauty in her, which agreeably surpriz'd all people. The amorous Count was infinitely Charmed; and if the hopes of seeing her

had advanced his Health, the transports a sight so desired gave him, much lessened it. He could not bear the Excess, he fell into a fainting, and was therefore laid upon his Bed. The common Opinion was, that it was the effect of too much Air, and that he ought to take more care of himself. But perhaps, those that were interessed did not make the same judgment: The Queen, however, did not attribute it to her self, no more than the Princess; she chose rather to believe, as others did, that he was not yet well enough to go out of his Chamber; she had caus'd it, and therefore had all imaginable regret. The Ball was hardly ended, that she entred his Chamber, and made him excuses so tender, and so obliging, that notwithstanding all the Charms of *Briseida*, by which

which the Count had just almost been reduced to Death; he could not help from being touched, and she parted from him very well satisfi'd.

The hour approached, that Richard was to go meet Dorisa. His Master sent him to the Rendez-vous with this Letter for the Princess.

How dangerous are you to be seen too lovely Princess, after having been some time without that happiness. It had like to have cost me my Life; too happy if I was to dye in loving you, it might be that Death: The too much Joy I had at first, deprived me of the pleasure of enjoying it longer. If you use me to it by degrees, I should not be subject to those surprizing effects of your Charms. It was the Ball which procured me that Felicity. Shall I not once owe it to you your self?

Tom;

You see, Madam, what these long absences cause me, fear for me, if they do nothing upon you. If you would not lose me when I find you, there needs only to see you oftener, and if you are not indifferent to what belongs to you, you ought by that reason to have a care of my Life.

Richard not only found Dorisa in that Chamber, but the Princess likewise, who much in pain for the Count's Health, after the accident which had happened to him, was come her self to learn the news, with disquiets, and sentiments so tender, that Richard had wherewith to make a Charming recital to his Master. She questioned him about a thousand things, to which he made such answer as she desired; and she sent him back but as late as was possible, so much pleasure she took in discoursing with him. The Count was in pain; and already

ready

ready fancied, that he had been surprized with *Dorisa*, but he saw him presently return with a joy, which caused him to have the like. It was the custom of that Prince to observe him, as he entred the Chamber, to see by his meen; if he had any good news to tell him. *Richard* had in effect wherewith to make him rejoyce, and charmed him so much by all he told him, that there were things, the Count made him repeat five or six times with an extream pleasure; and passed one part of the Night in that, without being incommoded; there was also a Letter at the end of this Charming Relation, and it was in these terms.

What do you think of dying in my sight? Do you believe I take so little part in your Life, that I should not be troubled with these accidents?

dents ? Adieu : Manage your self better another time, and if not for the love of your self, let it be at least for the love of me.

The Count hardly slept the rest of that Night ; but his Heart was so contented, that this far from having an ill effect upon him, he appeared the next day more fresh, and in a better State, than the accident which had happened the day before did permit to have been hoped. The Marquess gave, that Afternoon, so splendid a Feast to the Queen, that History has made mention of it. It was not a Princes liberality, it was a Lovers prodigality, which was observed in the very least things. The Queen however took not much pleasure in it ; and made no great value of so great a Feast ; she had only the Count *de Saluces* in her mind, and languished in all places, where
 she.

she did not see him. It was for
 him alone, that she grieved to
 depart the next day; she had still
 a thousand things to say to him.
 All this put her out of humour;
 and she was but little oblig'd to
 him, who gave her this fine feast.
 Did not the Marquess well em-
 ploy his cares and his expences?
 All this Divertisement ended
 sooner than it would have done,
 for the Queens sake, who could
 not at length hold from shewing
 that she was weary. Those who
 were complaisant towards her,
 attributed that uneasiness to the
 Condition she knew the King of
Sicily was in. The Marquess who
 was one of those indulgent men,
 was the first that made her Com-
 pliments of Consolation upon
 the grief she ought to have, and
 told her she ought not to be af-
 flicted, that she would receive
 without

without doubt news upon the way, that he grew better. From thence he passed to his own ills, assuring her, that if any one was to be pitied, it was he, who saw himself at the Eve of the greatest misfortune that could ever happen to him, and to lose all he had most dear in the World.

The Queen though in a time something improper, to receive agreeably all this discourse, was too little inclined to be angry, that she suffered it all at length, but it is true, that she made him no answer, which had been enough to have punished any other Lover than the Marquess. He accompanied, or rather followed her to the Count's Chamber, and as if he had designed to make her mad that day, he quitted her not, but kept close, as long as she stay'd there, insomuch that the
Queen

Queen to shake him off, took her leave of the Count, and withdrew into her Apartment, where the amorous Marquess still tortured her with his courtship and his transports. *well, my Lord, said she to him at length, have you said to me all you have to say? I know that you love me; I see you are grieved for my departure, I imagine you will suffer a great deal in my absence. But in fine here is the end of the Romance: I must depart, and I —* Ah Madam, I know it but too well, interrupted he her with a passionate Air. It is sufficient, I must dye this day. Ah! for dying, replied the Queen, not being able to hold from laughing, I beg of you it may not be in my Chamber, and if possible not till I am gone. The Queen's laughing and answer cast the poor Lover into such

such despair, that she was afraid, and said a thousand kind things to him, to repair that raillery, and something to settle his mind, nay & assured him, that he was one of the men of the world, she esteemed the most, and that she found him the most worthy of her friendship. This was no good means to cure him ; but it helped her to be the sooner rid of him, which was all she desired ; he was no sooner gone, than that the Queen called for *Julia*, and fell a laughing as soon as she saw her. I have committed a great many follies in this Court, *Julia*, said she to her ; but this being the last day, I must commit one more ; and I will have you to be of the party. That insupportable Marquess had like to have made me lose my wits to day. He gave me not one moment of liberty :

liberty : he followed me every where, to the very Chamber of the Count *de Saluces*, to whom you may imagine that before such a Witness as that I could not say one word. In a word, though I was forced to go from thence, though I came hither, that I let him say all that he would, yet I could hardly get rid of him. My God, a dozen such Lovers as he in the world, would make all Women that love, renounce their Gallants. That is not all, I must bid farewell to the Count : it is the last time I shall see him, perhaps in all my life ; and I cannot part after that fashion. Shall we depart so early Madam, answered *Julia*, and that — Ah, my God ! interrupted the Queen, for a Maid of sense, how little thou comprehendest what I mean. Thou hast never loved,
and

and I pardon thee. Would'st thou, continued she, that to morrow morning I should bid him farewell before all the world? A tender farewell, and between two persons who hate not one another, is it made after this manner? Let us not reason so much: thou art an innocent in that matter, find only some invention, that we may immediately, without being known by any body, go see the Count *de Saluces* in his Chamber, for it is already late: I am but just come from thence, and this might cause discourse. *Fa-
lia* told her, that without dressing themselves in mens cloaths, she saw no other disguise to take. I had already thought of it, answered, the Queen, and I am over-joyed that your opinion is the same with mine. They quickly found what was necessary, and
being

being drest under pretext of a rail-
 lery, they would make to the
 Duke of *Savoy*. Our two fair
 Adventureffes went to the Count's
 Apartment, and entred into his
 very Chamber, without meeting
 with any of his people ; but
 without finding the Master also,
 and that was the worst of the ad-
 venture. The Queen much sur-
 prized at the eclipse of a sick
 man, who the day before had
 fainted away, was in the greatest
 pain possible to imagine where
 he could be gone. Jealousie im-
 mediately seiz'd her, and she fan-
 cied he was with the Princess.
 Then troubles and disquiets tor-
 mented her, and she went to seek
 for him in *Briseida's* Apartment.
 It was to no purpose *Julia* repre-
 sented to her, to what they ex-
 posed themselves, she had a hun-
 dred reasons ready to make her
 see

see that she risked nothing, and that they might still make their equipping pail for a jest. They came at length to the Princesses, where having immediately found a Page, *Julia* asked him if they could not speak to his Mistress, this Page answered that she was not within, but was gone to the Marquess's: thus their visit was at an end. Ah *Julia* ! said the Queen to her, as soon as they were got out of that Apartment, my suspicions are but too true. They are certainly together ; for what reason should the Princess have to be at this hour with her Father ; she is with the Count *de Saluces* ; and that Prince in the condition he is cannot be out of the Palace. They are hid in some place : and I would gladly have the pleasure of surprizing them. Come let us search for them,

them, perhaps we shall find them;
 It was not only rashness, but folly
 for two Women to go alone,
 especially of the Queens quality,
 and run up and down such a Palace
 as that in the Night; but it
 was a great presumption to hope
 to find them, they who had never
 seen half of the Apartments,
 and who knew not either the
 passages, the entrances, or the go-
 ings out. But Love is a God
 which reasons upon nothing:
 who blindly follows all his de-
 sires: and the Queen who only
 took his counsels, could not be
 too wisely conducted. Thus our
 two Heroines newly made
 Knights of that Palace, as Vessels
 in the middle of the Sea, without
 Sails or Rudder, floating as the
 Winds drove them, sometimes
 on one side, and then again on
 the other, without knowing whi-
 ther

ther they went. The least light
 made them afraid; and yet they
 desired to see all. During all
 this time the happy Count de Sa-
 luzes enjoy'd, free from all storms,
 the most lovely calm he had ever
 tasted, in all his life. He had
 made reflexion all the night be-
 fore of *Richards* happiness, who
 had met the Princess at that Ren-
 dezvous, and as if he had carryed
 his fortune, he would a thousand
 times have desired that evening
 to have been *Richard*. That de-
 sire inspired him with designs,
 which pleased him, and which
 appeared to him too easie and too
 advantageous not to put them in
 execution. He communicated
 them to *Richard*, without whose
 advice he did not any thing. He
 told him, that burning with a
 desire to see and speak to the
 Princess, he did not believe there
 was

was any danger to be run either for him or for her, for him to go to that Chamber; that he knew very well, that it would surprize her; that those Graces were not asked but when one has a mind to be refused; that *Briseida* was so nice, that he could never hope the like from her, if he took it not without telling her; and that she would however pardon it him. *Richard* the most complaisant of all men, and who in the disposition he had seen the Princess for his Master, did not doubt but that she would be glad to see him, and believed if he had strength to go thither, they might hazard the business. The Count would immediately shew that he was stronger than he really was, and it is true, that Love is an admirable God. He seemed never to have had any hurt, and *Richard*

G

was

was astonish'd, and at the same time overjoyed to see him so strong. He told him however that he rejoyc'd perhaps a little too soon, and that because the Princess went once to the Rendezvous, it did not follow she should come every day. But the Count comforted himself in that he should however find *Dorisa*, with whom he should have the pleasure of talking of their Mistress, and to ask her a thousand questions, which would be in lieu of some happiness, when he had learn'd them: the hour at length came, that they were to go; that is to say, a moment after the Queen and the Marquess were gone from his Chamber; and having taken a Cloak as well to keep the air from him, as to be less known, he followed *Richard*, who conducted him to that Chamber.

Chamber. It was something far for a sick man that could hardly go ; but he did not so much as take notice of the way, but walked after the rate of a man in health. He found no weakness till he was at the door : his heart began to tremble, and I believe he would not have dared to knock, if *Richard* who knew not the trouble nor the fear that there was in his Soul, had not given himself the trouble. It was opened to them immediately, and they found with *Dorisa* the Princess, who surprized at first to see another man with *Richard*, would have run away, but the Count stopped her in quitting his Cloak. Ah my Lord ! What do you do ? As soon as she knew him, you kill your self, and you ruin me. These words did astonish in such a manner the poor

Prince that he knew not what to answer, and cast himself at her knees to ask her pardon ; but the Princess, who apprehended extremely to see him in that posture since the Duel, that he fainted in her arms for the same subject, pray'd him to rise, and afterwards commanded him to sit down ; to which that Prince obeyed without making it to be repeated, being no longer able to stand. *Richard* was returned for fear that if his Master was asked for, he might say he was asleep, or that he was not to be spoken with. It was in that interval of time, that the Queen and *Fulia* had been in the Count's Chamber, and that they had found no body there. There was only *Dorisa* in that where the Princess was, who served as a witness of the sighs of those two illustrious Lovers.

Well:

Well : what is your design, Prince, said *Briseida* to him, after some moments of silence, is it thus you take care of my Honour ? Can I be here with you without blushing ? Do you not mistake my easiness ? What would become of me, if it came to be known that I had seen you in such a Chamber as this ? What would not the World believe ? In truth you are not wise : And I am yet less than you, in staying a moment with you. If you desire my death, Madam, answered the languishing Lover, with an Air to raise pity, you need only abandon me to the cruel torment of having displeased you, my Princess, added he, taking one of her fair hands, which she could not hinder him from kissing, pardon a Lover, who knows no other good

in the World than the happiness of seeing you, nor other ill than the being deprived of it. I am faulty I confess; but who shall excuse my fault, if you do not excuse it. It is an excess of Love, which Love must justify; but it is that you ——— he stopped there for fear of saying too much; and the Princess then speaking, you know well enough that you are not indifferent to me, Prince, said she to him, my Eyes perhaps have but too much told it you; and after what I have wrote to you, I can still tell you, that I should not believe my self unhappy if I could hope to pass my Life with you; but I do not see that Heaven prepares me so happy a Destiny, I know what I am: I know the maxims of Maids of my rank; and I shall follow them. I depend on a Father, and
cannot

cannot dispose of my self. I fear he will command me things contrary to my desires; but I shall obey him notwithstanding my inclinations. If you love honour, as I do not doubt but you do, you will not find fault with these sentiments; and if you are reasonable you will not exact from me any thing that may destroy them. The Count who saw nothing so just, as what the Princess told him, answered her like a submissive and a respectful Lover. This conversation proceeded farther than I make it; but it did not last so long as the Prince would have had it. He pray'd her that at least he might see her some moments, every evening while that he was sick; but it was what she would never grant him; and all that he could obtain after much begging, was

that he should see her once more, and she would tell him the day, after that she would have him retire, being in a mortal fear both for her self and him. He went gently raving on his good fortune, when two young Gentlemen he met, having viewed him hard before, did the like behind, and passed and repassed two or three times before him, insomuch that he was upon the point of asking them what they would have, but one of the two prevented him, and taking him by the Cloak, stop, said he, to him; stop, replied the Count, not knowing the voice at first, and for whom; for the Queen, said the other softly. It is, replied the Count, then perceiving it was she herself, for a too charming Princess, to make any resistance, what does she desire of me. Thy heart, ungrateful

grateful man, thy heart, said she to him, drawing him into a corner to be less in sight of those that passed. She would then be much deceived, answered the Count, if I had none to give. Ah wretch, replied she, it is that that makes me desperate. How, Madam, cried the Count, pretending to be amazed. Is it you? Just Heavens! To what do you raise yourself! a Princess of your rank disguised in the middle of a Pallace, exposed to the insults of all sort of people — Leave of all these Lessons to me, Traytor, said she, interrupting him, and tell me from whence you came? You see, answered he her, that I was walking. And the Princess, added she? The Princess, Madam, replied the Count, much surprized at that question. Yes, the Princess, pursued the Queen, you

shall tell me where you left her, or to morrow all the Court shall know you have had a Rendezvous with her. You surprize me, Madam, replied the Count. But as he was saying that, and speaking low not to be understood by any body, they heard the rustling of some Petticoats, which came the same way that the Count was come. The Queen would go know what it was ; but he stopped her, apprehending it might be the Princess, as in effect it was, she her self returning with *Dorisa* to her Apartment. The more he endeavoured to retain her, the more earnest she was to go see who those Ladies were that passed by ; and not being able to do it, anger seized her : Let me go, Count, said she aloud to be heard by those Ladies, it is very unbecoming such a Prince as you to use

use violence on a person of my rank : And in a word, using her utmost endeavours, the Count, who was not then the strongest man of the World, was constrained to let her go, but she came too late, and the Ladies whom she sought, who had perfectly known her by her voice, and who had understood what she had said, had not failed to double their pace, to get from her sight. *Julia* who had viewed them, told her it was the Princess with *Dorisa*. She return'd to the Pilgrim, who made vows to Heaven, that the Queen might not discover the Princess: Well, Knight of good luck, said she to him, the Princess was not with you? You must tell me all, continued she, or I will tell all: You can no longer conceal it from me; there is *Julia* and I, who have both known them;

them; and I will bring to morrow into great Confusion both she and you, if you do not tell me all that passed in your Rendezvouz. The Prince much in pain, not knowing how to get clear of this affair, prayed her the most earnestly he could, not to ruin him, or at least to spare the Princess: No, no, no Grace, answered she, either for the one or the other, if you do not submit your self to what I condemn you: an entire confidence, pursued she, of all the kindnesses, which passed between you two. At length the Count was obliged to satisfy her; and to give such an account as he judged convenient, of that interview; yet could never persuade the Queen, but that it was a formal Rendezvouz. After which he said a great many kind things to win her, for he extremely fear-
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ed her Spirit, I know not what kindneſſes he did : but weak as he was apparently, his perfidy did not proceed far. They parted, becauſe that, beſides their having different ways to take, to return to their Apartments, the Queen, though diſguiſ'd, would not have been met with him.

During all the Night, ſhe and *Julia* did nothing but laugh at the adventures they had had that Evening ; but in the end they were to think that it was the day of their departure, and then there was no joy which did not give place to the affliction the thought of that gave the fair Queen. Her Heart told her, ſhe ſhould not yet depart, and without knowing how ſhe ſhould excuſe her ſelf, nor what pretext ſhe ſhould take ; ſhe felt not that grief one is ſenſible of, when up-
on

on the point of parting from what one loves, till that the Duke entred her Chamber much astonish'd to see her still in Bed, and told her, that when she should be dress'd all was ready, and that they only waited for her orders. That was a mortal blow, which put an end to the joy she had left ; and left her nothing more to hope of the false predictions of her Heart, if Heaven did not concern it self in it. Never was a favour so beg'd, as she prayed for a misfortune ; nay, though it should have fallen upon her, provided it did not cost her her Life, It is requisite to love well, to make vows of that Nature: If I had the secret, said she, that certain Women have of falling when they please into accidents, which almost equal a fit of sickness, it would stay me at least

least one day. Am I so unhappy that no misfortune can befall me to day, to defer my Voyage for one day? Must I depart for want of that? She made all these admirable reflections while that she was a dressing; and she was no sooner visible, than that the Marquess and the Count Palatin enter'd her Chamber, coming to render her their Devoirs. They had both prepared themselves, to accompany her to *Rome*; and although the last was not well enough for such a journey, and that he was still something weak, he hop'd, that Love which gave him the courage to undertake it, would give him strength enough to perform it. The Count *de Saluces*, whom the Queen had seen going and coming from a Rendezvouz of the Evening before, did not believe, though he found him-

himself then lets well, that he could dispense himself from that Civility, apprehending, that if he failed, she would take her revenge. The Queen, who did not altogether expect, was extreamly ravish'd with joy to see him enter her Chamber; and received him, not as the others, but as the Master of her Heart, continually praising the Indulgencies, that people have for those that are not well. The poor Count had the meen of a sick man; for he was very pale that day, which made his Rivals rejoyce; because that apparently he could not do as they; and he would be obliged to take his leave of the Queen for the last time; which he did a little time after, in testifying the extream regret he had, in not being able to attend her longer: She would not retain him

him any more, as well because she saw by his Face, that in effect indeed he found himself ill, as that she was glad to have a pretext to see him in private, and that she was not willing to have that farewell pass before so many People, who did but too much examine them. She let him then go from her Chamber, in telling aloud, not to conceal it from any body, that he should go repose himself, that she had something to tell him in private, and that she would see him, in his Chamber before she went away. Never had the Queen been so long addressing as that day, though she was less set out than usual, travelling Habits being not like those for Feasts. She made the same thing be done a hundred times; and her Women had never had so much trouble to dress

dress and content her in all they
 put on as they then had: They
 knew not how she would be dress-
 ed; but that was not surprizing
 since she knew it not her self. It
 was necessary to have been in her
 Heart, and to see what passed
 there, to know that which ren-
 der'd her so difficult, and the rea-
 son of so new a capriciousness:
 She was to depart at ten a Clock;
 all was ready since Seven, and
 she Din'd but at Two: The Din-
 ner was long, though she hardly
 eat any thing; and she was after
 that to see the Count. She said,
 she had promis'd it him, and that
 she would keep her word, and
 that a moment after she would
 take Coach. She enter'd the
 Chamber of that Lover, having
 only *Julia* with her, from whom
 she conceal'd nothing. She look'd
 upon the Count, without speak-
 ing

ing to him, not with that gayety, which made her turn almost all things into raillery, but with so true a grief, that her sadness was seen painted in her Face. The Count was not so much surprized at the goodness she had for him, to see her come once more, as at the Condition he saw her all of a sudden in, her Eyes drown'd in Tears, which she endeavoured to hide with her Handkerchief; but her sobs and sighs discovered enough. He could not resist that effort of tenderness: He had never been so sensibly touch'd for her, as he was in that occasion. He did not then think of *Briseida*, but embracing her Knees with a great deal of passion. Too Charming Princess, said he to her, I am the most unhappy of all men, that I cannot love you, as much as you deserve. I swear,

I

I wish to do it, and from this moment, more than ever I wished. You are but too capable of causing perfidies; and there wants but little, that you bring not to pass in me what you desired. Perhaps the Count enlarged himself therein only to comfort her; but it made her more sensible. You are very cruel, said she to him, to have delay'd till this moment the telling me it, and to——She could not make an end; her sobs hardly gave her liberty to express some words. The Count doubled his tenderesses, and did in that moment, all that a very passionate Lover would have done at the farewell of a Mistress. I know not if he was touch'd with all that he did, but I believe he might be, having before his Eyes so fair a Woman as he had, of the rank she was, who loved him
passio-

passionately, who shed tears for the love of him, and who was going to bid him farewell; one might be at least touched; and what fidelity soever one pretends to another, one should be more criminal, in being insensible on that side, than in being a little perfidious on the other. Some moments after, as love always increases its Flames in the middle of such tears, which the Count accompanied with some of his, they saw the Door open; the Queen trembled, fearing that it was some of her people that came to put her in mind; but it was *Richard*, of whom the Queen having ask'd if the Princes were ready; He answered, that he did not believe she was to depart that day: That I do not depart, *Richard*, said she to him, and for what reason? A Courtier, Madam, answered

fwered *Richard*, is newly arriv'd
 from *Sicily*, and all the Princes
 have sent back their Coaches and
 their Horses: Joy immediatly
 seiz'd the Queens Heart, without
 knowing however, if she had
 reason to rejoyce; and quitting
 very tenderly the Count, to whom
 she said some kind things upon
 that delay, she went her self to
 see what it was, to be the better
 assured of her happiness; and
 found in the way the Marquess
 and the Count Palatin, who
 came to tell her, that her Jour-
 ney was deferred for some days,
 and that if she would be pleas'd to
 withdraw to her Chamber, they
 would acquaint her with the rea-
 son. These Ceremonies and
 these precautions, that they took
 to tell her this news, made her
 immediately apprehend; that it
 was something Fatal they had to

acquaint her: She chang'd Colour; some tears ran from her fair Eyes, which were but too much dispos'd to shed them that day. The two Princes were sensibly moved; and having accompanied her to her Apartment, they insensibly learnt her the Death of the King of *Sicily*, her Husband. The desolate Queen did hereupon perfectly do the Duty of a civil Woman, who loved her Husband. She was mortally afflicted, she was two days without eating, and near fifteen in shedding tears true or false. All people were edifyed with it. The Court was all in mourning, and the Princes who before had only a design upon her Heart, pushed their pretensions much farther. The choice of a new Husband rais'd their hopes, especially of the Count Palatin, who was from that time more in love with the
Queen

Queen, than he had ever been ; because she had two or three Crowns to put upon the Head of him she should Marry. He now thought of nothing but what was solid, and immediately apply'd himself to the Duke of *Savoy*, whom he very well knew ; to be the very first reasons which was to set that affair agoing : There was not one thing he did not employ to engage him in his Interests. As *Lewis* of *Savoy*, was a Prince of a civil and sweet Nature, it was easie for him to gain his friendship ; and it was in a few days the greatest imaginable. The Count *de Saluces*, whom the Queen expected the first day of her affliction to comfort her, as the only person capable to do it, found himself too ill to render her that office, & the second too much out of humour, to dare to undertake it. The Princess accused him of perfidy,

fdy, partly grounded upon that
 adventure with the Queen, who,
 the night before, had found him
 coming out of that Chamber,
 where their interview had been,
 that it was not possible, said she,
 but that they had correspondence
 together. After which, why
 should he stay with her in such a
 place as that, in a dark night,
 and in that occasion why should
 he retain her, if she would go a-
 way? And from whence pro-
 ceeded the violence of which she
 complained against him? Besides
 all those reasons, there were still
 these, which would have been
 nothing at another time : as the
 visit which he had rendred in the
 morning, and which he might
 have excused himself from, since
 he had not yet appeared in pub-
 lick : and moreover, that which
 he had received from the Queen,
 H who,

who, if she had not been well treated by him the evening before, would not have also made that stop. In a word, she believed to have the greatest reason imaginable to be angry with him ; if we can be so with the person we love ; to treat him as an ungrateful man, as a Traytor : in-
 somuch that she forbid *Dorisa* to go to the Rendezvous, nay, and to take any Letter from *Richard's* hands : Yet as the anger of Lovers lasts little longer than four and twenty hours, or at least that it ought not to last longer, the second day she was something appeased, and the third she let her self be seen in the same Chamber to the Count *de Saluces*. There was clearing the business, and explications, the peace was made, and more love than ever. That happy Lover, before parting, ask-
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ed her if he might not see the Queen, to render her his devoirs upon the death of her Husband. The Princess permitted him to do it ; but told him precisely the hour he was to go thither ; because she would likewise be there to be a witness of it. She began to be a little more jealous ; because she began something more to love him. The Queen had neither now the reason of Virtue nor of Modesty, which could hinder from loving or being beloved by him, and having with the Charms she had wherewith to tempt the most faithful of all Lovers, who had had a little ambition for the Scepter, she would manage him a little more than she had done. He went the third day to the Queen to acquit himself of the Funeral Complements he owed her, and found there the

Princess. His visit was short ; and in that he pleased them both : the afflicted, because it was no pleasure to her to see him when the Princess was with her ; this, because she was jealous, and that the fair Queen appeared to her to have something so charming in that Mourning Pomp, and something so tender in her Tears, that she every moment feared to lose him. The Queen, who believed he only retired so soon by reason of *Briseida*, expected to see him return the next day ; but that did not now depend on him, and that Princess taking since some days a perfect Empire over his conduct, that absolute Mistresses are used to take over submissive Lovers, would otherwise regulate his Visits ; she pretended he should not go there so often ; but only when his Devoir and not Love,

Love, should oblige him to see her, and that he could not dispense it. Infomuch that he was some days without appearing at the Queens, although he went and walked abroad. At which the Duke being one of the first that took notice of it, being much surprized, knew not what to attribute it to; and one evening as he returned from the Queens, finding him going out of his Chamber, is it thus, said he to him, that you abandon your best Friends, when they have the most need of you; and without coming to a greater explication, of a sudden changing discourse, he himself led him to his Sisters Apartment. He knew, that if any one was capable of contributing something towards the diverting that great sadness in which she was plunged, it was

H 3 certainly

certainly that Prince, for whom she had a great deal of esteem, and whose Wit was of the stamp she liked. See here, said he in entering, a man, Madam, who seems to fly Us ; because We are in affliction ; I come from reproaching him. It is true, answered she with a very languishing tone, that nothing has so much surprized me as the indifference of the Count *de Saluces*, in a time when very Enemies reconcile themselves with their Enemies. One might dye for grief & be not so much as give himself the trouble of speaking to Us one word of comfort. I share yours too deeply, answered the Count, to be able — there is great sign of it, interrupted she, and you are an incomparable man as to the sense you have of other peoples sufferings. The Duke

Duke having passed all that afternoon with the Queen, and had only returned to bring thither the Count *de Saluces*, he retired a moment after he had seen them engaged in a particular conversation, but the misfortune was, that that day was a day of assignation for that Lover, and he was going to the Chamber of Rendezvous when the Duke met him ; insomuch that notwithstanding all the efforts he used to dissemble his ill humour, he appeared terrible uneasie to the Queen, who asked him two or three times, what ailed him, that he was not as he used to be ; at first he excused himself ; but at last, the necessity there was of leaving her, extreamly pressing him, he told her, he was not very well that Evening ; and that he believed it might be caused by

his riding that day. That excuse good or ill had its effect, and the Queen loving his health more than her pleasure ; sent him back, for, said she to him, I am also too much displeased with you, to tell you any thing of what I have to communicate to you ; but you would do well, added she, to return to morrow, and do not fail ; because what I have to say to you is of the greatest consequence ; and I have occasion for such a disinterested Friend as you. The Count who would have promised her all things to be at liberty that Evening, engaged himself very willingly to return the next day ; and went directly to the Princess, who was already weary with expecting him, ; and who made him some obliging complaints at his arrival. The Count quickly found pretexs to colour
that

that little delay which he did not take from the Visit he had just made.

The day after he was long disputing what he should do. He had not told the Princess he was to go see the Queen ; it was difficult for him to see her, without her knowing it : and yet he could not excuse himself, since he had promised it : yet to make him absolutely resolve of it, it was requisite, he should receive this Letter which she sent him.

When one has Affairs of consequence to communicate to Friends, it is requisite not to be troubled with any body ; wherefore come at nine a Clock in the Evening, I shall be alone with Julia, and shall have all necessary liberty, to ask you your sentiment upon the happiness of my Life.

The Count after this Letter
H 5 did

did not believe he could dispence himself ; and as it is natural enough to be willing to penetrate at first into what the Queen had a desire to discourse with him of, he imagined a thousand things without being able however to hit the truth. At length the hour came ; and he went to her, with his mind something more calm than the Evening before : and she likewise for her part something less sad than she had yet been. She was lying upon a Bed and bid him take a Cushion near her. There was a little Prologue of Gallantry and kindness, after which the Queen taking an Air something more serious, told him very low not to be heard by *Julia*, that two days before, the Duke her Brother in the midst of her Tears, and still filled with Grievs and Affliction,

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in the necessity the affairs of her State was, had let her know of what importance it was both for her glory and the good of her Subjects, that she should think betimes of making a King; that the Almighty sufficiently dispensed her from the ordinary Customs; that she would ruin her affairs, in deferring two or three months longer to make her choice; and that it was not too much time to think as was requisite of making a King, who should be worthy of being so; but that the different Interests of State, obliged her to refuse several; and that she ought to examine them well, before she undertook any thing; because that without doubt in receiving the Compliments that all the Potentates in *Europe* were going to make her, she would also quickly receive propositions from

from those who might aspire to marry her. That it was for her the most important of all her affairs, to which she ought to apply all her Wit, and to make use of all the lights of her penetration. She made him a discourse yet much longer than I make it, lest I should tire the Reader, and at last concluded, that knowing him a Prince of Conduct, of Virtue and of Judgment, who perfectly knew States and Princes, who then reigned, and what was more was, the best of her Friends, who only considered the good of her affairs; she was willing to consult him and only him: that she gave him eight days to think of it, because the subject required as much; but that during that time he spoke to her of no business, because her mind was still so possessed with her misfortune,
that

that she had more need of diverting it, than imploying it in Affairs, which in a time more proper to think of, than that was, would have sufficiently perplexed her, to have occasion for the counsel of such a Friend as he. The Count after having amply thanked her for her goodness, and for the good opinion she had of him, fell to reason upon Affairs of State, & of Policy, not to let the Queen see that she was not deceived in the judgment she had made of him ; but to answer to the good sentiments she had of his probity, and to begin to speak to her like a true Friend as she treated him. Yet it was always in general, without ever descending to particulars : for besides that she shunned it, and that it was not yet the time, it was enough that she had told him, that he must examine eight days that Affair, and that afterwards she would see what resolution to take. That conversation ended as it begun. That is to say, they left for some little time Affairs of State, to treat of those of the Heart. After which the Count retired.

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The eight days passed ; during which, that Prince having seen the Queen several times, they had no Conference together, but of Gallantry, as they had agreed : it is true, that the Count's was only complaisance ; but that complaisance passed in the Queens mind for Love, if not passionate, at least tender. He appeared content, and in good humour, wherever he was ; because his affairs went well with *Briseida* ; and that that Princess with her pride and haughtiness, loved him as much as one could love a Lover. The Council-day at length came, the hour was taken, as well as the day when the Proposition was made. He went thither with the Head of a Minister of State, all filled with Affairs upon which he was prepared. The Queen made him enter with her into a Cabinet, where there was only they two, and giving him an entire Audience, he acted the part of a man, who seemed to be a complete Statesman, and who had passed all his Life in the Cabinets of Princes ; all the different motives which could oblige her

her to receive the Alliances of some, and refuse those of others; all that discourse was fine and well argued: the Queen admired it; but she found not in it what she desired, nor what she had hoped. There were but few Princes in *Europe* who could pretend to the happiness of marrying her, of whom he had not spoken, except the Count Palatine; as for the Marquess he was looked upon as a piece out of use, when the Queen looking fixedly upon him, you do not speak to me, said she to him, of the Count Palatine: The Count blushed at those words; and the Queen interpreting that blush after her manner, attributed it to his Love, and without giving him time to answer; I make you that question, said she to him, without design and only out of raillery. It is a Prince, who, though it were for the good of my Affairs, he would not be the inclination of my heart; and it is that I seek. You have very well examined, Count, pursued she, the subject in question, no body could give better light into Cabinet Affairs; but you have
not

not yet found what I want. You have only thought of my Dominions, without considering me in particular. Your Wit has laboured to render my Subjects happy, and you have left me unfortunate. Was it necessary, continued she, viewing him with a tender Air, to go so far to forget me? Could not you find some Prince, who joyns to those high qualities, which render him worthy of a Crown, that which pleases, that which touches, that in a word which makes the happiness of Life? Ah Count! how little able are you! have I given you eight days only to let me see all the insight you have into Affairs of State, and nothing from your heart. How little you merit the esteem one has for you; and raising your self by your Wit above all other men, you are so much below them in what concerns Love. The Count answered, that his Heart as well as his Wit, had spoken to her in all he had said, & that it had been his belief that the Interests of her Subjects, and her own were the same thing, and that it was certain that his
 advices

advices were from a real Friend. Yes, replied she, but not from a real Lover. The Count, much surprized with all these obliging reproaches, was extreemly perplexed how to answer her ; not without being a person, said he to her, of an equal rank with yours. Alas ! What is Rank, answered she, with a little blush, which came into her Face, because she saw he began to understand her, there is so little difference, continued she, between Prince and Prince, that when one has Crowns to give, it is merit, that is to have the better, and when Love unites two Hearts, he knows how to render them equal. Why did I only consult you, but because I would only follow my inclination ? You know, added she sighing, and then stopping a moment ; that it is for you, pursued she, to speak. I but too well understand, Madam, replied the Count, the meaning of the obliging discourse you make me ; but I know my self too well to abuse it. That excess of goodness loads me with glory, and at the same time kills me with confusion. I am a young Prince, Madam, little capable
of

of easing you in so heavy a burden, a Prince, I say, of whom the choice would be but little approved by your Relations and your Friends: whose rank is much inferiour to yours, and Estate little comparable to those of so great a Queen; In fine, Does it become Love, Count, interrupted she, to seek for reasons to yield up all that one Loves? Do you not deserve to persuade me. No, no, added she, I will do for you more than you do. You merit a Crown; and I will — Ah Madam, said the Count to her, interrupting her, you also know — What! do I know? replied she, seeing he did not make an end. The Princess, pursued he, and said no more. The Queen did not immediately make answer; because all her Senses were troubled at that name, but a moment after, the tears running in great torrents from her Eyes; Go cruel, said she to him, rising up, go ungrateful man, go to the Princess & condemn a Heart and a Crown, that I would give thee: and leaving him all alone in the Cabinet, she retired into another, from whence a little time after, coming out, she

she asked *Julia* what was become of the Count, who answered her, that he was gone away very pale and sad. Come, said the Queen, come, my dear *Julia*, go with me to find him. Both my honour and my life are concerned in it. I must needs speak with him once more. They went to the Count's Apartment, where not finding him, the passionate Queen did not doubt but that he was with the Princess; and jealousy joyned with shame, vexation, and all the cruel passions there is in a despised Love, did so disturb her, that she was not capable of any reason. She would go see where he was, seek for him where she found him the last time, when meeting the Marquess who was much surpriz'd to see her, he said to her, how here at this hour, Madam, in the middle of the Palace? I am seeking, answered she, transported with choler, the Count *de Saluces* who is with the Princess. The Count *de Saluces* with my Daughter, replied the Marquess, all in a fury at that news. The Queen, who had no sooner let that word escape, but that she repented, and would tell him no more; and

and quitting him very hastily, she returned immediately to her Apartment, from whence she sent word to *Richard* to give notice to the Count to take care of himself. But it was a little too late; for the furious Marquess, who was but too much disposed to revenge against that Prince, believing by what the Queen had told him, whom he had found in too much pain, to doubt from what she had said to him, that the Count *de Saluces* dishonoured his house, ran to his Daughters Apartment, who was not to be found there, from thence to the Count's, where there was only *Richard*. In fine he made such search through all the Palace, that the two poor Lovers were found together with *Dorisa*. The Marquess had given order that if they found the Count with his Daughter to take him alive or dead. He that had received that Commission, executed it with ease, because the Count not distrusting any thing, opened the Chamber door, at the second time they knocked, thinking it was *Richard*, and seeing himself seized on a sudden, he had hardly the
leisure

leisure to put his hand to a Ponyard, which was the only Arms he had then with him, and with which he wounded two or three; but the number being too great to resist them, and wanting strength more than courage, he was carryed into the Fort of the Castle, where a moment after he had his Head cut off. The poor Princess more dead than alive, not knowing whither to fly for refuge, nor what resolution to take, by good luck found *Richard*, who came to the succours of his Master. Ah *Richard*, said she to him, we are ruin'd, he is taken, let us get from hence; for my Fathers fury is going to fall all upon me. *Richard* who believed he should render a good service to his Master, and that it would be the means of bringing the Marquess to reason, to make sure of his Daughter, proposed to the Princess to carry her to the Marquess *de Saluces*, while that all the Palace was in disorder, and that the night was favourable to them. The Princess did not balance; provided she was delivered from her Fathers presence, whose fury she knew; she was for undertaking

dertaking all things. Infomuch that without reasoning any longer, he led her and *Dorisa* to his Masters Stable which was behind the Palace, and having caused the best Horses there to be Sadled, they took two Servants with them, and got to the Port. The Princess had here occasion for all her boldness, to cause it to be opened; she asked to speak with the Officer; but there being none but under Officers they durst not refuse her; infomuch that they let down the Bridge and they went out. The Marquess *de Saluces* passed one part of the year in a Castle he had thirty or forty Miles from *Caral*, being a place very delicious and very agreeable in the Summer. It was thither that *Richard*, knowing that he was there, carryed *Briseida*. That Prince charmed with the arrival of so fair a Princess, did her all the honour possible; and she had no sooner made to him a recital of her History, than that he sent a Courier to the Marquess of *Montferrat*, and in the mean time arming all the People he had about him, for fear of being surprized, he sent Orders to the Officers

Officers of most of the neighbouring places, to come range themselves about him, with their Troops. To the end that if the Marquess of *Montferrat* would not come to reason, but should act some violence on his Son, he might force him to it by Arms, in going to attack him in his own Territories. But what a desolation at the return of that Courier, who brought the fatal news of the unhappy Count *de Saluces*. The Reader will permit me to draw a Curtain before the grief, or rather the despair of that unfortunate father, who had only that dear Son, the delights and love of his Heart, as well as the Heir of his Dominions. *Briseida*, a thousand times more happy than he in her affliction, dyed for grief the same day in pronouncing the Counts Name.

I should have been glad for the Readers pleasure, that my Heroes had not had so fatal and so Tragical an end ; but in that particular I could not dispence my self from being a faithful Historian. The Queen had no sooner learned the horrible action of the Marquess, and the unhappy
end

end of her dear Count, of which she was the cause, than that suffering herself to be hurried to all that fury can make a Woman say in such an occasion, she vented it upon the Marquess, to whose Apartment she went upon the rumour the Count *de Saluce's* Death caused in all the Palace. She fainted away several times, and never Lover was so transported with that passion as that fair Queen was. She would not so much as pass that night at *Caral*, and departed with her Brother, who was afflicted mortally, at the Destiny of that poor Prince. The Count Palatine likewise followed them. Some time after he married the Queen of *Sicily*; but it was upon condition, he would range himself on the Marquess *de Saluces* side, who had already made terrible incursions into the State of *Montferrat*, to revenge the Death of his Son. That War lasted several years, and was not terminated, but by the Death of the two Princes, and the loss of their Territories, which fell to other Families.

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F I N I S.

THE
Rival Princesses:

OR, THE
Colchian Court:

A
NOVEL.



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T H E
Rival Princesses :

O R, T H E
Colchian Court.

IT has been often observed, that there is nothing so Universal as Love ; and that there are no People, how barbarous soever, but it gives Laws unto. A famous Example of this we have in the late Transactions of the Kingdom of *Colchis*, where it made appear the immenseness of its Power, and how untroutable and capricious a God he is that presides over the Hearts and the Inclinations of Man.

Colchis is situated at the end of the *Black-Sea* ; to the East it is inclosed with an Island that makes a part of *Georgia*, which by the people of the Country is

called *Imicerta*, by the Ancients *Iberia*. To the South, by the *Black-Sea*; to the West, by the Kingdom of the *Abcas*; the *Corox* and *Phosis*, Famous Rivers in Ancient History, serve for its Bounds. The Ancient Kingdom of *Colchis* was larger than it is now; it was formerly fortified against the *Abcas* by a Wall sixty Miles in length, which has been laid in Ruines these many years; so that now the thick Forests are its chiefest Defence, and greatest Security. The *Air* is Temperate, as well in respect of the Heat as Cold. The *Nobility* spend almost their whole time in the Field. They do not build by *Cities*, and by *Towns*, nor is there more than two Villages in all the whole Kingdom, and those by the Sea-side, for Traffick, and the convenience of Commerce; but the whole Country is so thick set with *Houses*, that you will hardly travel five Miles without seeing three or four together; whereas in other Countries there are often found Heaths and Desarts of a very large extent, wholly uninhabited, and which are in many places unpassable. In *Colchis* there are nine or ten Castles, the chiefest of which is called, the Castle of *Kuc's*, whete the Prince of *Colchis*

Colchis keeps his *Court*. The Castle is moated and surrounded with a stone Wall, in which there are a great many Pieces of Canon placed for its Defence.

The Men are very well shaped, and the Women very handsome; they have their Features very regular. In those that are of any Quality is to be found a Majestic Air; all their Address is so obliging, that they insensibly win our Affection, and seem to Command our Love. They dress themselves with all the Curiosity imaginable. Their Habit is like that of the *Persians*, but the dress of their Hair after the manner of the *European Women*.

Their Arms are a *Lance*, *Bow* and *Arrows*, a *streight Sword*, a *Mace*, and *Buckler*: there are but few carry *Fire-Arms*; they are very good *Soldiers*, sit a *Horse* well, and handle their Swords with an extraordinary dexterity.

I have been more particular in the Description of the Place, because it is so little known to the *Europeans*; and that nothing is more certain and exact, than this Relation I have given.

Levan Dadian was the greatest Prince that ever reigned in *Colchis* of late Ages; he conquer'd all the Enemies that ever he

made War against, and in short, grew so formidable, that he began to be a terror to all his Neighbours: He was a great Soldier, and knew the Art of War to a Miracle; his Courage was undeniable, his Magnificence surpassing all his Predecessors; and to give his Character in a few words, had not Love too much tyrannized over so great a Heart, he had ended his Reign with all the Glory imaginable, and with the Renown he began it; but his cruel Destiny inspired him with so wicked a Passion, that it obliterated and defaced the remembrance of all his other Vertues, and made him to be consider'd as the most infamous of Men.

Levan was very young when he ascended the Throne, and left to the care of George, *Sovereign Prince of Libardian*, his Uncle, *Protector of the State*, who observed Religiously to acquit himself of that high Trust with all imaginable Honour, meriting the highest Praise for his generous Conduct to him; he honoured him with as tender an Affection, as if he had been his own Child, and always made his Advancement and Glory his chiefest study.

He read him early Lessons of Glory,
gave

gave him to know, that nothing was so admirable in a *Prince* as Justice and Clemency; and that on the contrary, nothing was so blameable as Cruelty or Lenity. He led him to Wars, taught him to Conquer his first Fields, and always crown'd him with Success and Glory: He learn'd to be courageous, martial, and fierce from his generous President: He began to be indefatigable in all his Undertakings; so that it was with a great deal of Pleasure the Protector saw all his Care so well rewarded, in the Advantage the *Prince* of *Colchis* made of his Instructions.

But as a Cloud to these excellent Qualities, he was unfortunately inspired with a Passion Incestuous and Criminal at once; he became Amorous of the Wife of the *Prince* his Uncle; all the ties of Blood and Gratitude were here of no other force but to engage him the more strongly: For our Appetites are often so depraved, as nothing has power to fix them but what is not allowable in us to gratifie them with; and the abhorrence which every reasonable man would have had for so injurious a Passion, was the motive that drew *Levan* the more strongly to it.

His Ascendant was Love, and he was

uncontroulable in all things else ; nothing besides could govern him, he was impatient of the Counsel of any but the *Prince* his Uncle, to whom he was obliged to yield Obedience. He never distinguished by particular favours any of his Captains or Courtiers ; none was more his Favourite than another, but he that merited most, was best rewarded : He was so Absolute, that it was but rarely any of his Council durst advise him, and yet he owned an entire dependence to the God of Love, who would have it that this haughty Spirit must submit to the disposition of a Woman.

George, Prince of Libardian, had espoused *Homais Dorejan*, of the great Family of the *Chickalites*, a Princess more wicked, and more ambitious than any ever was : She is guilty of all the Passions a Lover's Breast can be capable of ; for such are the regards of her passionate, tender, and languishing Eyes, that she never looks but to command Love, and inspire Hope. The Character of her Soul is ambitious, deceitful, cruel, and unconstant ; her inclinations are obscene, and often transports her to the excess of Debauch. But before we proceed, it may be necessary to
give

give some account of the Life of a Person who has so considerable a share in the following Narrative.

The History of Homais.

Homais Doréjin, of the great Family of the *Chickalites*, is a Person of a most engaging Aspect: Her Hair, of which she has a great abundance, is light-brown; and though the colour of her Eyes be grey, nothing was so attracting and penetrating; and it was easie to see by them that the Character of her Soul was Amorous and Inconstant. The turn of her Face was Oval, nothing was purer Carnation than her Lips, or gave birth so soon to such rebellious thoughts in the beholders; to which may be added the excellency of her Teeth, which she took a perfect care to preserve: But all that has been said comes short of her Neck and Breast; no Painter ever drew so exact a symetry of Beauty, a turn till now unknown to Nature, and which was alone capable to inspire desire: Her Hands and

Arms were cast in the same Mold, and
 nothing could be seen more exact; her
 Shape was easie, though it was not per-
 fect, because that it was not so slender as
 others; she was inclin'd to fat, and would
 not suffer her self to be drest after that
 cumberfome manner which other Women
 use to preserve themselves in shape: The
 air of her Person was graceful, moving
 without constraint, and ever engaging.
 This won her a great many Hearts, which
 she wanted Address to improve to the
 most Advantage, as people do that desire
 to make themselves lov'd out of vanity,
 and not inclination: She cared not for
 moving those persons that she did not ex-
 pect some pleasure from their sensibility;
 and all other of her Conquest were to her
 incommodious. Her Soul was aspiring,
 and she wish'd for nothing more than a
 Crown; but in the mean time, since that
 was not yet to be had, she did not fail to
 gratifie her other Pleasures, amongst
 which, she had the greatest sense for Love
 and Amorous Engagements. Her Wit
 was astonishing, and much beyond her
 Judgment, which often fail'd her in con-
 versation when she had the most occasion
 for it. Her Contempt was general for
 the

the Opinion of the World, and she never regulated her self by it. Her Conversation was pleasant, and always intermixt with Raillery, which she used in a manner very becoming, and her Wit lay most that way. She had no reserve for her most intimate Acquaintance, nor could her Wit spare her the diversion she found in ridiculing their weaknesses; and yet it was impossible with all these faults for any person not to love her, or desire her conversation.

Her Ascendant was Ambition, but her greatest propensity was Love; and it was not long, though in a very tender Age, before she began to experience the effects of it; but as she wanted a great part of that Resolution, which a little time lent her, she conceal'd this inclination in such a manner, as it quite extinguished in her, so that she began to love another, and then another, and so a third, before she made any discovery of it. At length, *Osman*, first Lord and *Bassa* in the Court of *Libardian*, of which *George*, Uncle to the Prince of *Colchis*, was Sovereign Prince, was made her Captive: She had likewise for him an irresistible inclination, which encouraged him in the pursuit of
his

his Love ; she had such ways with her, such affected tenderesses, which appear'd not in her as the effects of weakness, but the discovery of, a Passion too great to be conceal'd, that *Osman* was insensibly led into that most precipitated Land of Love : She suffer'd her Eyes to behold his, and fixing of them there in such a manner, as if it were not in her power to remove them thence ; she would shew him such a Prospect of Happiness, that the most reasonable of all Men could not have avoided the Snare. But as *Osman* has a very particular share in this History, when as afterwards his being created *Grand Vizier* of *Colchis*, was the fatal occasion of a Passion he entertain'd for the Princess thereof, and which cost him his Life. It may not be amiss to give the Reader the Character of his Person in this place, before we speak any more of him.

Osman was tall, exactly made, and walked with the Air of a Monarch ; his Actions were noble, and his Courage never found any thing too great for him to undertake : The colour of his Eyes were blew, sweet, passionate, and tender ; his Nose was *Roman*, and which gave an air of greatness to the whole composure.

His

His Mouth was indifferently large, his under Lip swell'd to a becoming bigness, and nothing was better colour'd: His Teeth were well set, and very white. The make of his Face was Oval, and he had something there, at once very busie, and yet very sweet. His Temper was the best that could be found. The Interests of a Friend he always made his own, and knew not any greater pleasure than serving them effectually. He had a Passion for *Homais*, but it may be more properly called an Amazement, since he had no other thoughts for her than what became very transitory, and hindred him not from engaging in a Passion that was the cause of his death: But as this was not till after he had been deserted by *Homais*, we will consider him a while as her most passionate adorer.

It is hard for us to judge which was the first of these two Persons that began to love each other. At one of the Court-Meetings, that a great Ball was danced, *Homais*, who became that motion-extreamly well, was to take out the *Bassa* for a Dance; there was nothing done with more disorder between two Persons, and tho' they were perfectly acquainted with

with the Figure, it hindred them not from being out so often, that they were forced to part, and take out others to redeem the Credit they had lost ; it proceeded from the mutual surprize they had, and they from that moment began to discern something in each other that could not be seen without concern ; the *Bassa* sigh'd several times, and had the pleasure to hear very tender returns from *Homais*. In the beginning of a Passion she is very eager, and nothing is to be spared that can be conducing to the enslaving him she loves ; but as soon as that is done, and she believes him past retreat, she abandons him, no longer looks upon him with desire, but carries her Charms further, to the making of new Conquests.

The *Bassa* found himself at the breaking up of the Assembly, to be passionately in Love. The *Sultaneſs* his Wife had observed the disorder he was in, she enquired into the cause of it, and he did not hesitate long in the acquainting her with it, but not with too much sincerity ; for he told her, that he had found himself ill, and unable at that time to continue the Dance, tho' he did not tell her of what a nature the pain was of which he complain'd.

As

As for what concern'd *Homais*, she found her self inevitably charm'd; she sigh'd, she complain'd, her Eyes were no longer so full of that fire so natural to them: She languish'd again for another sight of the *Bassa*, when she was told, that the *Sultaneſs* with *Osman* were come to visit her. In *Colchis* the Women have an entire Liberty, and not at all after the manner of the *Persians* and *Turks* their Neighbours: They carry themselves after their own inclinations, and never submit to the capriciousness of a Husband: Jealousie is there less absolute than in any other place, and it is not always that a Husband talks of Poysons and Poyniards, when his Wife plays him false; they allow a great deal to their natural weakness, tho' for all this so celebrated Indulgence, they are not willing to be impos'd upon, no more than the *European* Husbands; and the Women, when they would deceive, are constrain'd to use the same precautions.

A moment after the *Bassa* entred the Chamber, where *Homais* was lying on the Bed, languishing and pale: The *Sultaneſs* came in also. *Homais* complain'd of a pain at her Heart, which the *Physicians*

sicians could give no name to, and she believed it would be Mortal; she said all this with her Eyes fixt upon the *Bassa*. He presently reply'd, that if she would venture upon a Charm that he would give her, he did not question but it would Cure her; but that faith was a necessary point, and above all things, she was not to look into it till the same time to Morrow; she laugh'd at the seriousness of the *Bassa*, and tho' she had not a great Opinion of Charms, she would try the Cure, because it came from him; and after that she assured him she would venture upon it, he call'd for Pen and Ink with some Paper, he presently set himself to write, and retiring after he had done, to a corner of the Chamber, he put something into the Paper, which, as he said, was not to be seen by any body; and after he had neatly made it up, he ask'd for a Ribbon, which he ty'd to it, and shewing it to *Homais*, when he had finish'd his work, told her, that he must himself tie it about her Neck. She opposed it, as a thing contrary to decency, alledging that if the *Sultane's* his Wife would do her that Honour, it would be as well. If, said the *Bassa*, you do not resolve intirely
to

to follow my Directions, the Charm will be of no effect, and it is absolutely necessary that I tie it on, because that a great deal of the Vertue depends upon the manner of it: You will suffer, Madam, continued he, that any of your *Physicians* approach you in that manner, and is there any more danger in admitting me? I am more your Slave than any other, and more aw'd by the least of your frowns; therefore I beseech you, Madam, not to entertain any thing of distrust of a Man so absolutely at your Devotion. The innocent *Sultaneſs* joyn'd her supplications to the *Bassa's*. I very well perceive, reply'd *Homais*, that it must be as you will, and that it signifies nothing for me to deny you; come, my Lord, I must submit with the best grace to what cannot be avoided: At these words she gave her Hand to the *Bassa* to help her to rise from the Bed, and went to her Toyler, where sitting down before the Glass, she uncovered her Neck, which, as we have before delivered, was perfectly beautiful. This was a Charm that the *Bassa* was only acquainted with by Report, he had never seen any thing of such a dazzling whiteness, nor any thing

thing so well made : He approached her, but it was with trembling, and without the power to speak. Her disorder was equal to his ; he sigh'd, she returned it, and was as much surprized, as he. The *Sultaneſs* was buſied in looking upon thoſe Pictures that were in the Lodging, not at all ſuſpecting that ſo ſilent a commerce could have any thing ſo tender in it, and therefore did not trouble her ſelf about it. After ſome moments of ſilence, which was paſt in a very expreſſive manner, the *Baſſa* was the firſt that broke it. What a Proſpect do you ſhew me, Madam, ſaid he ? And how impoſſible is it for one to help dying with Love at the ſight of ſo many Charms ? At this he ventur'd to kiſs her Neck, which the *Sultaneſs* did not ſee, nor could *Homais* reſiſt him ; her Eyes were tender, her Soul warm'd with the ſighs of her Lover ; and if the *Sultaneſs* had not been there, we know not how far her kindneſs would have carried her ; ſhe came in that moment, and interrupted this Scene of Tenderneſs. The *Baſſa* reproached her ſecretly for this unreaſonable Intruſion : He was forc'd to go away after bidding *Homais* have a good Faith in the Charm, and not to look in it.

it till the time was expired that he had prescribed her.

Whether it were her Opinion of the Charm, or that she had not been at all ill, she dress'd her the following day to go to their Devotion at the Mosque in all the exactness imaginable, and in the same colour'd Ribbons as the *Bassa* had wore the preceding day; but before she went, she remembred her to look into the Charm, for the time was already expired; but what was her surprize, when she found in it a very fine Ruby-Ring, with these words in the Paper.

This Ruby does not alone bring the Declaration of my Passion, but it has Charms capable to inspire Homais, having been thus worn by her with the same Sentiments; nor can she refuse coming at six a Clock to the Palace Garden, unless she will render the Charm of no effect, and procure the death of the Slave that conjures her.

It was the Custom of the *Bassa*, with the other People of Quality, to go once every day to the Mosque, where he did not fail to render himself as usual to observe the Reception that *Homais* would give him

him after the Declaration. As for what concern'd her, she very well knew he was to be there, and putting the Ring upon her Finger, she tore the Paper into small pieces, and put them in her Pocket, which in passing by the *Bassa* she scatter'd at his Feet, pretending to draw out her Handkerchief, and pass'd on unconcernedly to the place she was to kneel at. Notwithstanding all this, she did not fail during the Devotion to pull off her Glove, and let the *Bassa* see that she had the Ruby upon her Finger. He knew not what construction to draw from all this; he believed that she shew'd it to him only to express the desire she had of restoring it to him, and that she would take the first Opportunity to do it, but that was too publick a place to entertain her in, unless he had been in a condition of appearing her Lover, which the *Sultaneſs* his Wife, being of an Illustrious Blood, would never consent to, and by consequence he was forced to depart unsatisfied.

Homais came according to the conjuration to the *Palace Garden*; but the *Bassa*, who was nettled at the Affront she had given him, and who could not believe that after such an Action, she would come
to

to a meeting with him, did not go. She resented this as a Mortal Crime, and began to repent, that she had given her Heart to him: She had already waited an hour, and began to impatient her self, when a young *Lord*, that had observed her, and pass'd several times by her, came near to satisfy his Curiosity, and see if he could prevail with her to unmask. She did not know him, and thought that nothing could be better imagined than he was; they had an equal desire to learn who each other were, so that it was not difficult for that *Lord* to enter into a Discourse with her. If it were possible for me, *Madam*, said he to her (after a long conversation) to give my Heart to a Person that I have not the Honour to know, and who will not repose confidence enough in me to discover her self. I should offer mine to you, but you will not be angry, if I declare to you, I cannot be conquer'd by any thing but fair Eyes, and that my Heart is proof against all other Attractions. You do not know, *Madam*, to what a degree you may enslave me by that discovery, there wants nothing but that for an absolute Conquest. If the Conquest
(reply'd

(reply'd the disguised *Princess*, who was of a Humour to divert her self in this manner, and to whom that conversation was very pleasing, in that it flatter'd her Vanity, and was agreeable to her Inclinations, because it gave her the prospect of a new Lover, younger and better made in her Eyes than was the *Bassa*, who was an older Acquaintance, and had just then come from offending her in the most sensible manner) is so near being finish'd, I assure my self that you will not repent of the Engagement when you shall see my Face; and it is not for want of confidence in you, that I conceal my self, but some Reasons wholly indispenfible, which you shall one day be acquainted with, for I do not intend the Gallantry shall end here; you will be so generous as not to follow me, nor press for any more knowledge than what I allow you to have, and I promise that you shall not repent it: You see this Scarf that I wear, remember it well, for it is by this your good Fortune shall arrive. At these words she went away: The gentle Air, which was inseparable from her, her Wit, and her manner of discoursing had made such an impression on him that they were spoken
to,

to, that he believed her, and did not send after to know who she was, relying on the promise she had made him of a farther Acquaintance, and resolving with himself, that if she were of any Quality, he should easily retrieve her, because he thought it impossible but he should know her again in any Dress, tho' he had not seen her Face.

Homais was no sooner got home, but she enquired if she were sent after, and began to be angry at her new Lover for obeying her so unseasonably; however Love was on his side, and she did not condemn him by the half so much as she did the *Bassa*; and being not able to contain for Rage, she went into her Closet, and writ him this Letter.

I*S it just, my Lord Bassa, that you should so unseasonably abandon me, then when I gave you the greatest Testimonies of my Affection? What account can you give of so criminal a conduct? Was not the Ribbons I had on, and the Ring on my Finger, sufficient marks of my concern? And if I tore the Paper, which is, I suppose, what you resent so much, it was for fear as it had charmd my Heart to you, so it should also charm my*

my Person. But Traytor, for so thou art, mangre all that can be said, why didst thou send me to a place where you never intended to be? Or why, if thy intentions had been good, didst thou not send to tell me the cause of thy not coming? But 'tis well, I'll never see thee more, nor will I hear any of thy Excuses, for they must be all false, like the perfidious intender: I abandon thee without any other remorse than that of having once had something that look'd like tenderness for a Man so ungrateful.

She sent him this Letter by one of her Pages; he received it, and coldly told him, it required no Answer, and that he might tell his Lady so. Who can express the Surprize, or rather the Rage of *Homais*? What can be the meaning of this, cry'd she to her self? Have I flatter'd my self, and is this Beauty mean enough to be despised? Or does not the *Bassa* love me, and have I not given a wrong Interpretation to his Actions, and ascrib'd that to Love, as was only the effect of Gallantry? Perhaps the Ring that I flatter'd my self with, was given in Raillery; and I have exposed my self after an unpardonable manner; I have
given

given him liberty to think what he will of my Conduct; and if he has any favourable thoughts of it, it is more than he is obliged to have. I will write to him once more to ask his Pardon for my mistake, since he cannot but look upon me to be under very fantastical Circumstances. But ah! continued she a moment after, what were the meaning of all those tender regards he gave me, the sighs that were forced in such a passionate manner from him? It must be more than indifferency that could work such a change in him; and there is some Mystery in it which I must learn. At this she set herself to write this second Letter, and which she sent by the same Page.

THose that see you, my Lord, would judge you to be a very gallant man; and it is not for nothing that you have that Character in the World. Must I alone complain, that you are wanting to me in what should maintain you in it? I desire the favour of a visit from you immediately upon your receipt of this, and have accordingly disposed of all things, that we may be sure to have no disturbance in the Conversation. Adieu.

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The *Bassa* did not fail to come with all expedition; and if we consider him under the Character of a Passionate Lover, it is not to be doubted, but that he thought himself very happy. *Hornais* seeing him approach, came to him, and touching his hand, said, You have obliged me, my *Lord*, to be very importunate with you; I have treated you as a Lover, but I am satisfied how much I was mistaken. Ah, for that, Madam, interrupted the *Bassa*, I was, and still desired to be consider'd as such; and it is not only my greatest Ambition, but my Happiness also. I confess that I have been in fault, and that I was to blame, to judge as I did by Appearances. I thought you would punish my Presumption, and seeing you scatter the Charm so, I had little reason to expect you would come as you did to the Garden of the Palace, that was the cause of my not coming; if I had had the least hope of your being there, you would have had reason for an ill Opinion of me, if I had not flown to meet you; for there was nothing so much my inclination. As for your first Letter, if I had answer'd it in the same manner it was writ,

writ, I should have been constrain'd to have treated you with less-Respect than I was willing to do; I did not think that I merited the name of Traytor from you, that of your Slave being an Epithet more proper for one that will never betray, tho' always adore you.

Here the *Bassa* ventur'd, seeing that *Homais* was appeas'd, to press her in his Arms, and having several times kiss'd her fine Neck, he began to be very importunate for greater favours. The trouble you have given me to day, said she to him, does not deserve that you should be consider'd as a Lover: Why did not you endeavour to appease me, when you believed me dis-satisfied with you? but not a Letter, nor the least mark of the regret you express to have had, and which if it were real, would certainly have appear'd; but I have forgiven you, and, my dear, you are no longer in a possibility of displeasing me, do but love me for ever, and I care not what I endure.

There are certain ways in Lovers wholly inexpressible; such languishments, such sighs, such reciprocal regards, which are more comprehensive than the finest Oratory, and more engaging, such as the

Princess and the *Bassa* were employ'd in; he ventur'd to kiss her Lips, her Neck, to behold the beauty of her Breasts, to press her in his Arms, and to sigh upon her Bosom, whilst she assented by the dying fire in her Eyes to all that he did or said, and possibly had he had as much presumption as desire, he had made himself very happy; but believing he was advanced very far for the first time, and that he had but one step more to make, and that the next meeting would crown his expectations, he accepted of the denials she made him, and retired after a very long Conversation, but in certain hopes of being very happy the next time they met.

In all appearance, *Homais* was very much in Love with a Man she could treat thus kindly, and to whom she could speak and act after such a tender manner; but Appearances are very deceitful, especially Appearances drawn from the discourses of People so unconstant as *Homais*. She found after he was gone, that it was not Love, but an Amorous inclination, that had rendred her so languid and defenceless in the Arms of the *Bassa*; and she thought still of that new Lover she had

had seen in the Palace-Garden, whom she was resolved to be acquainted with, and she knew not whether she did not love him better than she did the *Bassa*.

It was several days before the *Bassa* had an Opportunity of discoursing the *Princess*; he saw her very often, but not in Private; it was a long time before he could bring her to a meeting; he sigh'd, he prest, but was still deny'd; she protested to him, that it was not want of Love in her, but some remains of Honour, which all her Passion for him could not vanquish; and that he ought to rest satisfied with the possession of her Heart, which she gave him intirely; but as for the rest, it was what she would never grant to any but him that was destined to be her Husband. The *Bassa*, little satisfied with this, used all his Address to try if that could procure him any advantage. He repented for having so ill employ'd those moments when he was last with her; he call'd her false, insensible, and ungrateful to the pain and the passion he had for her; became lean, scarce eat any thing at all. The Court observed this alteration in him; and in short, after she had made him languish a good

space, she promised him another meeting for that Night in her Lodging, after her Father should be gone to Bed, and the Family retired.

It is not to be askt if the *Bassa* flew with all imaginable haste to the Rendezvous: He found her undrest, and in that Garb nothing could be more amiable; his Passion being heightned by all these Obstacles, he was the most impatient imaginable. I come to ask you for the last time, Madam, said he to her, if it is my Death you design, for in the denyals you make me, you shew me a more terrible Prospect than any the most cruel Torments could present. You know very well, my Lord, reply'd she with a languishing Air, that I love you, and there rests but one thing for me to do to convince you intirely of it, and put it out of dispute: You despair too soon; and why may not you hope that you may Conquer my Person, since you have still the same Charms that subdu'd my Heart? I do not love you less, since I confes'd to you, that nothing was so dear to me as you. She accompanied these words with a thousand tenderesses. The *Bassa* held her in his Arms, and believed he had

had now found the time, and was resolved to pursue the Occasion. Her Eyes were languishing, her Soul softened with his Passion; and in a word, she was often upon the very point of yielding, tho' nothing is harder to overcome than the last pangs of Modesty and Honour. *Osman* used his utmost Address to vanquish all the scruples she had remaining, and to conquer the feeble resistance she shew'd; but whether it were a return of Vertue, tho' one would believe she had but little; or that she did not love him so much as she imagin'd, for very often we deceive our selves in this point, and fancy our selves more in Love than really we are, she started from that languishing state, and told him, that she would yield, but not then, and that he ought to rest satisfied with her Promise. *Osman* could not bear so cruel a disappointment without despair. You treat me cruelly, Madam, said he to her; and since you resolve my Happiness, is it not the same thing to day as to morrow; and perhaps you will not then have more disposition than now? I promise you, reply'd she, that I will be more favourable. But when, interrupted the *Bassa*? Shall I render my self here at the

same hour to morrow? and will you promise me to make me happy? I consent to what you propose, return'd she, and I'll keep my word with you: You know I love you, and that it is not in my power to deny you any thing. She left him at these words, and he expected the hour with impatience; he slept not at all that Night, and on the morrow he was told, that a *Page* from *Homais* ask'd to speak with him; he was presently introduced, and deliver'd the *Bassâ* a Letter from his *Lady*, which was this.

I *is with a great deal of regret, my Lord, that I see my self constrain'd to break my Promise with you; there is Company comes to day, that will not suddenly leave us: You know the Rules of Civility, which nothing can dispence us from; and you love me too well, to desire any thing contrary to them. The pain is more than the half on my side; for when one loves like me, what greater unhappiness is there than being debarr'd from what we love?*

The *Bassâ* was confounded at the sight of this Letter; he found all his Expectations mouldred to nothing: This was

a disappointment which could not be equalled ; he upbraided her, call'd her inconstant, despised her want of Resolution ; and in a word, resolved to pursue her no more, since she was too changeable to be taken : But when he consider'd how lovely she was, and those tender moments he had past with her when she lay in his Arms in a manner unguarded, he repented him that he had employ'd them so ill ; but since Time is not to be recall'd when it is once past and gone, and since he was sensible of this, he endeavour'd to bring her to another meeting, where he was resolved she should not escape him. To effect this, he began the way that he was sure would take with her ; he knew well her Temper, and that she would do any thing rather than lose a Lover, he therefore resolved to frighten her into compliance, and accordingly answer'd her Letter with this little Billet.

YOU are certainly the falsest Woman in the World, and I shall never have a good Opinion of your Sex again for your sake ; neither will I ever see you more, unless you promise to make me the happiest

B 5 Man

Man breathing in the space of Twenty four hours.

This Reply, so little expected by *Hon-
mais*, had the effect the *Bassa* desired ;
she could not endure the thoughts of lo-
sing him, and began to see he was not
so much her Slave as she imagined. What
she had writ him was true, and there
was Company to come ; but however
she design'd to find a time to see him ;
all was to be sacrificed, rather than suffer
him to break his Chains ; that was what
she could not resolve to think of, besides
she had had a great deal of tenderness
for him, though the Conversation with
that unknown *Lord* in the *Palace-Garden*
had divided her Inclination ; she began to
cool towards the *Bassa*, by the thoughts
that he did not improve the Moments
when he was with her as he might have
done, or as any other in his place would
have done : This had given her some dis-
gust for him, which she immediately for-
got upon the sight of his Billet ; for her
Resentment yielded to her Vanity, and
the desire she had of engaging him be-
yond all possibility of Retreat, which
she was certain her Kindness could ef-
fect ;

fect; and to begin, she writ him this Letter.

WHatever Reason you have to complain, I believe, my Lord, that I have more; 'tis certain you love me little, or after a very indifferent manner; how could you treat me else as you do? Any other but me would punish you with neglect; but you know little my Heart, or my Inclinations; if you accuse me of falshood and want of Affection, I pity rather than condemn you, since it is you that suffer the most by it; I would have you to assure your self that I love you, and that I can have no reserve for you: Be with me at Eleven, that you may be convinced of what I say; since you will have me pass over all Rules of Civility, I consent to it; my Heart easily inclines on your side; it incessantly tells me, that nothing ought to come in competition with what we love.

At the reading of this Letter Osman tasted a very sincere Joy, which he believed would be improved at Night, in the Conversation he was to have with Homais; 'tis certain however he disguised it, he had for her a very strong inclination; She did not make him a
suitable

suitable return ; nothing was more in
 Love than she was ; Time, which over-
 comes all things, had abated much of
 its vigour ; it was a long time, in her
 Opinion, since she began to favour him,
 and she began to suspect her self guilty
 of Constancy, and was invited to be-
 lieve, by the arrival of a Young Lord
 that day to her *Father's Palace*, that *Osman*
 was not the only Person capable of filling
 her Heart. The Person that created in
 her these extraordinary Sentiments, was
 of a very Noble Family ; and tho' there
 was little left of that Estate to maintain
 it in its former lustre, he did not cease to
 make a very handsome appearance. *Ismael*,
 for so was he called, was come to *Court*,
 to seek for some Opportunity to re-instate
 his Family in its former Glory : He was
 seen by *Hornais* the day she had writ her
 Letter to the *Bassa*, and was one of the
 Company, as she inform'd him, was to
 come. Nothing was better made than
Ismael ; he was very young, tall, had
 black sparkling Eyes ; with the finest
 Mouth that could be seen. She was pre-
 sently taken with him, and knew him
 again to be the same that had entertain'd
 her in the *Garden* of the *Palace*, though she

she did not know how to tell him so; for
 he appear'd so reserv'd, and treated her
 with a respect so dis-engaged from Love,
 that she thought it impossible for him to
 entertain any for her: She saw that he
 did not know her again, nor the tone of
 her Voice, which made her not deny her
 self the pleasure of looking upon him;
 she often met his Eyes, and saw him de-
 cline that Commerce as much as he could;
 she found him however to sigh: when
 she lookt upon him, he grew disorder'd;
 and she flatter'd her self from thence, that
 he began to feel something extraordinary
 for her. If, said she to him the first mo-
 ment she could entertain him singly, the
 Interest of the *Prince* my Father can be
 of any Advantage to you in your Designs
 at Court, I will engage him to employ
 it for you with the Sovereign *Prince*; it
 is out of a sense of your Merit, that I
 offer my self to serve you on this Occa-
 sion, and would have you to esteem it as
 such; for nothing could be a greater sa-
 tisfaction to me, than that of having ren-
 dered you any considerable Service. The
 favour is so extraordinary, reply'd *Ismael*,
 that I were unworthy of the Honour you
 do me, if I did not set a just value upon
 it,

it, and if I did not devote my Life to your Service. 'Tis true, said she, turning her Eyes in a very dejected manner, which she had half fixt upon his Face, that I shall have a great deal of pleasure in rendring you some, though I should find you without acknowledgment. She finisht these words with a very tender sigh, which he interpreted to his Advantage, and had without doubt told her his sentiments of it, had he not been interrupted by the rest of the Company. *Homais* resolved the next time she should see him, to discover to him the inclination she had to love him, and that she was the same Person he had entertain'd in the *Palace-Garden*. She retir'd to her *Lodging*; the hour was approaching that she was to expect the *Bassa*, who, since her new inclination, was become insupportable to her, and she had no other thoughts but indifferency for him, but her Vanity would not let her break with him; as long as she had wit enough to deceive him, she would find some means to keep him her Slave, and yet allow him no greater favours than those he was already possess'd of; she thought of an Expedient, and undressing her self, she put
on

on a very magnificent undress: She was naturally ingenious and curious, and had by her a certain sort of Perfume, which, if but smelt to, overcomes the Senses; stupifies, if not kills, which it does, as it is more or less scented. *Homais* was resolved to divert her self at the *Bassa's* cost, and to give him just as much as was necessary to cast him into a Trance, which should not however endanger his Life, or be of any long continuance; to that end she writ him a Letter, which was to be delivered him in the Anti-Chamber: After she had finisht it, she scented it with that Perfume, which upon the opening of it would cast an Odour to overcome him, and yet without any suspicion on her part. She deliver'd the Letter to the *Woman* that was her Confident, and all was ready at the hour she had appointed the *Bassa*: It is not to be askt whether he were punctual, he flew to meet his Happiness; he had already pass'd part of the *Lodging*, and was advanced as far as the *Anti-Chamber*, when he was met by the *Woman* in waiting; she deliver'd him the Letter, which he hastily opened, fearing another check of Fortune, and read these words.

Since

Since it is resolved, I invite you, my Lord, to the Reward of your Love, and of your Services : I ask but this in return, that you will not believe me, after this condescension, to be the less meriting of your Heart, which I desire to preserve for ever entirely mine.

The *Bassa* kist this Letter several times with an amorous transport ; his Senses were presently seized upon, but he believed it an effect of the greatness of his Passion ; he flew in a moment to the *Bed-Chamber*, where *Homais* was expecting him : She appear'd very charming ; our Lover flew to her Arms, and had but once prest her in his, when he fell in a swoon upon her Bosom : At this, *Homais* laugh'd so loud, that if any thing could have recall'd him, that would have done it ; but he was secure, and past a sense of the Treachery that was plaid him.

She had him secretly carried to his own House, and put into the hands of his *Servants* : As for her part, she had all the pleasure she propos'd to her self. By this malicious design she was rid of the *Bassa*, but her thoughts ran continually of

of *Ismael*. She admir'd at her own inconstancy, how in the Morning she loved *Osman* with a Passion so precipitate, as to resolve to do all things for his sake; and now she had not only an indifferency for him, but a Passion for another : Thus agitated, it was impossible for her to sleep that Night, nor could the Morning afford her any Repose ; she was resolved very often to write to *Ismael*, to tell him the Passion she had for him, but that she did not know how it would be received ; and if he were not already in Love with some other, though she had Charms not only capable to cause, but to excuse inconstancy. She languish'd in this restless state, till she was told, that a Page of the *Bassa* had brought her a Letter from his Lord ; she open'd it, and found in it these words.

WHat can I say, Madam, capable to excuse me of a weakness, which is however pardonable, if you consider it as the effect of Love ? All that I remember of last Night, is, That upon the point of being the happiest of all Men, the greatness of my Passion made me the miserablest : Your Charms were too dazzling, and the sense I had of
them

them was too much, to bear them without being transported; you saw in what a manner I fell dead at your feet; attribute it, my Princess, to the effect of Love; had you been less fair, I had been less amorous, and by consequence more happy: What a Reward is this! and what a return for all my disquiets! do not multiply them, by punishing me. The sense of my misfortune will kill me, unless you assure me by a Letter, that you forgive the excess of a Passion, only criminal in being great.

Homais enquired of the Page, how his Lord did, who told her, that he was very ill, and not in a condition to go out of his Chamber; and that Ismael, who was of a near Relation to him, was to pass the day with him. Homais presently resolved to go and seek him there, and to that purpose she writ this Letter, in Answer to the Bassa's.

T*H E fear I had for you, my Lord, made me lose all thoughts of Resentment. Comfort your self that you are dear to me; that I love you, and long for the return of your Health; a little more moderation will not be amiss for the future. Adieu.*

*I come to see the Sultaneſs your Wife to day,
that I may have an opportunity of ſeeing you.
Adieu.*

Homais did nothing but laugh at this Adventure, to ſee the Credulity of the *Baſſa*, and how he turn'd it all upon Love: She was in a negligent undreſs, which ſhe put on to make her look more languiſhing; and in that ſhe thought to pleaſe both *Osman* out of ſympathy, and *Iſmael* out of the thoughts that ſhe was become ſo for the love of him: But the truth of all was, becauſe it became her beſt; ſhe did not forget to put on the Scarf ſhe had firſt ſeen this latter in, and which ſhe had not worn ſince: And at the uſual hour for viſiting, ſhe went to wait upon the *Sultaneſs*, who was in the *Baſſa's* Chamber, where they brought *Homais*: *Osman* was lying upon a Bed; he looked very pale with his late Adventure: *Iſmael* was ſitting by, who appeared a thouſand times handſomer than ever; *Homais* gazed inceſſantly upon him, which ſhe pretended to the *Baſſa* was out of diſcretion, that ſo ſhe might give the *Sultaneſs* no umbrage. *Osman* was not ſatisfied with this; he purſued her with
his

his Eyes, and very often surprized hers in the pleasure they took to look upon *Ismael*: She perceived how uneasie he was, and therefore rose up to be gone: At the motion she made, her Scarf, which she had purposely loosned, fell down; *Ismael* took it up, and would have restored it to her: She let it remain in his hands some minutes, and smiling, said aloud to him, That he deserved to wear it for the pains he had taken: I believe you are not enough in favour, my Lord, with any of the Ladies of our Court, to receive such Presents from them as yet; and therefore I am resolved to be the first that shall make you any of this nature; and the *Sultaneſs* shall, if she please, tie it on. At this the *Sultaneſs*, who could not refuse the Office, set her self to do it; the *Bassa* was greedily looking on, and *Homais* turning to him, said, Do you not see, my Lord, what I do to employ your Wife, that so I may gain one moment of time with you? And is that all the Design you have in it? returned the *Bassa* coldly. Yes, replied she; for what other can there be? You are not jealous of your Cousin, sure, whom I have never seen but twice: You know I love you; teach not
my

my Heart by your ill-grounded Suspicion, to repent of the Inclination it has to esteem you; I am very sorry to see you in this condition. I shall quickly be restored to health, Madam, interrupted he, if you continue your Goodness and your Promise to me. Endeavour you Health first, replied she, and we will talk further of that. She pitied him to see him look so ill; and yet still to talk to her in that manner, she thought his Head ran too much upon Love, for one so pale, so sick, and so altered as he was; and therefore she would say no more to him, not considering that she was the cruel Cause of his illness, for which she had no sort of remorse.

The *Sultaneſs* had finish'd her Work, and *Iſmael*, who by this time perfectly knew the Scarf, came with so good a Grace, and with so much Joy, to thank *Homaïs* for the favour that she had done him; that she answered him with a languishing air, That it was his fault, if he had not greater Advantages. She could say no more, because the Eyes of the *Bassa* were incessantly upon him, and she went away some moments after.

As soon as the *Bassa* found himself alone with *Iſmael*, whom he was desperately

rately jealous of, notwithstanding all that *Homais* had said to convince him of the contrary, he resolved to frighten him from returning her any favourable appearances: You are doublets, my Lord, said the *Bassa* to him, seeing him look upon that fine Scarf that had been given him, decoy'd with that mark of Favour from *Homais*; but deceive not your self too much, she often makes Presents of that nature, and not always neither with design; I forbid you to entertain any upon her; you know what you owe me, and what occasion you will have for me: If you would not have me abandon you, you must resolve to obey me; I cannot believe you, Cousin, so blind as to yield upon bare appearances; *Homais* is of an Illustrious Blood, she will never have the Consent of her Father for your Alliance, and therefore I would counsel you betimes to avoid the snare that is set for you.

Ismael protested to the *Bassa*, that he had no thoughts but of obeying him; and that besides, he did not think *Homais* to be that Beauty as other People esteemed her. This satisfied the jealous *Bassa*, who did not believe his Cousin yet so much in Love, as to dissemble with him. But

But *Ismael* easily saw the Motive that induced the *Bassa* to speak as he did, and therefore did not think himself obliged to tell him the truth of things: He saw the inclination *Homais* had to love him, and she was too fine a Woman not to make one wish to improve it to the greatest Advantage. He consider'd, that in marrying her, he should more advance his Fortune, than in any thing the *Bassa* could do for him, and was therefore resolved to make use of it now, when it appeared so favourable; and began from that very moment to entertain a design upon her; therefore taking leave of the *Bassa* soon after, he went to his own Lodging, where he writ her this Letter.

YO U have made me to love you twice, Madam; and the Conversation I held with the unknown Lady in the Palace-Garden, which so entirely charmed me, made me to resist the Beauty of *Homais*, not imagining there could be in one Woman such a Composition of admirable Qualities. At the first sight of you there was a War in my Breast, because I would not yield that the Charms of your Face should supplant the Interest she had made by her Wit: But when
by

by irresistible Proofs I am inform'd, that it could be none but Homais that could maintain a Conversation with so much Address; and that the Person of the unknown Lady could be no other but that of my Divine Princess, it is not to be wonder'd, if I assert myself the most passionate of Lovers; my Heart could not resist such a combination of Charms: It yields, and resolves to give it self up wholly to them, and to follow blindly the Destiny you prepare for it.

After he had sent her this Letter, which you may imagine was very well received, though there was no return made to it, he walk'd towards the Palace, and on that side where her Lodgings were; 'twas Night, but not dark, so that it was a very pleasant Season. Homais was walking upon a *Terrass-walk*, from whence she perceived him, and immediately knew him, and saw that he lookt attentively upon her; she made no question but that he was there for love of her, and now considers him as one very passionate, which perswaded her it was a great deal of Cruelty to let him languish, when she had so much inclination to the contrary. She call'd him softly to her, and told him,

him, that he should stay there a quarter of an hour, and then she would send one she confided in to admit him. She retired, and left him so ravish'd at these words, that it was impossible for him to express his joy: She returned to her Women, was undrest, and laid in Bed; and after all were retired, she sent for *Ismael* to come to her Chamber: You may imagine his joy, to be brought to the very Bed-side of a charming Woman, that loved him, and that would be lov'd by him; he was some time kneeling, and kissing her Hand, without the power of saying any thing, till she began with a sigh, and looking tenderly upon him, You see, my Lord, how far you are trusted; and that having never seen you but twice, you are this moment in a possibility of expecting all from me; I may say with a truth, that Love is a weakness, and the greatest of all frailties; you see what it makes me do, judge of the violence of it, by the extraordinary effects it produces: At these words she raised her Lover from his knees, where he was kneeling, to sit by her on the Bed: The excess of his joy had so transported him, that he could not sustain himself there, he let himself fall

in a languishing manner by her, and after two or three moments of silence, he said thus to her: Since you flatter me so much, Madam, in the Opinion of your Love, and that I enjoy at this moment the greatest of favours from you, give me at least leave to hope, that you will not deny me the proofs I demand of you; and that you will permit me— All is permitted you, interrupted she; but is this a time to believe any thing can be refused you? or where is the necessity for asking for what you may take? is it to redouble my shame, and make me more sensible of the injury I do my Honour? Ah, for that, Madam, reply'd he hastily, you need not to have any fear that I would violate it; I were unworthy then indeed of the Honour you do me, I will be the preserver of it; and since I love you in so sacred a manner, you need not to have any apprehensions: I would make you my Wife, and it is to that inestimable Happiness I aspire; if you love me, as you pretend, you cannot refuse it me, nor ought you to have any regret, for admitting me thus alone by Night, when I shall have had the Honour to Marry you— Ah, interrupted the deceived *Homais*,
where

where is the occasion for all this? and cannot we love without marrying? At these words she took the Hand of her Lover, and laying it upon her Breast, taught him by that Action, and by what she had said, that it was a much easier thing than he imagined it; if his surprize were great, his joy was not less, though perhaps he had rather have advantaged his Fortune, than have gratified his Passion; but who could resist so strong a Temptation? They must have had very little of the Lover, to have been able to have done it. *Ismael* had a quite contrary Opinion of her before; for when he believed her entirely vertuous, he would have thought it his greatest Happiness to have marry'd her; now he rendred thanks to his good *Angel*, for delivering him from so apparent a danger, and past the Night with her doubly satisfied.

You see in what a posture the Affairs of the *Bassa* were in; he had been promised the first Embrace, and is hardly now in a possibility of having the second; he that had loved her with so perfect a resignation, and to whom she had made so tender returns; he, I say, to have the Reward of all his Services given to ano-

ther, that she had never seen before, is a sufficient example of her inconstancy; and after which injustice, we cannot wonder at any thing she does.

The following day she dress'd her self to appear at a splendid Collation her Father gave to the *Prince of Libardian*, who was come from *Colchis*, for the good of his own Affairs, and resolv'd to make some short stay at Court: He was a *Prince* in the declension of his Age, but his Conversation was sweet and ingenuous; his Soul was amorous, and he still retain'd that part of his Youth; he had a passionate inclination for the Service of the fair Sex, and knew admirably well to make his Court, so that he was ever well received, as well for his Merits, as Quality; in short, what occasion is there for us to speak farther of his Person? He came to the Entertainment, and was presently charm'd with the Beautiful *Homais*: The first impressions she made upon his Heart, was too strong, ever to be efaced; never was so sudden and so entire a Conquest; he had not seen her since her being a Woman, for that the Regency of *Colchis* obliged his absence from his own Court. *Homais* quickly perceived the Effects her Beauty

Beauty had wrought on the Heart of her Sovereign; she affected a sort of sensibility her self, to engage him the more; she hearkned with attention to all that he said, and gave it its due commendation: Praises from the mouth of a Person we love, are ever well received; the *Prince* flatter'd himself from thence, that he was not indifferent to her; and she, who had found in him what would gratifie her Ambition, was resolved to Marry without Loving, and accordingly treated him after such a manner, as perswaded him her inclinations were as strong for him, as his were violent for her; this, in lieu of disgusting, the more inflamed him; for there is nothing works so much upon Old People, as this Opinion; it makes them vain and fantastick; they think it not impossible for them to create Love in Persons; they believe any thing, rather than that they are Old, and are easily flatter'd into an Opinion of what they desire; they trust all appearances, though never so ridiculous, provided it hits the wishes of their Souls, and are most accessory to their own deceiving.

Homais, who was not ignorant of this, pleased her self to see the effects of her

Diffimulation, and how greedily the *Prince* received the Poison of her Praises: The most ingenuous are often the soonest deceived, when they meet with those Persons they would be lov'd by; and their own Hearts being exempt from Flattery, they believe all the World as sincere as themselves, especially when there is no appearance of Interest they can have in it.

We are not to wonder then, that the *Prince*, who was himself an honest Man, suspected no deceit in *Homais*: He entertain'd her presently with his Love, which she received with a feigned Modesty, which is the truest way to create a good Opinion in those we would enslave. She appear'd very reserv'd, but her Eyes, which she did not much manage to the contrary, went into their usual languishment, which perswaded the *Prince*, who carefully observed them, that she was not insensible: He allow'd a great deal to her Youth and Modesty, and to spare her the confusion, he believed himself lov'd by her, without her telling him so.

A Lover so commodious, who interprets every thing to his own Advantage, was the properest for *Homais*, in
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the design she had of gaining a Husband; and when he prest her to Marry, she referr'd all to her Father, who she knew would embrace with joy the Honour that was done him; but above all things, she enjoyned him secrecy in the management of the Affair: This she did because of the *Bassa*; she knew not how he would receive the News of a *Rival*, and was therefore resolved to keep fair with him, till the business should be put past his Power to undo. As soon as the Entertainment was over, and *Homais* alone, she sent a *Page* to enquire of his Health, with this Letter.

WHY did not you send to day, my Lord, to tell me the state of your Health? Do you think that I have no fears for you? Or do you so little value my Life, as to take no care of it in the preservation of your own? Adieu. Put me quickly out of the pain I am in, in this uncertainty. Adieu.

She writ him this Letter to quiet him, and assured her self, though she had not heard from him all that day, that he was still ill, or he would have been to wait upon the *Prince* at the Entertainment,

since there was a possibility of seeing her there ; she thought her self secure that she should not be troubled with him that night, and therefore sent another Page to seek out *Ismael* with this second Letter.

HOW irksom was that Crowd of People, my Dear, to day ! They did not allow me a moment to speak with you ; 'tis now in our power to redeem the time past, and to recompence by the pleasure of being alone, the pain we had by being in company. Adieu. I would have you come with the soonest. Adieu.

The Page that had the Letter of the *Bassa* in charge, found him walking in the Garden of the Palace : He was better towards night, and had some thoughts of a visit to *Homais*, and to that end was going to write to her, to beg the favour of a meeting. When her Letter came, he was transported with it, and told the Page he would go and carry the Answer himself ; and immediately crossed the Gallery that led to her Lodging : He was entred before she had notice of it ; and being come so far, she could not deny him admittance to the *Bed-Chamber* where she was,

was, he appearing pale, but had however a great deal of joy diffused over his face. He threw himself on his knees by the *bed*, where she was lying in expectation of *Ismael's* coming: He kiss'd her fair hand, which she gave to raise him from the ground, and in all probability he had there been very happy, if possession of her we love can make us so, when the *W. ma* that was of her Confidence came to give her notice that her Father was coming, and would in two minutes be there. When our Destiny is capricious, 'tis in vain that we expect to be happy. The unfortunate *Bassa*, more dead than alive at this most cruel disappointment, was forced to suffer himself to be hid; he would go into the Dressing-room, but *Hemais* told him, That it would be too near; that her Father might perhaps take the fancy to go in; and that he came not there at that hour for nothing; and that he must resolve to enter a Closet at the further end of the Dressing-Room: They had no time to lose, she thrust him in with a great deal of precipitation; and locking the door, took the key in her pocket, and went again to the *Bed-Chamber*, where she found that it was *Ismael*, and not her Father,

Father, that had alarm'd her so : She had suspected the truth of this before, and laugh'd to her self at the design of the poor *Bassa*, who whilst she held him lock'd up in that restraint, suffered the most sensible of Injuries from her, in that she bestow'd her favours upon a young *Rival*, who had no other advantage over him, but that of a shorter acquaintance with this fickle *Princess* : He told her, That as soon as he had received her Letter, he flew with all possible haste to obey her Commands. The Conversation was very tender, and lasted a good space; the *Bassa* began to be very impatient; he heard a Man's voice, but believing it was her Father's, he durst not make the least noise. *Homais* would punish him once for all, and was resolv'd to detain him there yet longer, when her Woman came running in, to tell her that of a truth her Father, with the Prince of *Libardian*, was come of her side, and would be immediately with her. This confounded her, she was disorder'd beyond recovery; she knew not what to do with *Ismael*, she consult'd him and her Woman, and presently resolv'd to put him into the Dressing-Room, for that there
was

was no other place: She remembered that she had the *Bassa* lock'd up, and that he could not come out, if he should endeavour it; which she doubted not but he would do, if he suspected there was another in the outer-Room; she gave it to *Ismael* in charge, that he should not make the least noise, nor remove from the place where she put him; that besides her *Father*, she had other apprehensions, which she would tell him when time served; that it concerned her Life, he should exactly obey her; and that if he did not, it might be fatal to all: She recommended him to the care of the *Gods*, and had not a long time been so devout as then. By the time she was returned to her *Chamber*, the *Prince* with her *Father* was entred in; they told her that the reason of their coming at that late hour, was to acquaint her with the News which had been brought the *Prince*, of an Incurtion the *Abcas* had made into the Kingdom of *Colebis*: They have broke the Truce, Madam, said the *Prince* to her, which we had taken with them; and it is necessary that I instantly depart to punish their Faithfulness; but, Madam, it is death for me to leave you, in the un-

uncertain-

certainty of my Happiness ; the *Prince* your Father has made me hope, that you will not refuse your Consent to my Glory ; and nothing of less consequence than the preservation of my Life, should have brought me here, at an hour very unfit to visit Persons of your Rank and Merit. Here *Homais* declined her Eyes, being in an uncertainty what to say, and dreading of all things that she should be discovered, when her Father in a few words told her, That the *Prince* was so much taken with her, as to resolve upon a Marriage with her, for the following day, because he was to depart within two ; and strictly commanded her to receive the Honour, with that resignation as became her. It is I that am to esteem it my Glory, replied the *Prince* ; but passionate as I am, I shall refuse it, unless the beautiful *Homais* agree without reluctance ; it is better that I should die, than affront her repose. My Lord, interrupted she, I have too much Obedience for my Sovereign, and too much Admiration for his rare Qualities, to deny my Heart to merit so irresistibly : I yield, *Prince of Libardian*, pursued she, in giving him her hand, and believe that the Duty I owe a Parent, is
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the least inducement to this Condescension. I receive this Happiness, answered the *Prince* (in kissing her fair hand) with all the Transports that can proceed from Adorations so sincere as mine : And when I repay with Baseness or Infidelity the Favour, I give you leave to destroy that Life, over which I give you an absolute disposal. After they had thus resolved upon the Wedding the following day, the *Prince* with her Father retired, fearing to incommode *Homais* by a longer stay at so unusual an hour.

But it is time to return to the *Bassa*, whom we left in the Closet of *Homais* : How did he accuse Heaven and his hard Fate, for taking him from the Arms of that charming Woman ! He remain'd in that cruel constraint some moments, without any other use of Reason ; and all his Sense was employ'd in reproaching his irreconcilable Stars ; at length his Resentments gave place to his Curiosity, and the desire he had of rejoining those Conversations which had been so cruelly interrupted ; he listned attentively to hear if the Person was gone, whom he mistook for the Father of *Homais*, and heard sighs which could not proceed from any but
passionate

passionate Lovers, whom he judged to be engaged in a Conversation too amorous for his Repose or Honour : Ah, how is this ! cry'd he : Has this fickle Person thus abused us ? we must ruine this fortunate Rival, and undo her. As he was in these thoughts, he heard the door of the Dressing-Room open, with all that had been said to *Ismael* ; and *Homais* was no sooner returned to her Chamber, but he softly opened the door of the Cabinet, which went with a spring, and was more than *Homais* remembred ; and calling to *Ismael* in a low voice, Here, here, my Lord, come in here, or *Homais* may want room for a third. Never was any Surprise comparable to *Ismael's* ; he heard his Cousin's voice, which he perfectly knew ; and coming to him into the Closet, which the *Bassa* shut upon him, Is it possible, my Lord *Osman Bassa*, that I should find you in the Closet of *Homais* ? and is this then the result of that good Advice you gave me ? I see well the Interest you took in it. It is very true, my Lord, replied the *Bassa*, and you are not mistaken : I have had some concern for *Homais*, and should have made no difficulty to have owned it to you, upon your least distrust.

distrust; but this renders you more culpable, and you should have took the warning I gave you. Ah! what, would you have had me, replied *Ismael*, return'd with cruelty and disdain these Advances that were made? No, my Lord *Bassa*, that is not like a gallant Man; though perhaps had I known how faithless she is, I should have taken another manner of Conduct. We have both, answered *Osman*, too much Honour to be imposed upon, and we must both abandon her; she is not worth our Anger, neither shall she be the occasion of a Quarrel between us. Here he imbraced *Ismael*, and gave him a short account of his Engagement with *Hornais*; and *Ismael* repaid his Civility, by the confession of his; after which, they both resolved never again to speak to her. The *Bassa* was irreconcilably dissatisfied with her, as having the greatest reason to be so, and therefore renounced her without reluctance; but *Ismael*, who had been well treated by her, found that his Obedience to the *Bassa*, had as great a share in the business, as his Honour could have, though he loved no more than others, to be cajol'd with, in such an imposing manner.

As soon as the Prince of *Libardian* was departed, *Hómais* came into the Dressing-Room, with a design to send away *Ismael*, and release the *Bassa*; but what was her surprize, when opening the door, she found not her Lover, nor any other, though she had not much time to reflect? for the Closet being open'd by the *Bassa*, he came out of it, followed by *Ismael*, who only saluting *Hómais* with a profound respect, went out of the Chamber, and out of her Lodging, without her having the freedom of spirit to speak to them.

But at length having recovered her surprize by a happy presence of mind, which Nature had blest her with; she ran after them, intending to recall the *Bassa*; but it was too late, he was gone, and she returned in a desperate rage: Ah! cry'd she, be not these the Actions of Traytors, to combine thus together to destroy my repose? Then she reflected with horror on that Adventure; and fearing it should make a noise, and prevent her Marriage with the Prince, she resolved to write to the *Bassa*, whom she loved best, in this disposition of her Soul, because she had most injur'd him; and she doubted
not

not but to recall him, since she had her Heart to reward his return ; nay, she in that moment resolved to sacrifice to him all her Kindnesses for *Ismael*, who she had satisfied her Curiosity with, and therefore intended to abandon. She much feared the Spirit of *Osman*, who had been ill treated, and therefore resolved to imploy all her Arts, to make him return to her, believing it the only way to hinder him from talking.

But with these Resolutions, it was impossible for her to sleep that night ; she passed it in a thousand inquietudes, and resolv'd to write to him as soon as he should be awake: She forgot it was to be her Wedding-day ; and when it was morning, she arose, but was prevented from sending her Letter, by this following one, which she read not without perplexity.

YOU will doubtless wonder to hear any thing from Persons that ought no longer to remember you ; you have very well deceived us, and better than any other could have done, because there were two that loved so well, and were by consequence so much blinded ; but now that we are no longer so, and fear

fear not any new weaknesses from your Charms, we owe so much to the remembrance of that tenderness we had for you, as to put you in mind that you need not fear any thing from us; a generous Spirit can never be brought to injure what he once adored, whatever Reasons there are to excite Revenge: We do not reproach you, and find no disposition at all to complain; we are already departed upon your receipt of this, to the War against the Abcas; our Prince has commanded it, and our Inclinations make it easie to obey.

After the two Illustrious Cousins were departed from Homais's Lodging, they began to consult their Hearts, if they had force enough to carry them through in the Resolution they had taken. It was more easie for *Ismael* to resolve of it, because he had not been so long in love; and his Passion being only the effect of Gratitude, it slackned when he was convinced that he was not the only beloved; besides he had no further expectations, which made him less ardent; for nothing so much takes off from a violent Inclination, as the acquisition of Desire. On the other side, the *Bassa* had been in continual

nual apprehension, and still deceived, which at length tired him, and made him less solicitous of the Lover: He could have wished for his revenge; but there being no time nor possibility to effect it, he must resolve to think no more of her, but to consider her only as one that merited not the being beloved. He had not been long come home, when he was sent for by the Prince; and being such a Person as I have described him, it was no wonder that he was honour'd with the esteem of all. The Prince of *Libardian*, who knew his Courage and Experience, created him Prime *Visier* of *Colchis*, and made him General under him of that Army, which he intended should march against the *Abcas*, with immediate Orders to go to the Castle of *Rues*, where *Leron* then resided, to receive his Commands, and to get all things in a readiness against his return to *Colchis*, which should be in two days. The new *Visier* found this Imployment very agreeable to his Inclinations; it was much for his Honour, and would oblige his absence from the faithless *Homais*. *Ismael* saw the occasion too glorious not to embrace it; he told the *Visier* that he would attend

tend him, and share with him the danger of the War, as well as he had done the Favour of *Homais*. They were presently to depart ; and before they went, writ that Letter which was last inserted: The *Vifier*, who well knew her temper, was affraid it would more afflict her than all the Reproaches that could be made her ; he was not deceived in his Opinion, for it more perplexed the Soul of that haughty Princess, than the most outrageous Exclamations could have done, by reason of the indifferency it was writ with: She tore it into a million of pieces at the reading ; she fancied that she had most reason to complain : The Traytors, cries she, (all transported with Rage) never loved me, and I detest them both ; and upon both shall my revenge be fatal : The Prince whom I am going to espouse, will, I am certain, remit his Power to me, and I will punish as I see occasion. In this resolution, she suffered her self to be dressed to all the advantage imaginable ; and her temper being naturally gay, she had not much to do to appear so on this occasion, though her Heart was however deeply affected. The Prince came, and the Marriage was celebrated with

with all the pomp of the Country ; it pleased the Vanity of the new Princess, to see the Court that was made to her ; her Melancholy gave place to it, and she never appear'd in better humour : The Prince was ravish'd with his good Fortune, and believ'd himself the most happy of all Men. *Homais* wanted not Address to improve the advantagious Sentiments he had of her : Never was there any thing seen more Glorious than that Ceremony, nor any thing more Beautiful than *Homais* : The Prince was more in Love than ever, and she had the pleasure to see her Ambition gratified, which ever was her most powerful Ascendant.

In the mean time the Visier was arrived at the Castle of *Rucs*, where being confirmed in his Ministry by the Prince of *Colchis*, he assembled the Forces, that since the late War had been quartered in several Camps throughout the Kingdom, and marched with them against the *Abcas*, leaving the Princes of *Colchis* and *Libardian* to follow with the Main Body. His Orders were, not to meet those *Abcas* that had made an inroad into the Country, but to fall himself into the Territories of the *Abcas*, whilst the Princes fought
their

their Army, which was, as we have declared, by a breach of Truce, entred *Colchis*. We shall pass over in a few words the particulars of this War, and only content our self with acquainting the Reader with the result thereof, which was highly advantageous to the Victorious *Colchians*. The Visier, according to his Orders, fell into the Country of the *Abcas* with his Army, and having easily vanquished what Forces he found upon the Borders, he marched uncontrollably far up into the heart of the Continent, burning and destroying all that was fruitful or habitable. The King of the *Abcas*, with the Prince his Son, was marching against him (as he understood) with a potent Army, which he knew himself not strong enough to encounter; therefore he resolved to retreat with his Forces towards the two Princes, whom he intended to joyn.

Pursuant to this Resolution, he speedily dis-encamped, and marched on his left Hand through the Country of the *Abcas*, being informed by his Spies, that the Princes of *Colchis* and *Libardian* had vanquished their Enemies; and not content with repelling the remnant of the
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conquer'd Army, they were also entred the Country of the *Abcas* with great Hostility, which had obliged the King to alter the design he had of fighting the Visier, for that of meeting that more formidable Army, led on by two such Victorious and Renowned Princes. *Osman* being confident that the Intelligence was good, did not however alter the design he had taken, but marched, as I said, on the left hand, with an intent to fall upon the Rear of the *Abcan* Army.

Continuing his March, he entred a high Forrest, made very delightful by Nature and Art, which had embellish'd it with admirable Industry: There ran a clear Stream through it, and at the entrance on the other side he discovered a great many magnificent Pavilions, which he presently understood to be the Residence of a Beautiful Lady, whom he saw before him, abandon'd to all the rigour of War, her Guards having, upon the sight of the Visier's Army, basely fled from her defence into the adjoining Mountains.

As soon as he saw this beauteous Captive, the Visier was himself the vanquished; she was surrounded with a Train
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of Thirty Ladies, who by a world of Tears bewailed their hard Fate, whilst she alone stood unmoved at the danger : She was habited in a slight Dress for the Field, branched with Gold, and clasped in some places with Diamonds : Her stature was of the tallest, and her shape a perfect symetry ; but when we cast our Eyes upon her Face, it is impossible to see so many Charms, without being moved ; her Hair of a shining black, with Eyes of the same colour, that sparkled with all the fire common to them ; her Complexion not to be equall'd by any thing, but the Majesty of her Mien, which enough declared that she had not lost her Courage with her Liberty. She was Armed with a Poyniard, which the Princesses of the Blood usually wear when they are in the Field ; and she having in vain exhorted those of her Guard, which were yet within hearing, to dye, rather than yield themselves to be Slaves ; but seeing she could but ill prevail over Persons struck with a panick fear, she drew her Poyniard, to prevent the Insolence of any that should be wanting in their respect to her. The Visier being not ignorant of her design, beheld her with
infinite

infinite Admiration, and would perswade his Heart, that the Princess of *Libardian* was not comparable, in point of Beauty, to this unknown Lady, approached her with fear enough, and saluting her after the manner of the *Colebians*, I know not, Madam, (said he, in letting fall the point of his Sword) what it is you see in us rude enough to give you so much apprehension; the most barbarous would cease to do so, at a sight so beautiful; and you, of all the World, ought not to fear any violence, especially when, like now, you meet with a Person who has a Heart, such as a gallant man ought to have; you are capable of producing astonishing effects in the most insensible; we all obey you, and your Authority is Absolute in all places where the great Visier of *Colchis* shall Command: His Quarrel extends not to the *Abcan* Ladies; and it is enough that he conquer the Men, to dispute with Women is too much. My Courage, reply'd that charming fair, never leaves me; though another would be surprized, perhaps, at a turn of Fortune, insupportable; the distance being very great between a Prison and a Throne; the assurance you give me is not displeasing

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sing, and you are better instructed, than to treat ill a Princess, and the Daughter of the King of *Abca*, who was diverting her self in this Forrest, with her Court, believing her self free from the dangers of the War, in a place remote enough from it, in our apprehension; another, perhaps, would not tell you thus much, being your Prisoner, and the chance of War giving you right to use me as you please; but you are too generous to treat me as other than a Princess; I have already an esteem for you, I believe I am not deceived, and that you are what you appear to be.

The Visier was so charmed with the Beauty of the Princess, that he remain'd without reply. She saw the effects of her Beauty, and viewing *Osman* with a fatal Tenderness, which her Heart could not resist, for the best made Man of the East; You are dumb, my Lord, renewed she; is it from the chief Visier of *Colchis* that I must have returns so silent? Must I go with you, and not be assured of the Care of my Conqueror? Too obliging Princess, reply'd the Visier, beginning to recover himself, the Reproach is just that you make, but durst I explain it to you,
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it would be found not disadvantageous to a Beauty so miraculous; but, pursued he with a sigh, you do ill to call me your Conqueror; would to the Gods my Liberty were as certain; you have yours, Madam, intirely; and though I run the danger of my Princes Anger, what would not one do to oblige one so lovely as you? Command me to conduct you to the place you will retire, though, durst I add, I make my self by this separation, the most unhappy of all Men.

The Princess, by a little blush that came into her Face, let him know, that she understood him; she had never seen any that appear'd to her so handsom; she took her Eyes from him with difficulty, and a sigh, which forced it self from her Breast, let her know, that her Heart was more engaged than she thought it was; however, a sense of Glory would make her treat him as if she did not understand him. I know not (my Lord, said she with a serious air) if I may believe you in earnest, when you tell me, that I am free; my Liberty is a greater Present, than I am willing to receive of an Enemy to my Father and my Country; I am no other than your Prisoner, the King will

not let me long be so; allow me only to send him an account of my being taken by you, and I assure my self you will not treat me ill.

The Visier, as much in Love as he was, would not permit the Princess any longer to be a Prisoner; he conjur'd her to receive her Liberty from him, since her Quality being unknown to his Soldiers, there would be no talk made of it; he chose, as he said, to be deprived of his greatest Happiness, which was that of seeing her, rather than to incommode her. The Princess, by a fatal prepossession, admired this Generosity of her Lover. It is against my self I speak, Madam, did he renew, when I desire you to accept your freedom; alas! how dear is it going to cost me? And since it is impossible for me to live and not adore you; I am going to prevent your disdain, by a death, which I design as a punishment to that presumptive Heart, which is not able to resist you: I speak to you as well for the first time, as the last; have the goodness to pardon me, I go to Death, which, perhaps, I shall receive from the King your Fathers Arm, as a Reward for that Love, which my Stars have created in me,
for

for the Princess his Daughter, and which I know to be highly audacious: As he finish'd these words, he bowed, not expecting her Answer, and mounted his Horse, whilst the Princess returned to her Pavilion, conducted by her Guards, who were returned from the Mountains, by the permission of the Visier.

The Princess was glad that he had not staid her Reply, which her Glory required should be a severe one; and she resolved to make him sensible of his Presumption; but then on the other side, she fear'd her Heart, it would not have her angry at a Person so amiable, and to whom she had such powerful Obligations.

She was several days in great despondency, the more she reflected on the Visier, the greater was her Tenderness for him: How often did she call her Glory to her aid? But Love, that had so suddenly possess'd that Heart (before insensible) being once entred, would not abandon his Station: How often did she exclaim against her Weakness and his Presumption, who without being a Sovereign Prince, had dared to make a Declaration of Love to her? he that was an

Enemy to the King her Father, and who
 was then engaged in an actual War a-
 gainst him, and had ruin'd with Fire
 and Desolation a great part of his Ter-
 ritories. But then, she would also reflect
 on what he had done for her, his Gene-
 rosity, his reciprocal Passion; and in a
 word, all those fine Qualities, that ren-
 dered him so amiable: Alas, how weak
 was her Glory, to her Love! in treating
 him ill, she should ruine all her Repose,
 and though he was no Sovereign Prince,
 he was of Rank in the World, and pos-
 sess'd a thousand inimitable Vertues;
 when, I say, she was with some frailty,
 considering of all this, Ah! cry'd she out,
 what Treachery is this? How does my
 Inclination betray my Glory? I must ne-
 ver suffer it to be conquer'd; and should
 my Weakness augment, how would my
 Reputation be blasted? and into what
 irreparable inconveniencies would they
 not lead me? But how hard is it to avoid
 ones Destiny? And by a turn of Refle-
 ction, I foresee this Passion will ruine
 me, it has already undone my Peace; and
 though it is in vain to contend with a
 Fate so determinate, we may hide our
 weakness, that is yet in our power to do,
 and

and by endeavouring to treat the Visier ill, we may at length come to do it without reluctance. But ah! renewed she a moment after, my Destiny has taken care of me, I need not fear a Person that I shall never see any more: Is he not returned already to *Colchis*? Is he not far from me, and beyond the power of any more perplexing my Heart with so much anxiety?

In the mean time the Victorious Princes of *Colchis* and *Libardian*, having sent their Orders to the Visier, to fall upon the Rear of the *Abcas*, presented the Battel to that King, who had indeed a more numerous Army, because he had been well prepared before he broke the Truce, and designed the entire Conquest of *Colchis*, though his hopes had been defeated with his first Army, and made him stand only on the defensive part: It was within few hours of Night before he accepted the Battel, because he staid for the coming up of a considerable reinforcement of Horse led by the Prince his Son, a gallant young Prince, and who behaved himself with a Courage proportionate to his Birth: In a word, the Body being arriv'd, they joyned Battel, and the Visier

fell in upon the Rear, where he was resolutely expected by the Prince of the *Abcas*, who knowing him to be near, suspected his Design. There had not a long time been fought a Combat so bloody; Fortune would not decide the Palm, and the Night came on, just as the Victory began to incline to the *Colchians*; they were separated by the darkness, and the Retreat being sounded, the Visier came over, with the remainder of his Forces, to the two Princes, having been much wounded in the Fight, by a particular Combat he had had against the Prince of the *Abcas*, over whom he had some advantage.

The Prince of *Libardian*, who lived not in a divided state from his Charming Wife, grew impatient of that tedious War, and resolved to conclude it by a lasting Peace; and the day no sooner appeared, than in lieu of renewing the Fight, as he might very successfully have done, he sent to the King of the *Abcas*, to take a Truce for two Months, appointing Commissioners to meet from either side, upon the Frontiers, to agree upon the Articles of Peace; the principal one was, a Marriage between the Prince of
Colchis

Colchis and the Princess *Bassima*, Daughter to the King of the *Abcas*.

Levan being extream Amorous, yielded, not without repugnance, to this Alliance, as not knowing any thing of the Beauty of her he was to Marry; but the Protector, who was a great Statesman, knew well the Advantage, and disposed the Prince of *Colchis* to obey him. The Picture of *Bassima* being brought to *Levan* one day, during the Negotiation, he found in it so many Charms, that he began to be in Love with the Original; he shew'd it to all his Court, and having particularly asked the Opinion of *Osman*, whom he knew could judge of Beauty; but that Minister had no sooner cast his Eyes upon it, but he grew pale with surprise, seeing it to be no other than that Princess whom he adored, and whom he had encountred in the Forest. *Levan* observing the disorder of his Visier, rallied him for too much sensibility of heart, that would not let him, without surprise, see the Picture of a handsom Woman, who, perhaps, fell very short of what the Painter had made her; but to put that Minister quite in despair, he told him, that she was within a few days to

be his Wife ; and that it was him, as his first Minister and Favourite, that he intended to honour with the Character of Proxy, and that he should prepare his Equipage, to go within a few days to the King of *Abcas* Court, to Espouse the Princess *Bassima*, whom he was already impatient to see. *Osman* reply'd with such an aukward air, to the favour of his Master, that *Levan* knew not what to interpret it to ; but not believing he had been prepossessed, he made no farther reflection upon it.

Never was any Destiny more cruel than this ! How often did the *Vizier* lament his hard Fate ? But after perplexing himself in vain, by a turn of thought, he found himself not so wretched as he had fancied ; a Marriage with *Levan*, would infallibly bring *Bassima* to the *Colchian* Court, where he should have Opportunities to see and discourse her frequently, which was more than he durst ever hope, should she remain in *Abca*. He considered further, that should she assent (which was very improbable) to Espouse him, he was not in a possibility of accepting the Honour, because he was already married to a high-born *Sultaneß*, the Sister of the

the Prince of *Libardian*, who though none of the youngest, and a Woman he had never loved, yet it was by her Interest in the Protector, that he came to be first Minister of *Colchis*; *Selima*, for so was she call'd, loved the *Visier* with a particular affection, and would have sooner died than quitted her Interest and Pretensions to him, though the first Woman of the World should desire it of her.

In the mean time, the Treaty for Peace went on; but it is not our Design to enter upon the Affairs of State, nor the Proposals that were offered; let it suffice, that in the end the Peace was ratified, and the *Visier* named to Marry the Princess *Bassima* by Proxy.

Osman prepared all things with a Magnificence suitable to his temper; most of the *Colobian* Nobility put themselves into his Train; and being the first Man after the Prince and the Protector, it added much to the Splendour of the Embassy: *Ismael* accompanied him during all the War, and would not now forsake him; he was some time after married to the Lady of the greatest Quality and Fortune in *Abca*, who had been taken with him in the Forest, where she attended

Bassima,

Bassima, as he did *Osman*; and in few years he raised himself by the Favour of the Princess of *Libardian*, to to be the greatest Man in *Colehis*. The *Visier* confided in him his new Inclinations for the *Abcan* Princess, and deplored to him his hard Fate, that was going to treat him with nothing but Misfortunes.

The *Visier* was met within a days Journey of the King's Pavillions (where he then resided) by the Prince of the *Abcas*, who embraced him with much esteem, after the trial he had had of his Valour in the late War; and the following day brought him to his Audience to the King, who received him suitably to his Rank and the Character he bore. After the Ceremony was past, the Prince conducted *Osman* to a magnificent Pavillion, that had been prepared for him, where he left him to his repose, and went himself to inform the Princess *Bassima* of what had passed: With what incredible surprize did she not learn the Quality and Name of the Ambassadour of *Colchis*! She had heard long before of the Sacrifice they intended to make of her; and her Soul had suffered terrible Conflicts, in the thought that she must Marry into a place
where

where she should be every day obliged to see the Person for whom she had a fatal Tenderneſs: But her Soul being as elevated as her Vertue, ſhe reſolved never to ſuffer that Miniſter to entertain her with his Paſſion, which could not but be criminal; and carefully to conceal from him her own Weakneſs of Heart, ſhe would ſubmit to ſo fatal a Conjunction, though ſhe ſaw there was little Happineſs to be expected for her, by a Marriage with a Perſon ſo amorous and inconstant as *Livan* was given out in the World to be.

She took therefore a reſolution worthy her Glory and Vertue; and whiſt the *Viſier* was in his Pavillion, diſtracted with fears and hopes that ſhe would forgive or puniſh his preſumption, he ſaw an Eunuch enter his Tent, which ſhe had ſent to him; who no ſooner found himſelf alone with the *Viſier*, who had commanded out the Attendants, then ſaluting him after the *Abcan* mode, My Lord *Viſier*, ſaid he to him, I am ſent to you by the Princeſs *Baſſima*, who is both offended and obliged by you; ſhe owes you her Liberty, 'tis true, but ſhe ſays that your Preſumption has much taken off from her,

Acknow-

Acknowledgment; she is a Princess jealous of her Glory, and refuses you Audience, unless you bring with you Sentiments conformable to your Estate and hers; you are a great Minister, and cannot be ignorant but a perseverance would be ruinous for you, and very dangerous for both:—You are not permitted to see her, unless you renounce a Passion, that she knows not from whence it took encouragement to declare it self; in a few days she will be authorized to command you, that which she now intreats: She is going to be your Sovereign, your Queen; she will have it in her power to ruine you; and though she be too generous to expose even her Enemies, yet here her Glory is interessed, and she will be obliged to seek redress from the Prince her Husband, should you disobey. Not, my Lord, pursued the Eunuch, but she believes you sensible of your Duty, and gives you this Advice, as to a good Friend; she was once obliged to you for her Freedom, and abhors Ingratitude, as much as she loves her Glory; she should be sorry to be wanting in acknowledgment; she is willing to forgive what is past, and to lose the remembrance of your Crime, if you

you are not your self wanting in your Obedience to her. What, that I shall cease to love her? replied the *Vizier*; it is impossible, it is not in my power to do it; I am contented to live without Hope, but then she must allow me to adore her. Do you well consider, my Lord *Vizier*, interrupted the Eunuch, what it is you say? how do you think this Discourse will sound in the Ears of a vertuous Princess? I shall be sorry to make her acquainted with the difficulty you find in obeying her Commands; but I cannot dispense my self from being faithful to her Interest, and in pronouncing the Sentence of your Banishment from all places that she shall honour with her presence. Ah, hold, interrupted the *Vizier*, I assent to all that you have said; I will die, I will never see her more, but yet I must love her as long as I live; you wonder much at my Conduct, but I deserve your pity; I am upon the point of renouncing all my Hopes, my Happiness, but tell my Divine Princess she shall be obey'd; I will no more speak to her of my Passion, it shall not any longer offend her; but cruel as she is, I must love her still, it is not in my power to do other; and she ought

ought to pardon, in an unfortunate Lover, a Passion which he is so little master of : Yes, you may tell her she shall be obey'd, at the price of all my Repose.

The Princess found great consolation in the Promise of the *Vizier* ; she prescribed her self a very severe Conduct, and and was resolved to follow it.

The next day, he came to pay her the Compliment of the Prince his Master ; this Minister, notwithstanding his Character, had something so different from the mein of an Ambassadour, that it was easie to see he would be properer to solicit an Affair of Love for himself, than another : What poison was it to his Repose, to find the Princess more beautiful than in the field ! Her Dress was more regular, her Looks composed, and certainly nothing was ever seen so amiable ; her Eyes were large and sweet, as well as sparkling ; her Mouth was inimitable, her Teeth of an orient so white, that few equal'd them. *Osman* was lost irrecoverably, and he owed to his good Fortune (that was assisting) the acquitting himself with general applause, of the Commission his Prince had given him.

Some

Some days after, the Nuptials were celebrated, with the pomp so essential to that Country in matter of Marriage; but it was with a mortal despair that the *Visier* performed the Ceremony; the Princess perceived it, and assisted with a Melancholy suitable to the state of her Soul; she gave her hand indeed to the *Visier*, but, alas! it was for another; and all her Repose was offered by that cruel Sacrifice: *Osman* durst not explain to her his Thoughts; his Eyes were full of sorrow, and his Air dejected; they passed over the Entertainment without being sensible of what was said to them: The *Visier* made it his business to observe the Princess, he found agreeable entertainment in her Melancholy; and in that temper of Mind it was that gave him most satisfaction.

The day appointed for their departure, *Osman*, who had not said any thing to the now Princess of *Colchis* since the Audience, so exactly had he observed her Orders, as not to speak even of indifferent things, found her all alone in a Garden, cut out of part of a Forest that join'd her Pavillion; her^e People being retired to a distance, she was entertaining her self

self with the thoughts of her misfortune ;
 she believed none to be so unhappy as her
 self, and stood thus a good while leaning
 over a Balustrade that formed an ascent,
 into an open Arbor, when she heard a
 person sigh behind her ; it was the *Visier*,
 who had not dared to interrupt her, and
 who had been there already half an hour :
 My Lord *Visier*, said the Princess to him,
 what is it you come to seek for here ? To die
 Madam, replied he dejectedly ; that would
 be undoubtedly a much happier state, for
 nothing can be so miserable as the Life I
 live. You think so, answered the Prin-
 cess ; but it is so customary a thing to be-
 lieve our own Misfortunes greater than
 others, that I do not wonder you flatter
 your self in that point. Alas ! Madam,
 renewed he sighing, I am so fully satisfied
 of my own unhappiness, that I have not
 the good fortune to doubt it ; my Prince
 is my Rival, but what a difference in our
 Destinies ! I must complain of my cruel
 Stars, that in failing to make me the least
 of Men, has made me the miserablest ;
 either of the two extreams, and I had
 been blest, a Sovereign Prince, or a Slave ;
 in this latter, I should at least have been
 exempted from a hapless Love ; and your
 Majesty

Majesty too well understands the happiness of the first; it is that which my Prince is going to possess, and perhaps without valuing the Blessing as he ought to do. Take heed (my Lord) interrupted the Princess, what it is you say; a fatal Conjunction has made his Interest mine; had I not a real esteem for you, I should not pardon you thus much; but take heed what you do, follow the Advice I gave, and rely upon your own Promise. I shall obey you all my life, replied *Osman*, and it shall not be my fault, if your Majesty finds occasion to complain of me; if I am sometimes criminal, when I cannot avoid being so, your Majesty must have some indulgence for involuntary Errours, and be so favourable as to believe I obey you, as far as is possible for me to do. The Prince of the *Abcas* broke up this Conversation, by coming to tell his fair Sister, that every thing was in order for her departure.

The King, the Queen, and the whole Court, accompanied them a days Journey; but the Prince left them not till they came upon the Frontiers, that the *Vizier* found it impossible once to renew his Conversation with the Princess; and
not

not long after his departure, they were met by the Princes of *Colchis* and *Libardian*, and their Court.

Never did any Prince appear so satisfied with his good Fortune, as *Levan*, upon the sight of that amiable Princess; he embraced a thousand times the Protector for procuring him that Blessing, and rewarded profusely the amorous Minister for his safe Conduct of her into *Colchis*, where they were no sooner arrived, but the Prince would have the Marriage consummated.

The *Vizier* not able to see the good fortune of his Prince, beg'd leave to retire some short time, to put his own Affairs in order; which being granted, he departed from the Castle (notwithstanding all the Caresses of the Sultaness *Selima*, who used her endeavours to stay him) with a resolution not to return, till the Passion of the Prince began to cool, which he knew would not be long, in a person so amorous and inconstant.

Alas, how true did he Prophecie? *Levan* was a Prince not design'd by Love to persevere in so laudable a Passion; he became less assiduous after some time; he was pauced, and began to search after
other

other fair Objects. Oh, what a grief was this to the fair Wife of this Inconstant? And how flattering was that tranquillity she had promised her self? The *Visier's* Retreat had left her no disturbance on that part; and till this ill-timed inconstancy, she found more Happiness in her Marriage, than she could have hoped; but to those that have misfortunes for their Lot, all those traverses that are made to avoid them, are either ineffectual, or bring them sooner upon us; this was too plain, on this occasion; the Princess complain'd to her Husband, that his cares were not the same; and (in a word) brought him the sooner to know, that he no longer loved her as he had done, though she were much more beautiful than any thing he could ever love.

That which the more confirmed him in his injustice to the Princess of *Colchis*, was an Adventure which happen'd to him some days after, and which I am going to relate.

One Solemn day, that he was seeing some Fire-works play, and the Cannon in the Castle discharged, a Slave came came upon the Rampire, and knowing *Ismael* amongst all the Train of Courtiers, pull'd

pull'd him by the Arm, and begg'd him, to present him to the Prince, for he had an Affair of Consequence to impart to him. *Ismael* enquired what it might be? But the Slave gave him many denials, and in the end, told him, that if he would not present him, he must desire the favour of some other. *Ismael* believing indeed that it was of moment, came up to the Prince, having an easie access to him, and told him the whole story of the Slave: *Levan* caused him to be called, and enquired of him the business: My Lord, reply'd (boldly) the Slave, the Affair is for your Cabinet, and you will believe me, when I assure your Majesty my Address is from the finest Woman of the World, that has for your Highness a passionate inclination. The Prince immediately fired at this, yet not knowing whether the Advice were good, he paused some moments; but his Curiosity overcame all other Considerations, and telling the Slave, that he rely'd, in point of Beauty, upon no other judgment than his own; bid him come with *Ismael* at an hour he told him, to his Cabinet.

The Prince had an impatiency, which could not be other than an ill Omen of his

his approaching Misfortune, and therefore retired sooner, than People thought, to his Lodgings, where were already the Slave and *Ismael* attending his coming in his Cabinet ; this latter withdrew, because the Prince had not told him, that he might stay ; and the Slave no sooner saw himself alone with the Prince, than kneeling, he presented him the Picture of a very fair Woman, set in Crystal, with this Letter.

To the Prince of Colchis.

EXamine the Miniature I send you, and assure your self the Painter has not flatter'd me ; consider if I merit the hard Fate of Confinement, which I am at present reduced to ; and if your Generosity shall tell you, no ; you will break those Chains which hold me, and are proof against any inferiour Power : 'Tis to this I sollicite you, but not unless you find in your self as much inclination as desire to know a Person, as yet unknown to you, though her Heart has long since been acquainted with your Merit ; and that she owns no greater desire, than of making proportionate impressions upon yours.

The

The Prince of *Colebis* read this Letter with surprize, and beheld the Divine Picture with admiration; he found there Beauties which presently seized his Heart, and drawing it to his Lips, he kissed it; Ah, cry'd he, what colour'd Hair is here! what Eyes! what a Mouth, and the Oval turn to the Face, which gives it an irresistible Air! Tell me (said he, turning to the Slave) tell me, I conjure thee, the Charming Original, who has already filled me with Love, upon the bare sight of her Picture, and the reading of her melting Billet, whose Chains is it I am to break: And is it possible that in Nature there can be found persons capable of giving trouble to this amiable Beauty? My Lord (reply'd the Slave) I am forbid to tell your Highness what you demand of me; and the fair person that sent me, will take it as a mark of your Passion for her, if you press me not to a discovery, which upon the assurance of your sensibility, she will make you herself: And your Majesty may well imagine she intends not to stop here, her Request at present is, the Honour of an Answer to her Letter, which I can assure your Highness, she impatiently expects. That

I love her already, reply'd the Prince, is undeniable ; therefore I will take the Reasons thou givest me, and obey this Charming Beauty. Then having a while longer gazed upon that fine Picture, he found what was requisite for writing, and answer'd her Letter thus.

To the fairest Person that ever was,

I Can return you (Madam) no other Answer, than that I love you ; it must be all my Language, in that alone I break your Chains, I see you free, and in the Arms of the Prince of Colchis.

He deliver'd this Billet to the Slave, giving him great promises of Liberty and Advancement, when he returned with the discovery of that Charming Person, which he impatiently longed to know. When the Slave was gone, the Prince contemplated the Picture, and found it so handsom, and the love of the Original so extraordinary, that he was not able to deny his Heart to so many Charms. Ah ! cry'd he, how certain is it, that had I known you first, I should have anticipated your Passion ; and the danger of ac-

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know-

knowledge, or ingratitude, had not then been on my side : But how impossible is it to be cruel to so fine a Woman ? What do I say ? rather how can I behold her without dying with Love ? He said a great deal more to that fine Picture, and was so long entertaining his Curiosity, that *Ismael*, who waited without, and pretended to some confidence in the matter, because he introduced the Slave, came to the door of the Cabinet, impatient to know the Adventure, and hoping his Prince would call him in, which he was not mistaken in ; for *Levan* hearing some tread, call'd, and *Ismael* having shewed himself, the Prince bid him enter ; and being naturally not very secret in matter of Love, found this young Lord a very fit Confident, and related to him at large the whole story, giving him the Letter to read, and then shewing him the Picture, upon which he had no sooner cast his Eyes, but he knew it to be that of the Princess of *Libardian*. Ah, said he to himself, perfidious *Homais* ! Then turning to the Prince, my Lord, said he, you will pardon my surprize, when I acquaint your Highness, that this fair person, who is a thousand times fairer than
 this

this Picture, is yet the Wife of the Princee your Uncle, upon whom he so passionately dotes, and the fair *Homais*, born of the Illustrious Family of the *Chickalites*. Is this possible, reply'd the Prince? And are you sure that you are not mistaken? I am so well assured of it, my Lord, answer'd *Ismael*, that if your Highness please, I could this very Night bring you to the sight of the Princess of *Libardian*, who, as I am certainly informed, is confin'd, through the Jealousie of that Prince, in the Castle of *Phasia*, upon the Confines of *Libardian*, not many hours riding from this place. Ah, *Ismael*, let us not delay a moment the seeing that Charming Princess, reply'd *Levan*; what though she be the Wife of the Protector, she is too fair, to be ill treated; and We were unworthy to live, did We not return the passion she has for Us. In finishing these words, he order'd *Ismael* to get Horses ready as soon as it was Night, for he would not defer visiting that Princess, and would take none with him but *Ismael*, to whom he that very moment gave the greatest Charge in the Kingdom, next the *Prime Visier*, and assured him of all manner of favour.

It is a long time, that we have left the fair Princess of *Libardian*, without saying any thing of her : Her Marriage with the Prince was no sooner over, than he conducted her to the Castle of *Phasia*; where he left her, to go against the *Abcans*. She lived there in a profound solitude; for *Selima*, having by some unlucky Adventure, found one of her Letters to *Osman*, failed not the day after the Wedding, to shew it to her Brother, beseeching him to take Order for her Repose, and his own Honour; and not permit any Conversation between the *Vizier* and the Princess. This gave the poor Prince of *Libardian* (who passionately loved his Bride) such a passion of Jealousie, that subtle as she is, she perceived it in its birth, and cast her self a thousand times at his Feet, intreating him to tell her, what it was that had disorder'd him. The Prince, all easie to whatever she desired of him, gave her the Letter, and acquainted her with what the *Sultaneſs* his Sister had told him. *Homais*, as I have before said, having a presence of Mind, above all Women, read the Letter without any emotion, and assured the Prince, it was only *Selima's* supicion; and

and that she had never since she was born spake to *Osman* with the Language of Love ; moreover, that was none of her Letter, nor did she know to whom it belonged ; she could the better say this, because it was not signed with any Name, and she usually writ her Billets in different Characters from her other Letters ; so that it was hard for her to be detected : In a word, she so well perswaded the Prince, that if he were not really cured of his suspicions, he seemed to be so ; and her aversion and hatred, together with her desire of Revenge, set her in such a vein of rallying the *Visier*, that she made the Prince desire her to forbear, because he loved well his Sister, & would not hear her Husband ill spoken of ; for *Homais* proceeded so far, as to conjure him to take the Great Seal from the new *Visier*, and to settle his Repose, confine him to some place far from the Court, where she might never see him. The Prince, the Man o' the World, of the best Principles, would not do as she desired him ; and not believing her very sincere (though he passionately loved her, and found it his greatest Affliction to believe her false) when he departed from her, he left a

Guard, pretending it out of State and Safety to her Royal Person, but in truth to confine her to the Castle, where, as I have said, she led a Melancholy Life, and a thousand times repented her self, of having married a Prince so capricious, and so jealous. At length the Truce being taken with the *Abcas*, he returned to *Phasia*, and carested her with all the passion imaginable; he visited her often, during the Negotiation for Peace; she was then but of the Age of sixteen, and it was to be wondred, how a Person so young could have so much penetration. She lay in here of a Young Prince, who was named *Alexander*, and afterwards came to be Prince of *Colchis*. She had like to have died in her Labour, and the Prince of *Libardian* knew not till then that he loved her so much; he stirred not a moment from her Bed-side, and often fainted with extremity of despair, when her Life was in danger. All these Testimonies of Affection, which would have softened any other Heart but hers, served but to give her more trouble, because she saw the greater was his Passion, the more importunate would he be: At length she recovered, and found her Beauty not at all impaired,

impaired, the Prince her Husband thought it every day received new lustre, her shape was become more delicate; and, in a word, she never appeared with greater Beauty. When the Marriage was of the Prince of *Colchis*, she solicited the Prince of *Libardian*, to let her come to Court, which he could not resolve upon, being alarm'd by the jealous *Sultaneſs* his Sister, who, upon the *Viſier's* retiring, assured him, it was only in order to see *Homais*: This made him that he confined her more closely, though he failed not by all manner of good treatment, to gain her; but she fell into such a languishing fit of Melancholy, and so much detestation of him, that she resolved to dye, rather than continue in a Life so miserable. The Prince of *Colchis* had been represented to her, as the Prince in the World, the best made, and the most gallant. She began, upon these Reports, to entertain a great deal of Curiosity to see him; but that being impossible, she desired of the Prince her Husband, that he would send her the Pictures of the Prince and Princess of *Colchis*: He fail'd not to oblige her in this, not suspecting the fatal Consequence. She found the Princess too charming for

her Designs, but thought that all the Men in the East not comparable to *Levan*. She had both these Pictures in Miniature; and her Husband seeing she affected them so much, caused that to be brought to her, which in great, represented the Prince of *Colchis* Victorious over the *Abcas*: She so excessively indulged the inclination she had to love him, that in a few days she felt all the pain that arises from the greatest passions; and she learnt with incredible joy, that *Levan* no longer lov'd the Princess, but to say better, was grown weary of her: She thought this a fit conjuncture of time for her Designs; the Prince of *Libardian* she abhorred, and wicked, as I have described her, it is not to be wondred, that she engaged so forcibly in a passion incestuous and abominable. She knew too well the greatness of her own Beauty, and fear'd not to Conquer the Heart of *Levan*, since his being in Love with her, assured her of her Liberty; and she even despaired not of being one day in the place of the Princess of *Colchis*; besides, she desired to be revenged upon the *Visier*, whom she hated much more than she did *Ismael*, because this latter acted only at the instigation of
Osman.

Osman. In short, without any further delay, she gain'd one of her Slaves, who was the same that had introduced *Ismael* into her Lodgings, and sent him with those Instructions before related, to the Prince of *Colebis*. Oh, how great was her Anxiety during the absence of the Slave! With what impatience did she look out for his return? Her Heart beat, her colour rise and fell at the least tread; at last, after long expectation, he arriv'd, and declaring to her, the joy that *Levan* had, upon the sight of so fair a Picture, presented her the Prince's Letter, which she had no sooner read, then that she fell down dead with transports, and it was some moments before she recovered her self; then having again examined the Slave, she made him repeat them often, and took an infinite delight in hearing him relate the disorder the Prince was in at so unusual an Adventure.

It was some hours in the Night, when, not yet weary of these Reflections, she saw the same Slave, that she had sent, enter her Chamber, follow'd by a person, muffled in a Cloak, which he had no sooner thrown off, but she knew him to

be *Ismael* : Her surprize was great at so unexpected a sight , and she knew not how, without some confusion, to behold him. Fair Princess, said he (in approaching her) the Prince of *Colchis* has honoured me with the knowledge of what has passed between you ; and you are to reckon your self very happy, that the Discovery was made to no other. Can you then have the goodness to forgive my frailty, interrupted the Princess, and talking no more of what is passed, keep *Levan's* secret and mine ? I love him, *Ismael*, but it is only upon the sight of his Picture, and by sending him mine, I pretended to create in him a reciprocal passion. Your design has taken effect (Madam) reply'd *Ismael*, and our Prince this moment waits you in the Garden-House of the Castle. Is this possible to be true, renewed *Homais* ? Ah ! *Ismael*, if things hit right, there shall be no Employ, nor Honours too great for you ; in a word, you shall command the Prince himself, and you shall no longer need a dependance on the false *Visier*, whom I intend to ruin.

The amorous Prince of *Colchis*, having found himself as much in Love, as it was possible

possible for one to be, with a person he did not know, took Horse in the beginning of the night, and, with *Ismael*, came to the Castle of *Phosia*, very well known to this young Lord, (who was now created a *Bassa*) for he had a very fair House stood near it, where he resided before he came to Court: He knew well all the Apartments in the Castle; and being come under the Walls, they found the Bridge down, and the Watch set, so that there was no entrance without discovering the Prince's Quality, which they intended not to do; the young *Bassa's* Credit lay at stake, he grew almost desperate, and resolved to hazard all things, rather than not satisfy his impatient Master, to whom he had promised so much: The Castle-Garden lay South of the North-Gate, where the Great Watch was kept; the Wall about the Castle was low, I mean that made of Stone, and the most ruined and dry, when the *Phosis* that ran by, was at a low ebb, as it hapned to be then; *Ismael* left *Levan*, and without much difficulty got over the Stone-wall; the night was very dark, and he feared not to be discovered by the Centinels on the Bulworks; the Mud-wall was of an
easier

easie ascent, the Turf being slid in many places for want of repair, because the Prince of *Libardian* feared not to be invaded on that side, being upon the Borders of *Colchis*. *Ismael*, after some time, ascended the Mud-wall, and easily leap'd down the Curtain, which reached the whole length of the Garden, bound with nothing but a Myrtle-hedge, because that part of the Castle was accounted sacred; and none of the Souldiers durst walk in that quarter, since *Homais* resided there: *Ismael* being thus happily got to the Gate of the Garden without discovery, knew well that the Prince of *Libardian* was indisposed at the Castle of *Rucs*, and that there was no danger of him; but just when he was going to leap the Hedge, a Centinel that kept watch near the Garden-gate, bid him stand; *Ismael* had his Sword drawn in his hand, and the Souldier having no Fire-arms, he came boldly up to him and told him, That he must either resolve to die, or assist himself and the Prince in the design they had to enter the Garden: The Centinel well knowing *Ismael*, as having seen him at Court when it was his turn to be of the Prince of *Libardian*'s Guard, readily assented to what he

he desired ; the *Bassa* assured him of reward , and giving him some pieces of Gold, bid him go and enquire for a Slave he named to him, and which was the same that had brought the Message to *Levan* ; the Souldier found it no great matter of difficulty to find him, and soon after brought him to *Ismael* ; the *Bassa* in few words told him that the Prince waited without, and asked him how they should contrive his admittance ? The Souldier was called to the Council ; who in hopes of having his Fortune made (and well assured to be kill'd, if he was unfaithful) told the *Bassa*, that some paces farther there was a Sally-part which rose not far from the Mote, and would bring the Prince unseen, and without the trouble of climbing into the Castle : The Slave approved of the Advice, and they all three descended to it ; there was (also) little care took of this, no more than of the Fortifications, for the Reasons before mentioned, so that the *Bassa* found no opposition than what rose from the rubbish of Brick and Stone, which were fallen into it for want of repair. It was not long before they found the Prince, who was wholly impatient ; and being assured by the
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the Slave (whom he knew again) that *Homais* was the Woman he sought, promised both to him, and the Souldier Preferments and Reward, and bid the *Bassa* take care of their Advancement; they came through the same way into the Castle, and easily got into the Garden; the Slave conducted the Prince to a Summer-house, which was prettily adorned with Lanships and other Curiosities; and leaving him there, went with the *Bassa* to the apartment of *Homais*.

How impatiently did *Levan* expect the coming of that charming Princess, whose bare Picture had fill'd him with Love! and the praises *Ismael* gave him of her Sense, ravished him the more; he had not waited long, when the Slave came and set up twelve Wax-Tapers to enlighten the place: *Levan* saw there his own Picture crowned with Laurel, and victorious over the *Abcas*; not far different from it, was that of *Homais* in great, upon which the Prince fixed his eyes with amorous regards, but he was agreeably diverted from that entertainment, by the sight of that charming Princess, who entered the Summer-house in a pompous undress, led by *Ismael Bassa*.

The

(III)

The interview between two persons who had never seen each other, and yet were passionately in love, upon the sight of a Picture, must sure have something extraordinary. We confess it to you, Reader, that for our part we find it impossible to express to you the emotions of these two amiable persons, who were of so uncommon a make, as the most skilful Artist, let his flattery be never so gross, with all his agreeing Colours, would find natural Graces in them, not to be imitated by Art; and by consequence they were abundantly satisfied, that in each other there were Charms above feeble representations, and that they as much surpassed their Picture, as they did all other Beauties.

Levan was of an extraordinary proportion, his Hair black, his Eyes large, and of the same colour; but there was in them so much fire, together with Regards amorous as his Soul, that it was hard for a Lady to resist their lustre; his Nose was well proportioned; and if he wanted any thing, it was a little clearness in his Complexion, which was enough recompensed by a Majestick lofty Air, that was visible in his Countenance; his Lips were better

ter colour'd than Vermillion; but above all, his Shape was so exact, as not a person in his Kingdom but yielded him the advantage: We have already given you the Character of his Soul, without speaking of his Sense, which was not only above all Princes, but equal'd the greatest pretenders to Wit, and he passionately loved People of that Character: He had often complained, that his Wife had little, or at least kept it from him by a severity in her Discourse, which he approved not of, and took as a certain sign of her having more Judgment and Wisdom, than that flashy Wit which (in his Opinion) made up all the Charms of Conversation: He also complained, that as she suited ill his *Genius*, her Complexion too well agreed with his to make him love her, being black as well as himself; and that he should have had much more kindness for her, had she been either fair or brown. What then, Reader, dost thou think were the thoughts of this Prince (knowing his Opinion to be such) when he encountred with the beautiful *Homain*? who had in her Face and Temper, all that Nature could have framed to please the amorous Prince; certainly his Satisfaction

faction is hard to be defined; and would be prejudiced, should we compare it to any other than what *Homais* resented, at the sight of a Prince so raised above other Men.

He flew presently from the place where he was to meet her, and throwing himself at her knees, he embraced them with inconceivable ardour, his Soul being ready to expire with his sighs, and it was long before he could speak to her in any other Language; her Cheeks were redder than her Lips, with the shame of what she had done, and obliged her with a great Handkerchief which she held in one hand, to cover her Blushes: Is it possible, Madam, cried the Prince full of transport, that the Person of the World, the most amiable, should of her self call me to a Conquest; a thousand times more inestimable than the Crown I wear! I love you by Inclination as well as Gratitude; and my Heart can ill defend it self against such a Concurrence of Obligations: Where was I in those fatal Moments, when you were married to the Protector! Ah, cruel Prince! it is I only ought to possess a Wife so charming, because that there is not a Heart like mine so full of Love, to
make

make the returns to so great a Beauty, which it may justly claim. He said a great deal more to her on this occasion, and she answered him with an insinuation that really touched him; she conjur'd him not to interpret to a want of Vertue, that irresistible Inclination she found in herself to love him, to break her Chains, to bring her to Court, and to allow her some place in his Thoughts. He answered to all this Discourse, with a Passion agreeable to what he felt; and being really inflamed, he assured her, That it was impossible for him to live from her; and the only Request he would make her, should be to preserve his Memory; without which happiness, he should be the most unfortunate Man in the World: They enlarged themselves a great deal farther on this; and being the two People in the World that had the most Wit, it was impossible they should resist each other: The Prince daring beyond all Men, pressed the fair *Homais* for greater Proofs of her Love; but she had a design to manage him better, and assured him he was never to expect nothing but her Heart; her Honour was something so sacred, as she would chuse to die, rather than

than betray it by her criminal Inclinations : But her Eyes so contradicted her Words, that they gave the Prince no despair, and he doubted not with a little better acquaintance to satisfy all her scruples. In a word, though it was the longest night of the year, day broke before he could think of leaving her; the *Bassa*, who had been a Witness to the Conversation, conjured him to depart, telling him the People would be up in the Castle, and he could not possibly scape undiscovered: *Levan* sighed with regret, and before he would go, conjured *Homais* to send the same Slave with a Letter to him that day, that he might carry one back from him; he kissed a thousand times her fair Hand, and assured her that he would take order for her bringing to Court in a short time: The light of the Tapers gave place to the approaching day, before the *Bassa* could take him from her knees; and it is certain she did not much press him to retire; at length he departed, and having left the Castle with the same precaution he entered it, got on Horseback with *Ismael Bassa*; and all the way between that place and the Court, he entertain'd him with nothing but the Beauty

Beauty of *Homais*, in such a manner, as he knew very well that he was deeply touched with it.

In the mean while, the unfortunate *Visier* not able longer to live from his adorable Princess, finding that solitude fed his Melancholy, and being call'd upon by the importance of his Charge, to return to Court, he came again to the Castle of *Rucs*: The two Princes receiv'd him well, though *Selima* had given her Brother some distrust of him. The Princess of *Colebis* had a Melancholy incurable; the loss of her Husband's Affection, had reduced her to such a temper, that it the more estranged him from her; nor did the Thoughts of the *Visier*, which incessantly crouded her Mind, less afflict and discompose her.

Homais, the most satisfied Princess of the World, to see the good effects of her Design, fail'd not, in obedience to her Lover, to send him a Letter by that Slave, which was thus expressed.

To the Prince of Colchis.

THe Thoughts that I am not wholly disagreeable to my Sovereign, has given me a proportionate satisfaction; but I conjure you entertain not any that may represent my Conduct to be criminal; that would certainly drive me into despair; for I should never be satisfied of your Love, when I was not assured of your Esteem; and yet as it is, I confess I am not wholly freed from that fear I would avoid; for if it be true, as they say, That our Sex is no longer loved by yours, when they once find us touched with their Passion: What is Homais to expect, who begins her Engagement with that which ruins all Intelligences in Love! But my uncommon proceeding, deserves as uncommon event; you are unavoidably to love me, and never to disesteem me; nothing but the sense of your Merit could have won me to so much Irregularity; and the Returns I expect, must have something more in them than Gratitude, that alone being not powerful enough to satisfy the Heart of

Homais.

This

This Letter encreased the Esteem *Levan* had for her; he made her a Return so tender, and with so much sincerity, that she was convinced the Prince made not any Reflections upon her Conduct, that were disadvantageous for her, and had all imaginable reason to be satisfied with the good success of her Enterprize.

In the mean while, the impatiency he was in to bring her to Court, made him almost precipitate that Design; he advised with *Ismael Bassa*, and they resolved the business should be done whilst the Indisposition of the Protector lasted, because he should be no obstacle to that Design. *Levan*, ever complaisant to his Wife, feigned to have for her more care than ordinary; and seeing her very melancholy, he conjured her, if she had any design to pleasure him, to seek her Cure by Divertisments, or some other way; and knowing how much she loved Hunting, he proposed to her that Recreation. The Princess, whose only desire it was to live well with her Husband, assented to it; and he ordered every thing should be got ready for the next day: The plot was that they should Hunt near the Castle
of

of *Phasia* ; and the new *Bassa*, who, as we have said, had a very fair House near it, was to Treat the Prince and Princess at it ; where it would follow of course, that *Homais* would come, and pay her Devoir to the Princess of *Colchis*, with whom *Levan* designed she should return to Court. The Protector was not of the Company, his indisposition having not yet left him.

They all mounted on Horse-back ; that is to say, the Prince and Princess, *Osman* Visier, the Sultaneſs *Selima*, *Ismael* Bassa, with all the Nobility, and the *Colchian* and *Abcan* Ladies, that were of the Princess *Bassima*'s Court.

The Prince of *Colchis*, being the most impatient of Men, after he had seen a little of the Course, left the Company to follow after, and with *Ismael* Bassa galloped to the Castle of *Phasia*, pretending to look upon the Fortifications. *Homais* understanding of his arrival, attended with all her Women, and her Guards, went to meet him upon the Bridge : The Prince seemed surprized to see her, and having demanded, who she was, of those that followed him, *Ismael* Bassa with a feigned Gravity told him, she was Princess

cess of *Libardian*. *Levan* saluted her with much Respect, and conducted her back to the Palace in the Castle, where he was no sooner left without any other Witnesses than *Ismael* Bassa, but he threw himself at her Feet, and said all to her that could be expected from a Heart so passionate ; and having received reciprocal assurances of her concern for him, her Chariot being made ready, he conducted her to it, and mounted himself on Horseback, to go and Dine at *Ismael's* House. *Homais*, as she said, was going to render her Devoir to the Princess of *Colchis*; her Guards attending her thither; who having had Orders, not to let her pass out of the Castle, durst not however dispute with *Levan*, and contented themselves with not forsaking her, believing she would return after the Entertainment was over, to repose again in the Castle.

During this Affair, the unfortunate *Vizier*, not able to support that Grief which oppress'd him, and yet not knowing how to dispossess himself of it, had not said any thing to the Persons in Company all the way they rode, but thinking incessantly on his Divine Princess, he sigh'd in no other Accents ; they came to *Ismael* Bassa's

Bassa's House before *Levan*, and the Princess *Bassima*, being wearied with Riding, laid her self upon a Bed in that Apartment they had conducted her to. She dismissed her Ladies of their Attendance, to refresh themselves for some moments; so that the *Visier*, who never abandoned her, found himself alone at the Beds-feet, without any witnesses of his passion, but that Divine Princess to whom it was address'd. He came to the side of the Bed where she lay, and kneeling by her, I continue to suffer for your Majesty, said he with much perplexity, and you continue to be cruel to me; I will dye this hour, to prevent the continuance of insupportable Misfortunes; and to free my Divine Princess from Persecutions that she esteems offensive to her Glory, though the bright Heavens may attest the Innocency of my flames. The *Visier* paused here, fearing to incense her; but seeing that in the place of answering him, she only wept, and held a Handkerchief to her Eyes, to hinder him from seeing her weakness; Rich Tears, renewed the *Visier*; is it possible that there can be any Misfortune upon Earth forcible enough to make you fall? Tell me, my Princess,

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what

what it is that afflicts you: Must this
 Miserable dye, to expiate that Crime you
 so obligingly reprove me of? You have
 seen me long wonted to Sufferings, and
 Death is preferable to their continuance;
 my charming *Bassima*, there is Glory in
 obeying you; behold in me the most ab-
 solute of all your Slaves, and believe me,
 I will find that thing wholly impossible,
 that shall make me ineffectually receive
 your Commands. I doubt neither of your
 Good will, nor your Obedience (reply'd
 the Princess with the same sorrow) but
 it is not from you, my Lord, that they
 can receive redress; the Prince my Hus-
 band's inconstancy is the source of those
 Tears you see me shed, and in this la-
 mentable state there is nothing besides,
 but what is forbidden me. He is my
 Sovereign, interrupted the *Visier*; but
 the least of your Commands to the con-
 trary, should not make me esteem him as
 such: I say this to your Majesty, to assure
 you of the resignation I have for all things
 that you shall desire; and you may well be-
 lieve, Madam, that resolving to sacrifice
 my Life to your disdain, I should but lit-
 tle hesitate to offer any others to your re-
 pose; not but that I am assured of your
 Maje-

Majesty's refusal to this Proposition ; I am too well acquainted with the sense you have of your Glory, to suspect it can receive the least voluntary Tarnish; receive the Advice I offer you, your Heart is cast in such a mold of Grandeur, that it ought to see without disturbance those Accidents indeed capable to shock a Constancy less settled: pity then the Weakness of the Prince, but appease not his Vanity by the Sacrifice of your Repose; revenge his insensibility, and bestow elsewhere a Heart, that will make up all the Felicity of *Osman*, and without which he must inevitably despair. Ah, my Lord! answered the Princess, in letting her Hand fall near the *Visier*, how ruinous are you? and how much must I condemn Advice which I must never follow? My Heart is not raised above other Mortals, like them I have passion of Anger, and of Weakness; but all this can never make me Criminal; it is your part to remember the promise you have made me, and mine, my Lord, to follow the Rules of my Duty. Ah! cry'd the *Visier*, all transported with despair, this is not a time, when my Life is at stake, to tell me such cruel News; revoke that Order, my

Charming *Bassima*, or reiterate it to make
 me dye; my Miseries are arrived to that
 height, that I must necessarily sink under
 them; it will be indeed a glorious death,
 could I be but assured it would leave my
 Princess any Remorse. What then would
 you have me do, reply'd she with a sigh?
 Must I avow to you, that my Heart was
 never touched with that Tenderness for
 any, as it has been for you since the first
 Minute that I beheld you? Yes, my Lord,
 you bear not all the Misfortunes common
 to us both: I would never have told you
 this (and upon which there shall no
 other consequence depend, than saving
 that Life that is more estimable to me
 than all others) had not the infidelity of
 my Husband given me some disgust of
 him; but this is all you are ever to hope
 for, and dare not henceforward complain
 to me of your Sufferings, since that I
 acquaint you mine are incomparably more
 extraordinary, by how much my Glory,
 and the Customs of my Sex (which can-
 not be dispensed with by a Vertuous Prin-
 cess) ties me to more rigid Laws than
 yours. Love (my Charming Sovereign,
 reply'd the *Visier*, ready to sink with
 rapture) acknowledges no difference of
 Sexes;

Sexes; and since he has taken pity of my
 Torments, oppose him not; love me as
 well by inclination as constraint, and make
 me dye with delight, after having been
 so many times near dying with sorrow:
 How glorious have you made my Destiny!
 And in this Triumphant minute, how
 have I forgotten all my past Misfortunes?
 Redouble, if it be possible, this Happi-
 ness; tell me, you will no longer oppose
 the Testimonies of my passion, nor the
 good inclination of yours; hearken to my
 sighs, and let my extraordinary passion
 produce reciprocal effects in that Breast,
 already prepared to receive a favourable
 impression. I have done ill, I see, my
 Lord, interrupted the Princess coldly, in
 avowing for you any Tenderness; and
 you build very fantastick hopes upon an
 unsure Foundation; my good Opinion of
 you shall never make me Criminal: You
 are married, and I am not more free;
 you have Vertue, and I have Glory; let
 us not destroy so goodly a Fabrick, regu-
 late your flame by mine, we must silently
 suffer; though I avow to you, before all
 that we reverence, I could have lived with
 you preferable to the highest Monarch in
 the Universe; but this our inclination is

disapproved by a Fate quite contradictory; nor take it ill, if I Command you not any more to entertain me with your Love; I will say all for you that you can desire, and do you also do me this Justice in your Heart, as to think, never nothing but you could ever Rival my Glory; God and Man would be offended, should I do for you any more; my own Heart would no longer esteem you, should you desire it. The Princess could not finish the Discourse, because she had notice, that the Prince was arrived with *Homais*; the *Vizier* begg'd leave to retire to compose himself; he passed then down another way into the Gardens, where he consulted with his Heart, what he was to hope or fear; he found the Princess tender beyond expectation, and this gave him so much joy, that he long walked in the Garden without any other thought; Ah, said he aloud in the Transports of his Love, how incomparable is my Felicity! Charming *Bassima*, it suffices only that you continue your Bounties, to make me dye with a surfeit of Pleasure. As he finished these words, he entred an Arbor that was near, and did not presently perceive (so great was his Transport) the
Sulta-

Sultaneſs *Selima* his Wife all in Tears, ſitting upon the Turf, and leaning her Arm upon the Table. *Osman* ſtarted back, and found that ſhe had apparently overheard him; of all Perſons in the World ſhe was the leaſt welcome to him at that moment; but deſiring to avoid any Diſcourſe with her, he was going out again, without enquiring into the cauſe of her Grief. *Selima* riſing all in a rage, purſued him out of the Arbor, Come back, Deceiver, cry'd ſhe to him all incenſed, come back, perfidious *Osman*, and give me at leaſt ſome Reaſons for thy Inſidelity, and of thy Barbarity, who canſt behold me here ready to dye, without once ſatisfying thy ſelf of the occaſion, though thou knoweſt too well, that there is nothing upon Earth I adore ſo much as thee. I am always ready to Oblige you in any thing, reply'd the *Viſier*, and I imagine not what moves you to call me Deceiver. Yes, falſe as thou art, interrupted ſhe, all incenſed, I have heard, I have ſeen all, that thou cameſt from ſaying, with the Princeſs of *Colebis*; and after this Diſcovery, never ſpeak to me more; juſt Heaven will Revenge me, and I only live to deſire it. Do you conſider well who

you speak of, Madam, interrupted *Osman*, and that none are concern'd in this but your own Husband, and your Sovereign Mistress? When they both betray me, answer'd the *Sultaneſs*, it is fit I lose all considerations for them: Then, continuing her Discourse with much vehemency, she learnt him, how, that without having any manner of suspicion, she heard from the next Gallery that joyn'd the Chamber, all that had been said by him and the Princess. And do not you find in it, Madam, said the *Visier* to her, that we are more unhappy than Criminal? You are more Treacherous than all, answer'd she, and I will no longer acknowledge you for my Lord; at these words she went out of the Arbour, and ran as fast as she could down the Walk, intending to quit the Garden; the *Visier* overtook her, when she had made almost to the end, and catching hold of her, he kneeled upon her Petticoat, that she could not stir; For Gods sake, Madam, said he to her, out of breath, consider what you do, before you ruine me and the Princess of *Colchis*; I will love you as long as you live, and you may well be assured, that in that Intelligence of Friendship between

Bassima

Bassima and my self, there is nothing Criminal enough to wrong you in those Embraces that are due only to you. The Treason is aimed at my Heart, retorted the *Sultaneſs*, and I can never forgive you. As ſhe ſaid theſe words, ſhe endeavoured to break from him, when ſhe ſaw not far from her, the Prince and Princeſs of *Colchis*, with the Princeſs of *Libardian*, who were come into the ſame Walk. The *Viſier* roſe from his knees as ſoon as he ſaw them, and the *Sultaneſs* ſlightly ſaluting them, turned into another Walk; the *Viſier* could not follow her, as he would have done, becauſe the Prince called him, and preſented him to *Homais*, I have promiſed to ſhew your Highneſs, ſaid the Prince to her, the *Viſier*, whom you have ſo much commended. A Perſon ſo extraordinary, reply'd *Homais*, can have nothing leſs ſaid of him; but it is an uncommon thing, to ſee a Husband at the feet of his Wife, with the ſame earneſtneſs as if he were a Lover; and if I deſired any thing, it ſhould be to know what this extraordinary thing could be: Sure, added the Princeſs of *Colchis*, it muſt be worth knowing, and I deſire the Information. You ſhall

have it, Madam, answer'd the *Visier*, as soon as the *Sultaneſs* will give me leave to tell it. If that hinders, I'll go my ſelf and ſeek her, reply'd *Homais*; and aſſuring my ſelf of ſo much power over my Husband's Siſter, I will inſtantly return with her. At theſe words ſhe gave her Hand to *Iſmael*, who had juſt before given her a ſhort whiſper, to tell her from *Selima*, that ſhe had ſomething of moment to ſay to her, and expected her in an Arbor not far off. The Prince of *Colchis* ſaw her go, without daring to follow her, for fear of his Wife; and the *Viſier*, who was more perplexed than was ever any Man, would have given his Life to hinder Diſcourſe between the *Sultaneſs* and the Princeſs of *Libardian*, whom he had reaſon to believe hated him from what had formerly paſſed between them; he knew not whether he had beſt follow her, and the Princeſs of *Colchis*, who had remained in that Chamber to receive *Homais*, quickly found that there was ſome more than ordinary intelligence between that fair Couſin and the Amorous Prince her Husband, and was deſcending into the Garden on purpoſe to find the *Viſier*, to oblige him to make his Remarks, and to
tell

tell her his Opinion of them; but when she saw him in that posture, at the feet of his Wife, the jealousy she had of the Prince, yielded in part to that she was possessed with for her Lover; and turning to him, seeing him in so strange a pensiveness, after the departure of *Homais*, Thou hast ill requited (said she to him softly, that the Prince her Husband should not hear) that Tenderneſs I acknowledged for thee; *Selima* Triumphs over my weakness, which thou hast made her acquainted with, and ye both scorn your Sovereign; if I cannot hate thee, I will at least not love thee; and I warn thee, never again to speak to me: At these words she turn'd to the Prince, and gave him her hand, making a sign to the *Visier* to go off, which he did, the most surprized, and the most lost Man alive.

Mean time, the enraged *Sultaneſs* bursting with Revenge and Jealousie, seeing *Homais* in the Garden, whom she suspected had a kindness for the *Visier*; she resolved to tell her what had pass'd between him and the Princess of *Colchis*, that she might tell it the Prince of *Libardian*. As soon as she turned into that Walk, she met with *Ismael*, whom she
sent,

sent, as has been related, to fetch the fair *Homais* to her ; they no sooner met in the appointed Arbor, but *Selima* embracing her with much distraction, related to her every word of that Conversation the *Vizier* had held with *Bassima* : *Homais* would not at first believe it, till the *Sultaneſs* reiterated it to her : And I conjure you, added she at last, not to say any thing of it but to the Prince my Brother ; you may both together, perhaps, do something for my repose : But what do I say ? I am never to hope for any ; I go this minute to reside in the uttermost Confines of my Brother's Territories, never again to behold that false Man, of whose Fortune, maugre his Perjury, I desire the Protector to be careful ; adieu, my dear Sister, I hazard nothing in acquainting you with this Secret ; and I recommend to you and my Brother, that Husband whom I love above my Life, and yet whom I must never see again. As she finished these words, she went out of the Arbor, with such an Air, as made the cruel *Homais* have some pity upon her. *Selima* found *Ismael* at the entrance, and with his assistance got to Horse, with her People ; and being already in the Prince
her

her Brother's Territories, she resolved, not to return to *Colchis*, but rode forward to another Castle in *Libardian*, whither she intended to retire her self. But the unfortunate *Visier*, who had lately thought himself the happiest Person breathing, by a turn of Destiny, found his Misery as insupportable as his Joy; his Wife had discovered him, his Princess whom he adored had accused and banished him. *Homais*, that Enemy to his Fortune, was returned, and what was worst, shared the Secret of the *Sultaneſs*, as he did not question. With these Thoughts he wandred he knew not where, and Fortune conducted his steps into that same Arbor where *Homais* was alone; she no sooner saw him enter, but casting her Eyes upon him with disdain, Your Lordship is mistaken, said she to him, the Princess of *Colchis*, whom you undoubtedly seek, is not here. I neither sought the one nor the other, Madam, replied the *Visier*; and perhaps I disturb your Highness, whom I see doubtless in expectation of a more happy Lover. As much in haste as you are, my Lord *Visier*, interrupted she, stay to receive my Thanks for the favour of your last Letter; I shall never forget it, at least

least till I have requited it. You owe me indeed something, Madam, answered he, for passing by without that Revenge, which any other less Gallant than my self would perhaps have taken, Falshoods that my Honour rather than my Inclination has resented; I owe too much to my Lord Protector, to cast my Eyes upon the Princess he has honoured with his Affection. The Prince my Husband, it seems, is much obliged to you, replied *Homais*, but he would be yet more, if you had a little more concern for the *Sultaneſs* his Sister, and for the Prince his Nephew : Once more, my Lord, you see the Princess of *Colchis* is not here ; and it is best for me to retire, to leave you to the liberty of the place ; possibly she may not be long absent, it becomes a Gentleman to be first upon the place appointed. Rather, Madam, returned the *Visier*, it belongs to me to retire ; I have not forgot the Offices I did you, when I was shut in your Closet ; I pretend not to incommode you, and I had at first withdrawn, if you had not withheld me. As he finished these words, they saw the Princess of *Colchis* appear at the end of a Walk that led to that Arbor. Well, my Lord, renewed *Homais*, have I not divin'd

vin'd right? but I'll leave you to the Entertainment. As she finished these words, she got out of the *Visier's* arms, that strove to hold her, and turning hastily into another Walk, where she was still in sight of *Bassima* and *Osman*, she met the Prince of *Colehis*, who was seeking her; he saw only with the Eyes of Love, and beheld not the Princess, and the *Visier* so near him, only the charming *Homais*, whom he ran to meet, and catching her in his arms, Why, my amiable Cousin, said he aloud, have you so long abandon'd me? The Princess his Wife seeing this cruel action, Ah, how I am betray'd by all, said she, in coming to the Prince! *Levan* struck as with thunder at that voice, staid not to hear her Complaints, but bidding the *Visier* conduct her in, he himself led *Homais*; and calling all his People about him, he immediately got to horse, and with the Princess of *Libardian*, and the afflicted *Bassima*, returned to the Castle of *Rucs*, commanding his Wife and the *Visier* not to say any thing to the Protector of what had passed.

What a Night was this for these four Illustrious Persons! *Homais* found an indifferent Reception from the Protector,

to whom she related the Adventure of the *Sultaneſs*: He knew not well what to think of it, but conjured her not to ſay any thing to the Prince of it; he approved not of her coming to Court, and told her that ſhe muſt reſolve to return within two days. She received this Sentence as her Doom, and parting with him in ſome anger, ſhe went to thoſe Lodgings that had been prepared for her, taking the pretence of his Indispoſition for not paſſing the Night with him: And as ſhe had before agreed with the Prince, ſhe ſent to give him an account of what her Husband had ſaid to her. *Levan* came alone with *Iſmael* not long after, without light or noiſe to her Chamber, where ſhe was already in Bed; the young *Baſſa* was ſent to ſecure any ſurprizal from the Quarter where the Protector was lodg'd: The Room was but enlightned with one ſingle Taper: *Homaïs* became nothing better than her Night-dreſs; and ſhe had been often told, that ſhe looked handſomeſt in Bed; The Prince found her to his mind in that ſtate, and a hundred times embraced her as ſhe lay: But what do you think, my Lord, ſhe answered, that the Princeſs will ſay after the diſco-

discovery she has made? She will never allow me to love you; and I must avow, my Husband is so capricious, I cannot possibly live with him. I forbid you to do it, my dear Cousin, replied the amorous Prince; I would deny you to the Gods, should they ask you of me; I hate my Wife, since I have found out her incommodious humour. Ah, my Lord, interrupted *Homais*, if your Majesty knew all, you would hate her much more for being too commodious; but the Protector has forbidden me to relate to you that which I think in Honour you should know; and if your Highness commands me, I will tell it to you. If it be heinous enough to destroy her, returned the Prince, I would not be ignorant of it; for I am resolved to make use of the first pretence to ruine her; I desire nothing more than to get rid of her, that I may enjoy my charming *Homais* at liberty. Then she recounted to him with aggravation all that *Selima* had told her, and the reason of her retiring her self. The Prince was transported with rage and choler at this relation; and reflecting certain things in his mind, They have abused me, whispered he to *Homais*; and I remember well, that

that *Osman* the Traytor was surprized when he first saw the Picture of *Bassima*. Nay, my Lord, rejoyned *Homais*, I am informed, that this Intelligence began before the Peace was concluded ; and if you examine him, you will find him guilty in point of Interest, as well as that of Love ; this Princess was his Prisoner of War, whom he took in a Forest, with thirty other Ladies, some days before the last Battel was fought ; and upon a bravado, returned her to her freedom ; he made nothing but her Heart his Captive, and not considering the good of the State, nor what the success of the War might have been, voluntarily released her, without once acquainting your Majesty, or the Protector. You have said enough of State, my dear Cousin, interrupted the Prince, pressing her hand, the Villain shall die, and the Trayterers shall be punished with infamy ; and this shall not be long deferred ; but, my charming Princess, will you do nothing for me ? behold how passionately I love you ! there is nothing I can deny you ; what hinders us from being this Night happier than the Gods themselves ? Honour, my dear Prince, returned she with a sigh, forbids me
to

to do it; ah, reconcile my Glory to my Flame, and I shall willingly receive you. And never any other way, replied the Prince? Can you ruine what you created, and leave me languishing and cold? shew me only a prospect of Heaven, and forbid me the hopes of enjoying it? This is what I am obliged to do, answer'd *Homais*, though it cost me my Life; it is better to die with Honour, than live with Infamy. But, interrupted the Prince, when I have rejected that Trayteress my Wife, will you not yield to marry me, maugre my Uncle's title to you? answer me, my fair Cousin; I must see you mine, or you must see me dead: How charming are you, and how sensible is my Heart of those Graces that adorn you! When *Bassima* is no longer in my Throne, nor in my Bed, will you not yield that I should place you there? How destructive are you, my dear Cousin? returned *Homais*; and how little shall I consider, for your sake, any thing but my Vertue? my Father constrained me to give my hand to the Protector, whom I have ever hated; he rewards my Beauty with nothing but Prisons and solitude; he takes my Heart from that Person to whom it is destin'd.

a Sacrifice ; he pretends to deny me for ever the sight of you, why does he not rather command my Death ? how much easier would it be to obey him ? for I can die, my Lord, but I can never acquit you. Neither shall you, my charming Cousin, replied the amorous Prince ; my Uncle shall know I stand not in need any longer of his Government ; he shall yield you to me, or I will dispeople as well *Colchis* as his *Libardian*, and leave not a person alive in either of the Kingdoms to dispute our Felicities ; I am concern'd in Honour that the *Visier* should die, and *Bassima* shall be punish'd ; yes, my Cousin, and then you shall not deny to be mine. When this is effected, answer'd the Princess, I will be yours ; that is to say, I will marry you ; I think it very laudable for me to please my self, after having once been sacrificed to the Will of my Father. They passed a long time in Discourse of this nature ; it was late before they parted, and the satisfaction of the Prince made him sleep till in the middle of the following day ; but the Jealousie and Affliction of the Princess *Bassima*, suffer'd her not to take a moments repose ; she represented to her self all the acci-

accidents of that fatal day; her suspicions were true, the Prince her Husband was false to her, and was become incestuously amorous of his Uncle's Wife; but it was the falseness of the *Visier* that most sensibly touched her; What, said she to her self, that Man for whom I have done and suffered so much, is it possible he should be perfidious! ah, no; and we did ill not to hear the Reasons he would perhaps have given us. Whilst she was thus busied in these Reflections, her chief Eunuch brought her this Letter, which she read not without emotion.

OSMAN *Visier*

TO THE

Princess of COLCHIS.

IF it were not absolutely necessary, Madam, for your concerns, that I should break the silence you undeservedly enjoyed me, I would have fled to death rather than disobey'd you: but as long as any danger threatens my divine Princess, it is necessary that I warn her of
it:

it : Selima, whom you saw me kneel to, fatally over-heard all our Discourse, it was that that made me her suppliant ; for very far from betraying you, I sought to secure you : Homais has been acquainted with the Adventure, though I know not whether it will go any further : See, Madam, if you had reason to condemn me ; Ah, is this the Tenderness you promised me ? Is this the Concern, this the Preference ? I am retiring from this Fatal Court, and go to languish in solitude, to complain to Insensibles, to the Rocks and Trees, of my obdurate Princess ; your Disdain only will finish my Life ; I reject the assistance of Sword, or Poyson, my Despair is alone more violent than them ; though could I but once see my Sovereign before I dye for her, to taste those Joys that would anticipate the possession of Heaven, I should esteem Death only as a short Parenthesis between Paradise and her, and fly to him without feeling the Tormentor : All is easie that one suffers for you, and how cruel soever they in reality are, there is Delight and Glory in those Sufferings.

The Princess no sooner finished the reading of this Letter, but laying it upon the Table, she traversed the Chamber with

with some disturbance; at length, composing her thoughts, she cast her Eyes upon the Eunuch, Whence had you this Letter, said she to him, and where is the *Visier*? He waits not far off upon the Terrass, Madam, answer'd the Eunuch, and begs admittance of your Majesty. I cannot allow him it at this time, she reply'd, but you may tell him, that my Anger is vanish'd. Ah! interrupted the *Visier*, entring from that Door which opened upon that Terrass, how agreeable is that voice! Confirm it, my Princess, and let us Arm our selves against all Misfortunes. Ah, my Lord, answer'd she, do you well consider what Advantage you give our Enemies, should they know of this interview? And what account shall I make of receiving a Lover, and a Subject into my Chamber by Night, without the consent and knowledge of my Husband? You owe him nothing, Madam, reply'd *Osman*; nor am I any longer engaged to *Selima*; let us renounce them both, as they have abandon'd us: The Prince of *Libardian* has related to me all our Discourse, as he had it from *Homais*; and though he has conjur'd her to say nothing of it, she loves *Levan* too well,

well, to obey the Protector. My Heart tells me, that if we remain till to-morrow, the mischief will be unavoidable ; let us secure our selves then, whilst we have time ; I have Horses and Chariots in readiness for your Flight, if you will agree that we take it together : The King your Father will afford you a secure Retreat ; and as for me, I am assured of one at the Port, if I please to retire to *Constantinople* : It is certain that your Husband is a passionate Lover of *Homais*, and she will ruine us to advance her self ; fly whilst it's dark, and let me have the Honour of being your Conductor. If I were culpable indeed, reply'd the Princess, I should dispose my self to follow your Advice ; but when I have no other Crimes but my Misfortunes, I see nothing that should oblige me to shun them ; and to be innocent, is better than to be happy, if we cannot buy that Happiness but with the loss of our Innocency. Ah, my fair Princess, he answer'd, throwing himself upon his knees, and embracing hers with an addition of Passion and Despair, by reposing too much confidence in your Innocency, you pronounce the Sentence of your Death : Know well, that

that you shall be condemn'd without hearing; and those Persons, whose Interest so much it is to remove you, will never consider the lawfulness or unlawfulness of the business. All this, reply'd the Princess, may probably come to pass, and I question not but that my Husband aims at my Life; I will willingly sacrifice it to him, so he hurt not my Fame; but I fear the ruine of the one, will be the consequent of both; and they will begin my Death, by blasting that Glory, which I have always been so zealous to preserve entire; and yet, my Lord, though I see this misery coming on very fast, I cannot resolve to seek any refuge against it; and I so firmly believe a Destiny in our Actions, that it will be in vain for me to avoid mine: Leave me then to suffer that which my hard Fate has prepared for me; it is not just that I should involve you in my ruine, you are more innocent than I am, for I know my self not freed from what the vertuous call culpable; I have lov'd a Man not my Husband, I have suffered, I have avow'd it to him, and repined at Fortune, for not making me the Present of a Heart, when I had been in a capacity to receive it; a Heart, I say, that

I value more than I ought, and for which I must suffer Death, or Shame. A Torrent of Tears stopt the course of the Princesses words, and the *Visier*, who bore her Company in that sad Employment, maugre the greatness of his Courage, could not say any thing to mitigate her Affliction. At length *Bassima* having wiped away her Tears, and coming near the *Visier*, My Lord, said she to him, since you cannot be ignorant how dear you are to me, I would have you secure my Repose, by putting your Person out of danger; take your way to the *Port*, sollicite the *Sultan* for me, and endeavour to make him the Arbitrator of my Destiny; my Husband fears the *Ottoman* Arms, and if the *Grand Signior* commands him to live well with me, he dares not disobey; fear not that in the interim any misfortune should befall me, if *Levan* has any Jealousie, he will temper it better, than to ruine an illustrious Princess as I am: But I will not warrant you, my Lord, that if you remain in this Court, you can be secure; he will undoubtedly cause you to be murdered, after which I should have but little satisfaction in Life. Depart then, *Osman*, continued she, embracing him with
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an eminent disorder, and boast that you are the only Person could create in me so much weakness as this. Your Majesty, reply'd the *Visier*, must allow me not to abandon you; and since you do not resolve to save your self by flight, I will stay in *Colchis* and perish with you. They had a great deal of other Discourse to this effect, when they saw the Prince of *Libardian* enter the Chamber very pale, and much astonished: Innocent and unhappy Lovers, said he to them, refuse not a Companion in misfortune, but assist a miserable Prince in the most deplorable extremity it is possible for one to be reduced. That Woman whom I have married dishonours me; *Levan* is this moment with her, and nothing but want of power to revenge my self, makes me thus tamely suffer those Criminal Embraces: Fly, beautiful Princess, they have doom'd you to Sufferings; but leave me the *Visier* to assist me in our common and just Vengeance. Ah, Sir, answer'd *Bassima*, I must resist this Advice; Heaven will surely limit our Distress, and I am resolved to abide by the most cruel effects of an unjust Anger, and an unreasonable Jealousie. As they were thus debating,

one of the Protector's Spies came to give him Advice, that the Prince of *Colchis* was return'd from *Homais*, to his own Lodging: Assist me, *Osman*, renewed the Prince of *Libardian*, in the just design of regaining my Wife. If you please, Madam, I warrant you safe Protection in *Libardian*, and you shall instantly depart with *Homais*, whom I am going to seize upon; I have already sent Orders to my Officers to Arm themselves, and the Forces they Command, to defend my Territories, should my ungrateful Rival invade me, as I apprehend; resist no longer, abandon a cruel Tyrant, and I solemnly promise you, to die in your Defence. Lead me where you please, Sir, reply'd the Princess, I hesitate not; and what my Vertue would not have me bestow upon the *Visier*, desire of safety makes me accept from you. Then they all went softly to the Chamber of *Homais*, which the *Visier* easily forced, none of the Guards being within hearing; and the Protector having caused her to dress her self, led her down unwillingly, though she could not resist him, and put her with the Princess of *Colchis* into a Chariot that waited. Himself, the *Visier*, and their People, mount-

mounting their Horses, took a full gallop to the Castle of *Phasia*, where being arrived, they conducted *Bassima* to the best Lodgings, and remitted *Homais* a close Prisoner to hers.

After some necessary Orders for the securing the Castle, the Prince of *Libardian* came to his Wife, and casting a dejected look upon her, mingled with Anger, How have I deserved, Madam, to be betrayed by you? Have I been guilty in point of Tenderness? or was there other Interest in my Marriage, than what arose from possessing so fair a Person? Tell me then, ungrateful Woman, do you merit other than Death from me? And is it not just that I should rob thee of my Heart, a Present which thou hast no merit to pretend to? Condemn me not without hearing, Sir, interrupted the Princess, casting her self at his Feet, I adore you, and no Person alive has any Interest in *Homais* but your self; I have never betrayed you, *Levan* is indeed touched with my Beauty, but if he loves, he also despairs; and last Night, when he visited me in my Bed, without my knowledge or permission, I treated him as much below his Quality, as his flame is below his

Duty: Believe me, Sir, and restore me to your Love; let me suffer Imprisonment, and Chains, provided you rob me not of your Esteem; but rifled of that, what pleasure can there be for me in this Life? Be touched with my pain, and if my Beauty has lost its lustre, and its power, let my Innocence be justified, and no longer suspect a Vertue, which Heaven can testify: The Prince, who occasioned your suspicions, shall never again behold me. Are you still insensible? Do I still find you cold? Is it true, that you have no love for me? Let me then, as I have often sworn, not survive so fatal a period to my Happiness; my Justification finds no Credit, it is by my Death that I must be cleared; in saying these words she snatch'd her Husband's Poyniard, with which she was going to wound her self, had he not prevented her; but she would not restore it to him, till he promised to believe what she had said, to forgive Appearances, and no longer to hold her Criminal; after which, she made use of all her Power over him, and so prevail'd, that he took in the Poison of her Caresses, and return'd them with his, to all the degree of fondness that had ever past between

between them. He left her at perfect Liberty, and bid her visit the Princess: She kept him with her, to prevent his looking after the Affairs of the Castle, that the Prince of *Colchis*, whom she knew would pursue them, might surprize it, if possible; but seeing she must let him depart, she repeated those Vows she had made him. Let us talk no more of what is past, reply'd he, it is sufficient you have promised me never to fall again; I love you to that degree of fondness, that should you again betray me, it would cost me my Life; my despair would exceed all my other Passions; and by how much you would be baser than all other Women, so much would my Love surpass my Resentments; and I must die for you, when I shall not be suffer'd to live with you; preserve me then, my Dear, and suffer not your perfectest adorer to be unhappy. After this, with reiterated assurances of Tendernefs, he departed, and she immediately set her self to write to the Prince of *Colchis*. Her Note was thus.

THEY have taken me from you, but imagine not my consent could be given to what should separate us. Do I need sollicite you to relieve me? Has Love no room in your Heart? Let Revenge then animate you to the Conquest of this Castle; here are your Wife; and her Lover your Rival, and your Mistress; and with a little diligence you will find all so unprovided, that it will be as hard for the Soldiers to resist your Victorious Arms, as for Homais to deny you her Heart, or cease to make wishes for your Prosperity. The Victory will unite us, and with such an assurance, I think it impossible you should be cold, or delay such an Undertaking.

She sent this by the Slave who had carried her first; he took the Advantage of the Night, and unseen got over the Walls. Homais waited the effect with an impatience suitable to her Temper. She was now to visit the Princess, and eat with her; and her wicked Spirit carrying her very far, she imagined it easie to Poison her; the Prince of Colchis, she thought, would not dare to put her to Death, and till she was removed, her Ambition

bition would never be gratify'd: Consulting then nothing but what that suggested, she took a large Diamond, and pounding it very small, called to her a trusty Confident, who was to give the Princess her Drink, and order'd him to administer the fatal Potion. It is to be avow'd, that in all parts of the Earth Villains are not wanting; and one shall almost every where find Persons, who for Reward and Honours, will stick at nothing; of this Nature was him *Homais* employ'd; he took an Oath of Secrecy, and too faithfully discharged his Promise. That hour did the unfortunate Princess drink her last, without any suspicion of the Treason. Never was she more amiable, and the wicked *Homais*, who saw it administred, trembled and look'd pale at the horridness of the Fact. After Supper, the Prince of *Libardian*, remitting the Government of the Castle to the *Visier*, took Horse, to go and meet his Forces, and to give Orders for new Levies. He took a tender farewell of his Wife, and shed some Tears upon that ungrateful Bosom, that desired nothing more than his ruine.

An hour before day, the Prince of *Colchis*, with Six Thousand Horse, and Ten Thousand Foot, arrived, and beleaguerr'd the Castle. The Slave *Homais* had sent, met him upon the way; *Levan*, furious as a Lion, had no sooner been informed of the flight of his Wife, and Uncle, his Mistress, - and the *Visier*, but assembling all his Forces which lay encamped about the Castle of *Rucs*, he marched with all imaginable haste towards the Frontiers. The Letter of *Homais* was what added wings to his Enterprize. He sat down before the Castle, and having summon'd it in vain, he gave Orders to Storm it, knowing well it could not hold out an hour. The *Visier* was then with the Princess, and upon this Advice, taking a tender farewell of her, he was going where his Honour called him, resolving to die, rather than yield the place; but he was met upon the great Stairs by *Homais*, and part of the Garrion-Soldiers, that served for her Guard. Yield thy self, *Osman*, said she to him, my Faction has prevail'd, the Prince of *Colchis* is entring, I am Master here, and thou my Prisoner. Shameless Princess, reply'd the *Visier*, hast thou no Honour.

Honour nor Fidelity to thy Husband? At these words he drew his Sword, and kill'd the most advanced, which was the Officer that commanded; but being alone, he found it impossible to prevail, he heard the loud shouts of the Prince's Army, who were entred the Castle; so that resolving to die at the feet of his Princess, he retreated back to the Gallery that led to her Lodging. *Homais* perceiving his intent, did not pursue him; her Policy suggesting to her, he would appear more culpable to the Prince of *Colchis*, when found alone with *Bassima*. So leaving a strong Guard upon the Appartment, she went her self to meet the Conqueror.

Osman entring the Chamber, found the Princess fainting upon a Couch, the Poyson began feebly to operate, which joyning with her Fears, carried her into Fits: We are lost, said the *Vizier*, supporting her in his Arms; *Homais* has betray'd us, the Soldiers are revolted, the Prince is entring, and will in a minute be with us; let us employ, my Princess, the time we have left, in revenging ourselves by the highest Joys; send me not unblest to the shades: They have five Doors to force, which I took care to shut after me, before
they

they enter this; we have leisure for a taste of Happiness; prevent the cruel Death my Enemies design me, by a more pleasing one; I promise my self, my Princess, in enjoying you, though it be amidst all this Tumult and Horror, so much delight, that if I survive the Minute to suffer the effects of my Enemy's Sword, it will be without feeling the smart, the extasie will possess all my Faculties; and if you love me, as you have said, you ought to prevent the pains of Death, or, which is worse, those I shall find by your denial: Then kissing her Mouth with all the eagerness of a passionate Adorer, They conclude me Happy, my Princess, why will you not make me so? After Ages will not know our Innocence; and is it not the same thing to be culpable, as to be thought so? We have no time to lose, we hear them already forcing the Door that leads to this Apartment; convince me that you have truly lov'd, and in this last moment of Life oppose me not with a shadow of Vertue, only known to our selves: The World has already condemn'd us, let us deserve their censure, and make my Destiny envied by all succeeding Lovers, that have

a taste agreeable to mine. Ruine me not, my Lord, reply'd the Princess, embracing him; command your Passions, and imitate me in self-denial; the just Heavens will not suffer us to die whilst we are Innocent: I must forbid your Hopes, for were there not an after-unhappiness, which I see your Love has excluded from your Memory, that Fidelity I owe my Husband, that veneration I have for Vertue, and the Peace of a good Conscience, are of force enough to make me refuse your unjust desires: Regulate your flame by mine, and consider a transitory moment is of little weight, compared to Eternal Happiness; we ought only now to think of dying, and I promise, that your Destiny shall be mine. Then laying her Face to his, we must separate my dear *Osman*, you have brought my Vertue to a cruel Tryal, and held it, for some moments, in suspense. 'Tis enough, answer'd he, you hate, or at least treat me as if you did: Farewel, cruel Princess; we must indeed separate for ever: I go to die, and you to the Embraces of a Husband, whom you love a thousand times beyond me. Destroy me not by this inhumanity, reply'd she, in retaining him;

him; What would have me to do? Justifie, Madam, that certain Maxim, *That no Woman can be in Love, and be discreet.* Agree, Sir, to that unalterable one, *That ceasing to Esteem, we forget to Love.* And though it be granted, that Opinion shares deep in that Passion, yet is a true flame much beholden to the Merit of the Person adored; and it owes to it all its Constancy. I am now dying, as you see, but were my fears more remote, my Health perfecter, my Vertue would not be weaker; resign your Passion, and cease this extravagant Request; we hardly hear what we speak to each other, for the noise of our Enemies Swords, and the violence they use to get us into their Power. Is this a time to change Innocence into Guilt? Ah! protect my Honour, and let us only think, that we must never meet again. Adieu then, vertuous and Charming Princess, forgive the violence of my desires; I will regulate them henceforward, live happy in the Embraces of your Husband, and bestow some Tears upon my Death. Rather, she reply'd, you would live to regret mine; they are coming, one last Embrace, preserve your Heart for me, and let us die Happy, for we

we die Innocent. Here the Door was forced open, and the Prince of *Colchis* entred with a furious Aspect. Take the Adulterers, said he, and let me kill the Traitor. At these words he ran furiously at the *Visier*; *Osman* warded the blow, but at the same time was wounded behind, and quickly born to the Ground by the Soldiers. Carry him to the Dungeon of the Castle, cry'd *Levan*; load him with Irons, let not the Villain have Meat or Rest, till the hour of his Death. And for you, Madam, turning to *Bassima*, my Council shall determine your Fate; if I considered my just Resentments, and not your being Daughter to a King, you should die this moment, to clear my Honour. Here he commanded her to be taken away, and would not hear her speak. Not long after, he assembled his Council, and decreed, She should be sent home to the King her Father, with her Hands and Nose cut off, and her Eyes put out. See if ever Cruelty proceeded further; the most Charming, most Innocent, and most Vertuous Princess of the Earth, having a Sentence past upon her more rigid than a Criminal could have merited. But she, too fair to suffer so unjust a Destiny, died that day,

day (of the Poison *Homais* had given her) the moment after she had heard the discharge of that Cannon, in which, by the cruel Order of the Prince of *Colchis*, *Osman* was cram'd alive, and shot off into the Air, so that his Carkas shatter'd into a thousand pieces.

The unfortunate Prince of *Libardian* escaped, as we have said, no sooner heard the sad Catastrophe, with the second fall of his Wife, but he retired himself to the utmost Limits of his Territories, and put himself and his Train into close Mourning for fourscore days, for the loss of his faithless Wife; then Arming all his People, he marched to receive his ungrateful Cousin, who pursued him with his Conquering Army. The wretched Protector, whose pains could be only eased by Death, maintain'd the Fight for some time with great Animosity; but seeing his hopes of Victory as desperate as those of his Love and Honour, he engaged himself amongst the thickest of his Enemies, and upon their Sword-points found in his Death a rest from all his Misfortunes.

The end of all things of this Nature, I know well, ought to be a Punishment of Vice, and Reward of Vertue; but

Truth

Truth being the thing that in all my Undertakings chiefly animates my Pen, I knew not well how to dispense my self from relating it as in reality it was. The wicked *Homais* was not long unmarried, and being the source of all the Injustice committed by *Levan*, she likewise revenged them upon him; he died by Poison, which she administred, to make room for the Coronation of her Son *Alexander*, and her own Regency; ungratefully repaying all the Kindness and Fondness of that poor Prince, whom she had ruined. Ought not Ladies then, to preserve their Vertue with care, for that once violated, what Crimes are they not guilty of? Whereas on the other side, it is very difficult for a Woman to be Criminal and Chaste.

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